

THE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

Overland Monthly

MARCH
1896

978.05
Or 2m
Ser 2
V. 27
#157 - 162
1896

EDITED BY
ROXBURGH WILDERSON



W. H. BEERINGER

THE LAST OF THE VAQUEROS,

Alas

THE POSTER AND THE ARTS AND CRAFTS, - - - - - K. Porter

A NEW DEPARTURE—AN EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

Overland Monthly Publishing Company
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Three Dollars a Year

Single Copy 25

78% REMINGTON

A recent canvas of 34 of the principal office buildings in New York City showed 3426 writing-machines in actual operation therein, of which were

Remingtons 2698
All other makes 728

SIMILAR CONDITIONS EXIST ELSEWHERE

They are overwhelming proofs of the general superiority and excellence of the

Remington Standard Typewriter

of which the

NUMBER SIX MODEL

is the latest.

G. G. WICKSON & CO.

3 & 5 Front St., San Francisco, Cal.

111 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.
249 STARK STREET, - PORTLAND, OR.



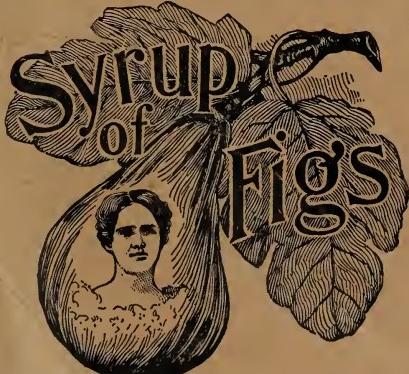
FOR
Fine Shoes

TRY

Kast's

738-740 Market Street.

One of the greatest factors in producing a clear, clean skin and therefore a perfect complexion, is the use of



Veable

preventives taken in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headaches, Racking Colds or Fevers. Syrup of Figs is

Mild and Sure,

pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable. Taken regularly in small doses its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

Manufactured by

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP COMPANY

For Sale by all Druggists.

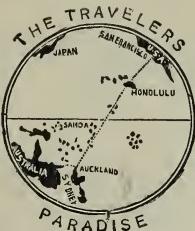
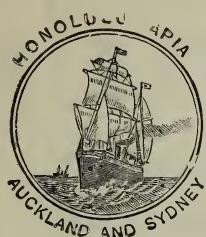
CRITERION
TRADE MARK.

Stereopticons, Magic Lanterns
AND ACCESSORIES.
Perfect Apparatus for Visual Teaching
Scientific Projections and Private
Use. Various forms of light
interchangeable.

SELF-CENTERING ARC
ELECTRIC FOCUSING LAMPS
for Theatres, Photo-Engravers, etc.
SUPERB EFFECTS.

J. B. COLT & CO. 115-117 Nassau St.
& 59 5th Ave., N. Y.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
AGENCIES:
189 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
131 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.
50 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.
33-39 So. 10th St., Phila., Pa.
415 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.
126 Erie Co. Bldg. Buffalo, N.Y.
39 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga.

THE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PRO TAH



The Wonderlands of the Great Pacific

* Hawaii,
Samoa,
New Zealand and
Australia
ARE REACHED ONLY
BY THE

Splendid American Steamers
OF THE

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Perpetual Spring. Rarest Tropical Luxuriance
A Traveler's Paradise.

Kilauea, on Hawaii, the largest active Volcano in the World.

Round trip tickets to Honolulu at \$125.00. Through tickets to Auckland or Sydney allow stop-overs at Sandwich Islands and Samoa. Send 10 cents in Postage Stamps for "Kilauea," a pamphlet of exquisite photo-gravures. Address:

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS,
138 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

The Largest Shoe House on this Coast.

S
H
O
E
F
O
I
S
S
H
O
E
S
H
O
E
S
H
O
E
S
H
O
E
S
H
O
E
S

San Francisco Shoe House

931 & 933 MARKET STREET, (OPPOSITE MASON)

WITH BRANCH FOR

MEN'S AND BOYS' SHOES
AT 906 MARKET STREET

"The Oakland" Shoe House

1059 & 1061 Washington Street
Oakland, Cal.

With its branches at Berkeley and Alameda, are all first class Shoe Houses—up-to-date in every particular, with Fine Footwear at Moderate Prices.

G. E. FAIRCHILD, President & Manager

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVII.

NO. 159.

SECOND SERIES

FRONTISPICE.—Camping on the Sacramento	241
FRONTISPICE.—Mount Hood	242
Painting by C. D. Robinson.	
FRONTISPICE.—"Had the Steer by the Horns"	243
Painting by Alex. F. Harmer.	
FRONTISPICE.—"Seek to Overcome the Brute's Reluctance"	244
Painting by Alex. F. Harmer.	
AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM. By the Editor.....	245
THE LAST OF THE VAQUEROS. Alan Owen	249
Illustrated by Alex. F. Harmer.	
AN ACCESSORY AFTER THE FACT. Bradford Woodbridge.....	258
Pictures by Dixon.	
ITALIAN FISHER. Sylvia Lawson Covey	268
"READY, AYE, READY." Augusta Moore	269
MALAYAN CHILD LIFE. Rounseville Wildman.....	270
Pictures by Boeringer.	
TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST. X.—"THE GEN'RAL." Emma A. Thurston	276
Illustrated by Pierre N. Boeringer.	
TOUT PASSE. Horace Annesley Vachell.....	281
A CASE OF DISCIPLINE. Charles Van Norden.....	282
Pictures by Boeringer.	
AN ALIEN SINGER. W. I. Cottel.....	291

CONTENTS—CONTINUED.

THE "ARTS AND CRAFTS."	<i>Austin Lewis</i>	292
	<i>Pictures by Cheret, Dixon, Grasset and Boeringer.</i>	
THE POSTER.	<i>K. Porter Garnett</i>	296
	<i>Pictures by Wendel, Rhead, Woodbury, Boeringer, Hardy, Beardsley, Kahler, Pages, McManus and Dixon.</i>	
THEIR FIRST QUARREL.	<i>Painting by Edward Cucuel</i>	303
THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.	<i>Book II, VII-IX. Horace Annesley Vachell</i>	304
	<i>Pictures by Tebbs.</i>	
IN A CALIFORNIA ORANGE ORCHARD.	<i>Lillian Plunkett Ferguson.</i>	321
PREPARATORY SCHOLARSHIP.	<i>Arthur Crosby</i>	322
THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.	<i>Wm. H. Hudson</i>	325
ABORIGINAL WEAPONS.	<i>Lorenzo G. Yates, F. L. S.</i>	337
	<i>Sketches by the Author.</i>	
INTROSPECTION.	<i>Carrie Blake Morgan</i>	342
ETC.		343
BOOK REVIEWS		349
CHIT CHAT		351
PUBLISHERS' COLUMN		2

Overland Monthly Publishing Company

San Francisco: Pacific Mutual Life Building

The Pacific Coast: San Francisco News Co.
New York and Chicago: The American News Co.

Eastern Advertising Agent, Frank E. Morrison, { 500 Temple Court, New York.
514 Boyce Building, Chicago.

[Entered at San Francisco Post-office as Second-class Matter.]

Illustrated Lectures FOR 1896

BY ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN, M. L.

Member of the Royal Asiatic Society; late U. S. Consul at Singapore and Barmen, Germany; late Worlds' Fair Commissioner for the Straits Settlements and Borneo; Ex-Commissioner of the Smithsonian Institution, and Editor OVERLAND MONTHLY.

- SUBJECTS: 1. "MALAYA AND THE SULTAN OF JOHORE."
2. "BORNEO, AND RAJAH BROOKE."

(Each illustrated by 100 recent views.)

Address for Terms

**MANAGER, OVERLAND MONTHLY,
528 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.**

ED F HILL President

CAPT. OLIVER ELDIDGE, 1st Vice President

WM. CORBIN, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.

CONTINENTAL

Incorporated under the laws of the State of California

**California Title Insurance and Trust Co., Trustee,
Holding Securities and Funds of the Association**

Building and Loan Ass'

HOME OFFICE, CALIFORNIA AND SANOME STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

An investment in our "Mutual Savings Installment Deposit Shares" is the safest, surest and most profitable investment known to modern finance.

most profitable investment known to modern finance. Our Money is loaned as fast as received. Write to the Association for full particulars.

A LIVING VOLCANO

The Wilder's Steamship Company have perfected arrangements by which the Volcano can be reached with trifling inconvenience.



THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD

Fine iron steamboats fitted with electric lights and bells, convey the passengers from Honolulu to Hilo. A greater part of the voyage is made in smooth water. The steamers pass close to the coast so that the shore can be readily seen. Natives engaged in their simple occupations, planters raising sugar-cane, and cattle men in the midst of their herds give life to an ever varying scene. The scenery is the finest in the world. Leaving Honolulu the rugged coast of Oahu and Molokai is passed, thence the beautiful and fertile island of Maui. After crossing the Hawaia Channel a continuous view of sixty miles of the coast can be had. First high cliffs, against which the ever restless waves dash. Just above, the black rocks and further up, the cliffs are decorated with a most magnificent tropical growth. Every few hundred feet cataracts and waterfalls lend an ever changing beauty to the scene. From the brow of these cliffs fields of sugar-cane stretch back for miles; beyond, the heavy dark green of the coffee plantations and the tropical forest form a sharp contrast to the lighter shade of the fields of cane.

The sea voyage terminates at Hilo Bay, pronounced by all who have seen it, by far more beautiful than any of the far famed ports of the Mediterranean.

The sailing time of the steamers has been changed and the speed increased so that only one night is spent on the water. Tourists are conveyed from Hilo to the Volcano over a fine macadamised road winding its way through a dense tropical forest of great trees and huge ferns, beautiful climbing and flowering vines.

The Volcano House is modern in all its appointments. The table is supplied, not only with all that the market affords, but also with game, fruit and berries from the surrounding country.

Steam sulphur baths have been entirely renewed and refitted. Wonderful cures from consumption, rheumatism, gout, paralysis, scrofula and other blood ailments have been effected. Those suffering from nervous prostration regain complete health in a few weeks, the pure air of the mountains and the steam sulphur baths being the necessary remedies. Beautiful walks in all directions give ample employment for those to whom brain work is prohibited.

For further particulars inquire of **Wilder's Steamship Company (Limited) Honolulu.**

Bolton & Strong

Printing
Plate
Manufacturers.

HALF TONES A SPECIALTY

510 · 512 · 514 · MONTGOMERY ST.

••••• SAN FRANCISCO.

THE GREAT MAGAZINE

A FEW of the good things that will appear in early numbers:

Well Worn Trails.¹

By Rounsevelle Wildman, M. L., being a series of outdoor articles on the State in which we live.

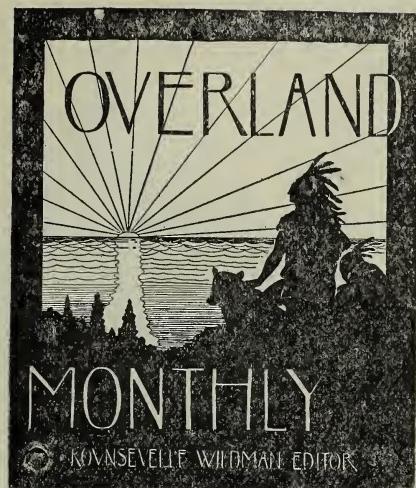
"Santa Barbara," "Capay Valley," "The Geysers," "The Redwoods," "Santa Monica and Mt. Lowe," "Del Monte and Monterey," and "The Petrified Forest," which have already appeared, will be followed by

"Los Angeles," "Picturesque Mendocino," "The Yosemite," "Castle Crags," and "Lake Tahoe."

The Fear of Japanese Competition.

By W. H. Mills, Esq.

A powerful arraignment of the calamity-howlers who are making political capital out of the threat of a Japanese commercial competition.



COPIES OF THIS POSTER MAY BE HAD FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

The Silver Question and the Coming Campaign. By U. S. Senator John H. Mitchell.

Quicksands of Pactolus. By Horace Annesley Vachell.

Cripple Creek and the New Gold Fields. By Staff Writers.

Two of the OVERLAND'S Staff are now in this wonderful Colorado Gold Field preparing the most complete and trustworthy account ever published.

The Native Sons of Vermont. By Hon. F. Dillingham.

The Genesis of Ramona. By Mrs. Jeannie A. Carr.

San José—The Garden City. By S. G. Wilson.

Original Sketches by Local Painters. By Pierre N. Boeringer.

A sequel to his widely read "Some San Francisco Illustrators."

The Grand Army of the Republic on the Pacific Coast. By Frank Elliott Myers.

Historic Sonoma. By Charles S. Greene.

A beautifully illustrated review and description of Sonoma County and its charming cities—Santa Rosa, Cloverdale, Healdsburg, and Petaluma. The coming Citrus region of the Coast.

Educational Articles. By Presidents Kellogg and Jordan, Professors Barnes, Brown, Bacon, Pierce, Pennell, Crosby, and Childs.

This series of articles is in line with the OVERLAND'S great circulation among the Public Schools of the State, and will be made of the greatest helpfulness to teachers, as well as interest to the public.

The Study of History. By Professor Thomas R. Bacon, A. B., B. D.

Essays, Stories, and Poems, by Irving M. Scott, Wm. H. Mills, Senator Wm. M. Stewart, Horace Annesley Vachell, Batterman Lindsay, Rounsevelle Wildman, Mrs. Flora H. Loughead, Gen. Lucius H. Foote, Joaquin Miller, Herbert Bashford, Charles Warren Stoddard, Charles S. Greene, and others.

¹ (Back numbers containing these articles can be had on application.)

OF THE PACIFIC COAST

**Security
Liberal Terms
Profitable Returns**

ASSURED BY THE "UP-TO-DATE"
POLICIES OF

**The Pacific Mutual
Life Insurance Co.**



The Only California Company

**Best and Safest Legal Organization
for Policy Holders**

**ORGANIZED 1868
CLAIMS PAID OVER \$7,000,000.00**

LIFE POLICIES—Combining protection with investment

ENDOWMENT BONDS—Producing specified returns

ANNUITIES

ACCIDENT POLICIES—Superior in benefits and conditions

KILGARIF & BEAVER, General Agents Life Department for California
F. W. VOOGT & BRO., Pacific Coast General Agents, Accident Department

PACIFIC MUTUAL BUILDING

**N. E. Cor. Montgomery and Sacramento Streets
SAN FRANCISCO**

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

HOTEL FAIRMOUNT

H. C. JONES & BEN F. TRUE, Proprietors
Junction Market, Fell, and Polk Sts. San Francisco, Cal.



First-Class Family
and Commercial
Hotel



Newly Furnished with
all Modern Im-
provements



Elevator, Electric Bells,
Fire Alarms, Etc.

Terms \$1.50 per day and upwards. Special rates by the month or week. Telephone, South 677.

**Guns & Hunters' Equipments**

GUNS LOANED TO TOURISTS

By the month, week or day

GEO. W. SHREVE 719 Market St., San Francisco
Opposite Examiner Office



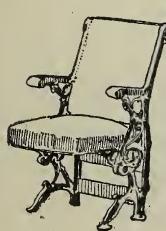
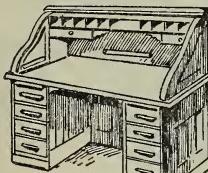
Latest Sanitary Appliances
Fine Plumbing Material

WM. F. WILSON

PLUMBER

FINE . AND . SANITARY . PLUMBING

204 STOCKTON ST. OPPOSITE UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

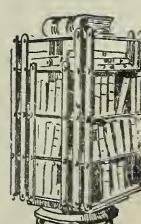


Geo. H. Fuller
Desk Company

MANUFACTURERS

638 & 640 MISSION STREET

San Francisco
Cal.

**MILLARD HOTEL,**

OMAHA, NEB.

J. E. MARKEL & SON, Proprietors.

First-Class in all its Appointments. Centrally located
RATES, \$3.00 TO \$5.00 PER DAY.

 THE delicious mountain air and water ;
and the grand scenery of the Sierra,
with every comfort for tourist and
invalid are found in perfection, at

FREEMAN'S HOTEL, Auburn, Placer Co., Cal.

ST. JAMES HOTEL,

SAN JOSE, CAL.

225 Rooms, Single or En Suite

ELEVATOR

American Plan. Rates, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day. Parlors
and rooms with bath extra.

Coach and Carriage at depot on arrival of all trains

Stage Office to LICK OBSERVATORY

Brushes

For Barbers, Bakers, Boot-blacks, Bath-houses, Billiard Tables, Brewers, Bookbinders, Canners, Candy-makers, Dyers, Flour Mills, Foundries, Laundries, Paper-Hangers, Printers, Painters, Shoe Factories, Stablemen, Tar-Roofers, Tanners, Tailors, etc. BUCHANAN BROTHERS Brush Manufacturers, 609 Sacramento Street.

STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS.

A children's remedy that has stood the test of use for over fifty years is worth trying. Steedman's Soothing Powders have stood that test.

TELEPHONE NO. 5531

53RD SEMI-ANNUAL
STATEMENT OF

THE UNION SAVINGS BANK OF OAKLAND, CAL.

(SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL BANK)

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DECEMBER 31, 1895.

Capital Fully Paid	-	\$800,000	Surplus	-	-	\$90,000
Deposits to December 31, 1895				-	-	\$3,002,693.19

J. WEST MARTIN, President

WM. G. HENSHAW, Vice-President

A. E. H. CRAMER, Cashier

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

J. WEST MARTIN	WM. G. HENSHAW	THOS. PRATHER	S. HUFF	R. S. FARRELLY
A. A. MOORE	HIRAM TUBBS	C. E. PALMER	H. W. MEEK	HERMAN A. TUBBS
THOMAS CREELIN				

Rates Paid on all Savings Deposits, $4\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. per Annum.

This Bank has added a Commercial Department to its former business and is now transacting a general Banking business as a Savings and Commercial Bank.

The Manufacturers and Producers

Of San Francisco and California have always found the OVERLAND a strong ally.

In furtherance of this mutual help we give a classified list and
Roll of Honor of some of the most prominent.

Artificial Stone and Concrete Work.

George Goodman, 307 Montgomery.

Book Binders.

Phillips Bros., 505 Clay.

Building Paper and Roofing.

Paraffine Paint Co., 116 Battery.

Canners' Supplies.

F. A. Robbins, 324 Fremont.

Card and Invitation Engravers.

S. E. Fischer & Co., 402 Montgomery.

Commercial Photographers.

R. J. Waters, 110 Sutter.

Engineers' Supplies.

J. C. Winans, 220 Fremont.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers.

A. W. Martin & Co., 118 Geary.

Hardware Dealers.

Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co., 17-19 Beale.

Men's Furnishing Goods, Manufacturers.

Neustadter Bros., S. W. cor. Sansome and Pine.

Paper Dealers.

Bonestell & Co., 401-403 Sansome.

A. Zellerbach & Sons, 419 Clay.

Willamette Pulp and Paper Co., 722 Montgomery.

Photo Apparatus Manufacturers.

S. Slayton, 124½ Geary.

Photo Engravers.

Bolton & Strong, 510 Montgomery.

Photo Mounts and Advertising Novelties.

Stuparich Manufacturing Co., 523-529 Market.

Press Works.

F. A. Robbins, 324 Fremont.

Printers and Publishers.

Commercial Publishing Co., 34 California.

E. C. Hughes, 511 Sansome.

C. A. Murdock & Co., 532 Clay.

George Spaulding Co., 414 Clay.

Pacific Printing Co., 543 Clay.

Punching and Shearing Machinery.

F. A. Robbins, 324 Fremont.

Sheet Metal Specialties, Presses and Dies.

F. A. Robbins, 324 Fremont.

Tinware Manufacturers.

W. W. Montague & Co., 315 Market.

Wholesale Saddlery.

W. Davis & Son, 410 Market.

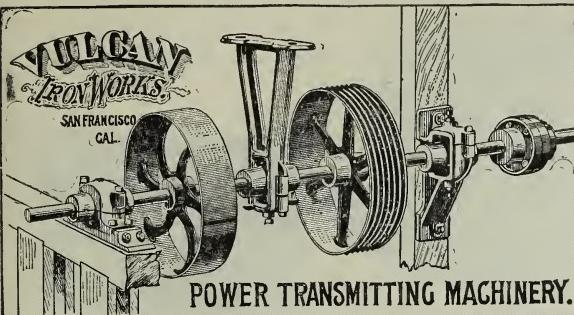
Wire Works.

Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Co., Frank L. Brown, Agent, 8-10 Pine.

Woolen Manufacturers.

Golden Gate Woolen Manufacturing Co., 535 Market.

VULCAN IRON WORKS



Manufacturers of
ICE, REFRIGERATING
AND...
MINING MACHINERY

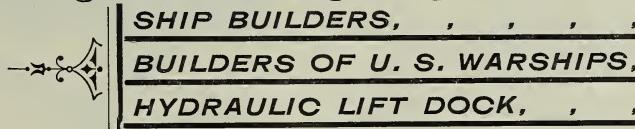
San Francisco, Cal.

UNION IRON WORKS

Office, 222 MARKET STREET. Works, POTRERO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Marine, Mining and Milling Engines and Machinery



New York Office, 145 Broadway.

Cable Address, "Union."

:: BANK SAFES ::

Diebold Safe and Lock Co.

LATEST IMPROVED

AUTOMATIC BOLT WORK,

C. B. PARCELLS. SOLE AGENT

No. 6 California Street,

SAN FRANCISCO

Second-hand Safes taken in exchange, and Safes repaired.

Standard Scales. Bicycles and Repairs.



17 and 19 Fremont Street, San Francisco

Saws of every description on hand or made to order.

AGENTS FOR C. B. PAUL'S FILES.

J. C. WILSON & COMPANY

Telephone No. Main 1864



900 BATTERY STREET, CORNER OF VALLEJO STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Branch Office, 1058 Broadway, } OAKLAND, CAL.
Yard, Fifth and Webster Sts. } Telephone No. 54

COAL

Family
Trade
Solicited

Tapestry Paintings

2,000 tapestry paintings to choose from. 38 artists employed, including gold medalists of the Paris Salon. Send 25c for Compendium of 140 Studies.

Decorators

Write for color schemes; designs; estimates. Artists sent to all parts of the world, to do every sort of decorating and painting. We are educating the country in color-harmony. Relief; stained glass; wall paper; carpets; furniture; draperies; etc. Send 25c for Compendium of 140 Studies.

Wall Papers

Autumn styles designed by gold-medal artists, from 3 cts. roll up. Samples 10 cts. Send 25c for Compendium of 140 Studies.



Tapestry Materials

We manufacture tapestry materials. Superior to foreign goods, and half the price. Book of samples, 10 cts. Send 25c for Compendium of 140 Studies.

School

Six 3-hour tapestry-painting lessons, in studio, \$5. Complete instruction by mail, \$1. Tapestry paintings rented; full-size drawings, paints, brushes, etc., supplied. Nowhere, Paris not excepted, are such advantages offered pupils. Send 25c for Compendium of 140 Studies.

J. F. DOUTHITT,

American Tapestry and Decorative Company,

286 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK,

"MANUAL OF ART DECORATIONS"—200 royal quarto pages; 50 full-page illustrations (11 colored) of original interiors and tapestry studies. Price, \$2.

For the Best Value in
HATS or CAPS, go to

C. HERRMANN & CO. THE HATTERS

328

Kearny Street

NEAR PINE

(Entire Building)



The ONLY Manufactur-
ing Retailers on
the Coast.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue,
mailed free.



BOONE & MURDOCK,

Nucleus Building, Cor. Market and 3d Sts., San Francisco.

PATENTS FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington,
D. C. No attorney's fee until patent is obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

OLIVE TREES

For prices send to

F. M. HUNT
REDLANDS CALIFORNIA

Olive Grower's Manual Mailed upon Application

At $\frac{1}{4}$ Price Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Buggies, Harness,
Farm & Blacksmith Tools, Engines, Holler Mills
Scales of all Varieties and 1000 other Articles.
Lists Free. CHICAGO SCALE CO. Chicago, Ill.

We take pride in announcing the completion of
DR. SAMUEL AUGUSTUS BINION's great work

Ancient Egypt

... or ...

Mizraim

Superbly Illustrated with 12 full page plates
(19x25) magnificently colored and representing the
Temples, etc., in all their *Original Splendor*, to-
gether with full descriptive text.

The Wonderful Architecture

and gorgeous interiors are the **Marvel of Modern
Times**, and no house has ever attempted to perpetuate
their fast decaying arts in so **Superb a Manner**. Of it
Miss Edwards wrote "I wish to tell you how much I was
pleased with the specimen plates of your great work," and
Prof. Mason said, "I am proud to see such creditable
work done in our country."

Every plate is a **Work of Art**, and must prove a con-
stant pleasure and profit to the fortunate possessor.

Strictly limited to 800 copies, nearly half
of which have already been subscribed
for. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

HENRY G. ALLEN & CO.

Publishers,
156 Fifth Ave., New York



Louis Roederer Champagne

Three Kinds, all of Equal Excellence

BRUT, an Extra Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC, a Dry Wine

CARTE BLANCHE, a Rich Wine

THE HIGHEST GRADE

IN THE WORLD

Used by all the leading clubs, hotels and restaurants,
and may be had of all first-class grocers and wine merchants.

Macondray Bros. & Lockard

124 SAN SONE ST.

SOLE AGENTS PACIFIC COAST



Does the Electric Light Imitate Gas Light?

PERHAPS YOU PREFER GAS LIGHT

Does the Mason & Risch Vocalion Church Organ IMITATE THE PIPE ORGAN?

Perhaps you prefer the pipe organ—very well; other organ builders must live.
If You Are Conservative, so much the better for them.

If You Are Progressive, so much the better for you and for us.
We Are Progressive.

Characteristic features of our organs:

**THE TONE—GRAND, PERVERVADING, SATISFYING.
THE CONSTRUCTION—SCIENTIFIC, ECONOMICAL.**

Write Us for Illustrated Catalogues.

THE MASON & RISCH VOCALION CO., Ltd.
WORCESTER, MASS. NEW YORK CITY

To be seen at the
Warerooms of

KOHLER & CHASE, 26-30 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Cal.
GARDNER & ZELLNER, 257 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
THE WILEY B. ALLEN CO., 211 First St., Portland, Oregon.



They Like It

What? The new plan of Tailoring

Why? Because they get nice clothes and save money

Where? At Crocker Building, up one-half flight, fronting on Post Street

Who? J. H. HAWES
The Progressive Tailor

REMOVED

"DOMESTIC"
THE LIGHT RUNNING
DOMESTIC

Sewing Machines and Paper Patterns
FROM POST STREET
TO

1021 MARKET STREET
Between 6th and 7th Streets.



NOW IT ONLY TAKES ONE MAN

Well dressed and up to date to convince you that H. S. Bridge & Co. are the best Tailors in San Francisco.

IN OLDEN TIMES

You will remember that it was said and currently believed to be true that

IT TOOK NINE TAILORS TO MAKE A MAN

In matters of dress H. S. Bridge & Co. do not need this amount of assistance, but will make a man of you on short notice without outside help.

SHIRTS TO ORDER a specialty

622 Market Street,
UP STAIRS.

California Enterprise.

Factory:
Novato, Marin Co.
California.



Main Office:
No. 330 Pine Street
San Francisco.

Manufacturers of the Finest Quality of

Sweetened and Unsweetened
Condensed Milk

WE WANT TO SEND YOU OUR
PIANO BOOK
• **FREE** •

A NEW SOUVENIR
work of art illustrated in Ten Colors.
Worth its Weight in Gold. We pay
charges and send it **FREE**, all you
have to do is to ask for it to-day please.
Remember this is the old established house of
CORNISH & CO., the only firm in the world
selling exclusively from Factory to Family
direct. A single instrument at wholesale price.
We save you from \$25 to \$250. Write at once to
CORNISH & CO., (Estab. 30 yrs.)
Box A, Washington, New Jersey.

SHEET MUSIC.

20,000 PIECES Sheet Music, one
cent a copy. Bargains in
new and second hand
Pianos. Agents for the celebrated

**Hardman and
La Grassa Piano****STATHAM & CO.**

106 McAllister St., S. F.

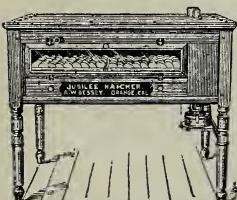


SOHMER
PIANOS are the **BEST**
NEWBY & EVANS.

Medium Price—Unequalled.

Fine Stock Guitars, Violins, Banjos, MANDOLINS.
Strings a specialty.

BYRON MAUZY, 308-314 Post St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

**JUBILEE INCUBATORS
AND BROODERS**

Are acknowledged to be the
most reliable on the market.
Don't buy till you have in-
vestigated this wonderful
machine. Catalogues free.
Address

JUBILEE INCUBATOR CO.
Orange, Cal.

GERMEA
The Monarch of
Breakfast Foods
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO., SOLE AGENTS

LASTING INNOVATIONS!
SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENT!
ARTISTIC RESULTS!

Are demonstrated in the highest degree in

**CHICKERING
PIANOS**

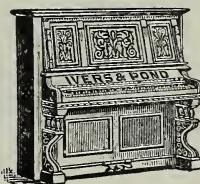
WE UNHESITATINGLY ASSERT THAT
as now constructed are superior to
all other pianos manufactured
and absolutely

Conquer all Competition.We call special attention to our Grands
as the

Finest Examples of the
Piano Makers' Art.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.**CHICKERING & SONS,**

791 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

MNNNNNNNNNN**IT WILL PAY YOU**TO
WRITE
TO**KOHLER & CHASE**

28 & 30 O'Farrell Street

IF YOU WANT A

PIANO OR AN ORGAN

Or any other MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

Mention that you saw Ad in Overland

**Haines Bros.' Piano**

PATTI'S PREFERENCE

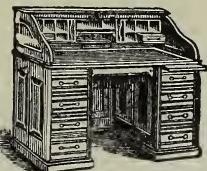
ALSO RENOWNED

Bush & Gerts Piano

A. L. BANCROFT & CO., 324 Post St., S. F.

OFFICE, BANK and SCHOOL FURNITURE

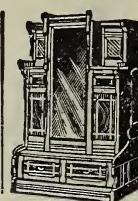
76 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.



FINE BANK, OFFICE AND LIBRARY FITTINGS, DESKS, CHAIRS, ETC.

MANUFACTURED BY
A. H. ANDREWS & CO.

215 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.



Upright Cabinet

FOLDING

* * * BED.

Numerous Styles.

Adjustable Cable Suspension Spring.
Guaranteed not to Sag.SCHOOL SUPPLIES
OF ALL KINDS.

OPERA AND CHURCH SEATING

Send for Illustrated Catalogues.

C. F. WEBER & CO.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
PACIFIC COAST.

UNION CLUB BUILDING,

AND

Cor. Post & Stockton Sts. 229 SECOND STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PORTLAND, OR.

BONESTELL & CO.

PAPER

WAREHOUSE

All kinds of Printing and Wrapping Paper
401 & 403 Sansome Street San FranciscoMRS. H. M. CASTILLAR,
Book and Pamphlet Bindery

605 MONTGOMERY ST.

Work Promptly Done at Low Prices.



THE BAR-LOCK TYPEWRITER

The New Nos. 6 and 7

Will do more work in a given time than any other Typewriter
 Will do more work for a longer period than any other Typewriter
 Will do more work automatically than any other Typewriter
 Will do more manifolds with less effort than any other Typewriter.

Will do more kinds of work accurately than any other Typewriter.

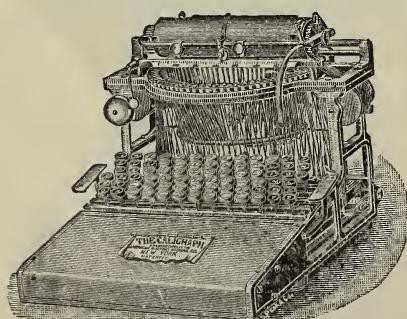
THE COLUMBIA TYPEWRITER MANUFACTURING CO.

Head Office and Factory

116th St., 5th and Lenox Avs., New York, U.S.A.

SCOTT & BANNAN, Pacific Coast Agents
321 Montgomery Street San Francisco

THE CALIGRAPH



TIME HAS PROVED

That for honest, reliable and absolutely satisfactory work under all circumstances, the **CALIGRAPH** stands at the head.

“It Outlasts them all”

For descriptive Catalogue, prices and terms, address
AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO.
237 Broadway, New York

OR

UNITED TYPEWRITER & SUPPLIES CO.

AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST,

413 Montgomery Street

San Francisco

* EDUCATIONAL *

MOUNT TAMALPAIS MILITARY
Academy. San Rafael, California.
Classical, Scientific, Literary. Military Instructions by a U. S. A. Officer, detailed by the War Department.

ARTHUR CROSBY, A.M., Head Master.

Santa Barbara Business College, Santa Barbara, Cal.

A high class English and Commercial Training School, with department of Modern Languages. Skilled teachers and specialists. Write for illustrated catalogue giving particulars. E. B. HOOVER, Principal.



I TEACH BY MAIL

Crayon, Pastel, India Ink, Water Color and Oil Portrait Painting by a new copyrighted method. I give diploma to each student and secure paying situation for all graduates. Does not require special talent; a child can learn. **My terms and prices are within reach of all.** If you wish to learn a good profession by which you can make money at any place and at any time, or if you wish to make money in spare time, or parents want children to learn a profession, **send me a postal to-day;** it will bring free instruction by return mail; also, terms for parties wishing to come to my school. Have been established in this city since 1882. Refer, by permission, to any bank, commercial agency, or mayor of this city, and to my students.

H. A. GRIPP, German Artist,
Sole Owner of Gripp's Art School, Tyrone, Blair Co., Pa.

MISS DANA'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
Morristown, New Jersey, prepares for any College. Resident native French and German teachers. Advanced courses in Music and Art. Nearness to New York affords special advantages. Certificate admits to Smith, Wellesley, and Baltimore Colleges. Terms, boarding pupils, \$700.

O GONTZ SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,
established in 1850, removed in 1883 from Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, to Ogontz, the spacious country seat of Jay Cooke. For circulars apply to Principals, Ogontz School P. O., Ogontz, Montgomery County, Pa.

VAN NESS YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY

1849 Jackson St., San Francisco, under the ownership and direction of DR. S. H. WILLEY, aided by a corps of twelve teachers. Numbers in the family limited to twenty-five.

OLD BOOK STORE

Books, Magazines and Pamphlets BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special attention given to Literature published on and relating to the Pacific Coast.

206 POWELL STREET, S. F.
A. A. DALY. H. L. CURRAN.

RARE BOOKS. CURIOUS BOOKS.

BOOKS OLD. BOOKS NEW.

A choice assortment of *Valuable Books* for libraries to be had at reasonable prices. Call and make your selections

H. H. MOORE,
542 California Street.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.

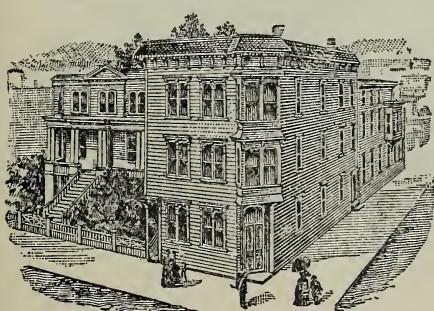
Our entire stock of Books, comprising all branches of Literature, at greatly reduced prices. Send us your list of wants.

KING'S OLD BOOK STORE

15 FOURTH ST., S. F.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS, THE STANDARD PENS OF THE WORLD.

Numbers 303, 404, 604 E. F., 332, 601 E. F., 1044, and stubs 1008, 1043, and others.
Highest Awards, Paris Exposition, 1878 and 1889, and Chicago, 1893.



IRVING INSTITUTE

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Nineteenth year. Twenty-five Teachers. Seminary College preparatory and Normal courses.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, with Eleven Professors, and complete courses for Voice and Instruments.

Primary and Kindergarten department for children
Carriage will call.

For Illustrated Catalogue Address:

REV. Ed. B. CHURCH, A. M., - Principal

1036 VALENCIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE

ONE OF THE MOST
RELIABLE INSURANCE
COMPANIES IN THE WORLD
LOSSES PAID MORE
THAN \$15,000,000.00
A PROMPT AND
PROGRESSIVE
COMPANY

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.00.

ASSETS, \$3,200,000.00.

FIREMAN'S FUND INS. CO.
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA.

ORGANIZED
1863

D. J. STAPLES,
President.

WM. J. DUTTON,
Vice-President.

FAYMONVILLE,
2d V. P. & Sec'y.

BERNARD FAYMONVILLE,
Marine Secretary.

J. B. LEVISON,
Ass't Secretary.

LOUIS WEINMANN,
Gen. Agent.

STEPHEN D. IVES,
Ass't Agent.

Sponge Crépon

If you
want

to know *why* this interlining
is so *light* and yet *keeps stiff*
as long as there is a piece
of it, just try to tear off a
bit. It won't tear, but you'll
see the **Linen Net Interior**
and *that's* the whole secret.
It guarantees the skirt
against sagging, creasing
in the folds or crushing.

Ask for the "Red Sel-
vedge" brand.

Sponge Cloth Mfg Co., Makers
Lockport, N. Y.

Gilbert Mfg. Co.
Sole Agents,

514-516 Broadway,
New York.



you do the mending

Not the Merchant.

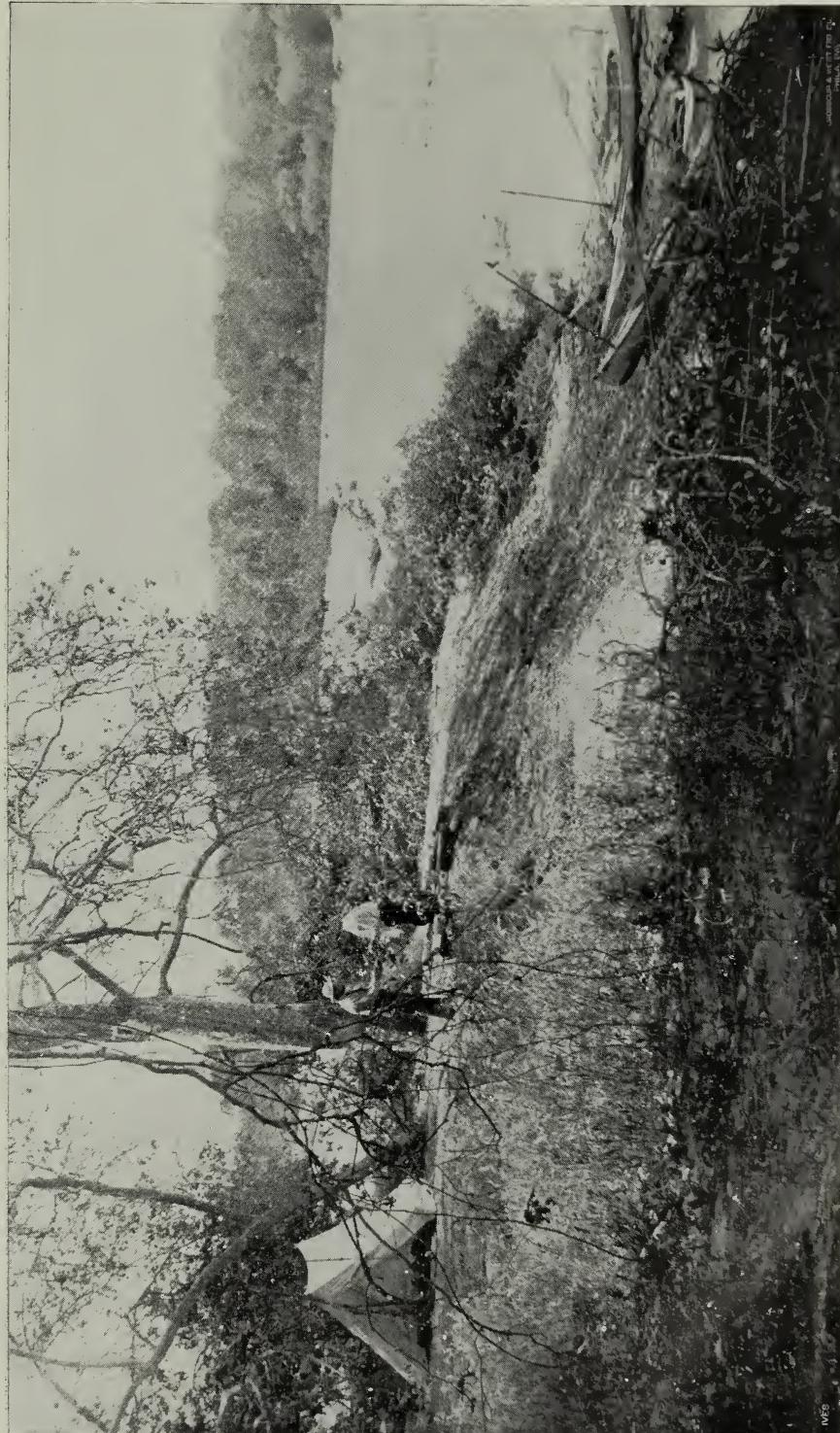
He wants to *make* as much
as he can by selling you inferior
bindings which he claims are
"just as good" as S. H. & M.
But you do the mending. Insist
on having

S·H·&M. TRADE-MARK

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding and **you
save the mending.**

If your dealer will not supply you we
will.

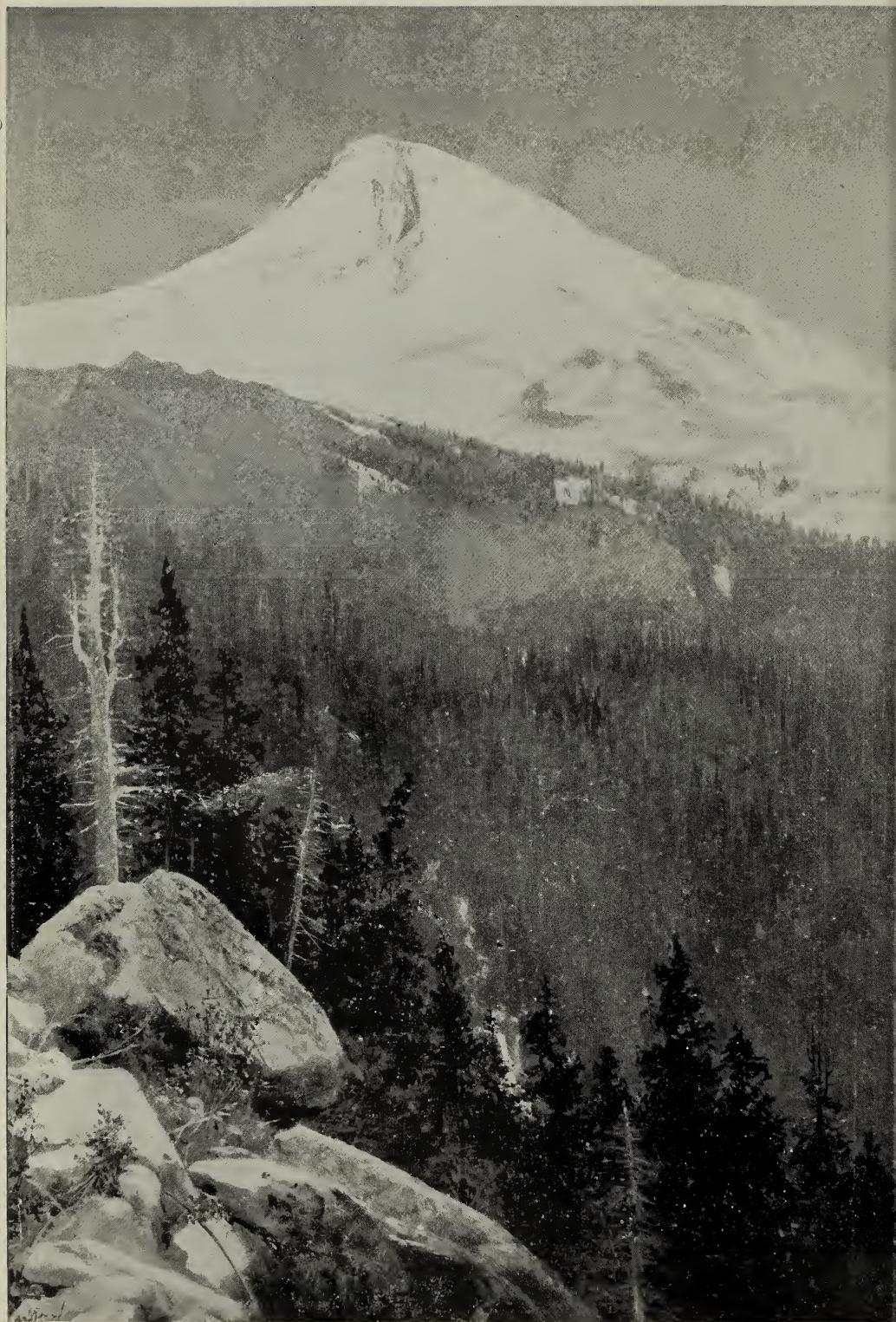
Send for samples, showing labels and mate-
rials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New
York City.



CAMPING ON THE SACRAMENTO.

WILSON & WOOD CO.
PHOTOGRAPHERS

1178



From a painting for the OVERLAND by C. D. Robinson.

MOUNT HOOD.



Painted for the OVERLAND by Alex. F. Harmer.

"HAD THE STEER BY THE HORNS AND HIS HORSE ON ITS HAUNCHES."

From "The Last of the Vaqueros,"

From "The Last of the Vaqueros."

"SEEK TO OVERCOME THE BRUTE'S RELUCTANCE."

Painted for the OVERLAND by Alex. F. Harmer.



Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVII. (Second Series.)—March, 1896.—No. 159.

AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR

“TALKING shop again!”
and the Parson politely
screened a yawn as the Manager
of the Subscription Department interrupted himself
to look up a batch of letters received from the several district schools of the State in rejoinder to repeated, possibly a little too imperative, invitations to place the OVERLAND in their school libraries.

The Manager paused, with his hand on the door:—“As I am neither ‘a theological theologue or pedagogical pedagogue,’ I fail to see how I am in any way responsible for the literary pabulum of this thin-skinned circle.”

Following the lead of the Suisun *Vidette*, a number of our highly prized exchanges had felt called upon to chide us editorially for—“talking shop.” The Milpitas *Populist* remarked sarcastically that we no doubt “talked to conceal our minds.”

The Parson. “It is an easy charge to make and one that admits of little argument, but it occurs to me that the good people who are most apt to bring it are not as a general thing singularly eminent for the luminosity or cleverness of their own conversations.”

The Contributor. “As we are talking behind society’s back, let that remark pass as an axiom.”

The Parson. “So many things suggest themselves to me in this line, that I think that instead of taking the Manager to task I will ally myself with him. A man of affairs spends two thirds of his life in his shop. Possibly one night in a week he accompanies his wife to the house of a friend. It is his duty to make himself agree-

able,—to have on his society air. If he does not,—“ How stupid you were tonight, dear,—you never opened your lips. That horrid Mrs. So and So was there and I was so anxious to show you off!”

“ Mrs So and So is a famous talker, she does not talk shop. There is no shop on earth that would hold her. She talks about everything. Nothing goes into her brains that does not come instantly out of her mouth. She interrupts herself, but she never allows anyone else to interrupt her. She has a strong mannish voice, rather pleasant, her grammar is good, but her ideas scatter like the seven plagues of Egypt. Her laugh is loud but infectious. Her stories are bright, yet the best part of them is her own laugh of appreciation. She does all the talking for a dinner party of sixteen and does it gladly. It is only when the men are left to smoke their cigars that they are permitted to settle back and enjoy themselves in talking shop. And yet it is not shop any more than out Sanctum chats are shop. Last evening we smoked two cigars, for which I received a well merited lecture on our way home, while the Banker was apologizing for Mr. Carlisle’s so-called popular bond issue.

“ The Parsoness said, ‘ What in the world were you talking about, dear, that made you forget the ladies?—something you are ashamed of, I know.’

“ ‘ We were discussing bonds, my dear,’ I answered humbly.

“ ‘ Bonds,—shop,’ she snapped with more warmth than I felt that the subject justified.

“ ‘ And what were the ladies talking about?’ I ventured.

“ ‘ Mrs. Nob Hill was discussing a perfectly lovely trousseau that she had made in Paris for Mabel’s marriage to Count — O, what is his awful name?’ ”

“ ‘ Lovelace,’ I suggested.

“ ‘ No, no, you know Count, Count Hardupsy. It was just magnificent. I never realized how the time flew until I looked at the clock.’ ”

“ And then the dear soul forgot all about her grievance and talked the most delightful dressmaker’s shop all the way home. She even neglected to remark that she hoped the time would come when she could have a carriage to go out to full dress affairs in. We all talk shop, even our critics,—and they, worst of all. I listened to the Parsoness in conversation with one of them.

“ The Parsoness. ‘ Good evening, Mr. Never-Talk-Shop. I am glad to see you here. It has been some months since we met.’ ”

“ Mr. Never-Talk-Shop. ‘ Yes. You see I have so little time to myself. I rush down to the office every morning at 8 o’clock. I snatch just time to go up to the Pacific-Union for lunch and then never get home until 7. It is awful to work so hard; but then, I tell Mrs. N. T. S. that some day I will drop the office and take a little trip to Paris. You know, I commenced in life before I was five, blowing the bellows in my father’s blacksmith shop, etc., etc.’ ”

“ When Mrs. P. said good night to him he remarked to me, ‘ Mrs. P. and I had such a good chat while you and Mrs. N. T. S. were over there talking shop. Parsons, you know, are great for talking shop.’ And then he laughed until his plate became loose.

“ Cæsar’s Commentaries are an example of shop talked to some purpose. I am sorry that Alexander, Hannibal, and Shakespeare, and the Witch of Endor, did not talk more shop. The world would have been wiser and many of the dark corners in history would have been lighted up.”

The Reviewer. "Our creditors have an embarrassing manner of talking shop."

The Artist. "*Vive le Magasin.* Call in the Subscription Manager."

The Subscription Manager. "Not if the Artist is going to take such a mean advantage of our Sister Republic."

The Artist. "I never originated a pun knowingly in my life. A pun always surprises me, whether I am parent of it or the Reader, but never amuses."

The Reader. "My puns can go a step farther in descent, for each of them is a-parent."

THERE are 3,200 schools in the State of California. The State is generous with its money, and allows each district to have a library. The OVERLAND has asked the fifty-seven counties to endorse it as worthy a place in these libraries. All but three have complied. Following up this endorsement it has mailed return postal cards to the several District School Clerks, requesting them to subscribe. The Subscription Manager sent out eight sets of these cards, and then not securing all the schools, he determined that he would at least get a reply from the unresponsive ones,—he decided on a bold stroke and composed a card as follows:—

DEAR FRIEND:

This is the ninth time we have written you. We are going to write nine times more if necessary. We are all Californians and working for the best interests of the State. We have been on the Coast twenty-seven years. How long have you? It is not asking much of your rich district to take the only magazine on the Coast. Will you subscribe? If not, will you write us? If not, why not shake hands?

It brought either a subscription or a reply from nearly every district. For the benefit of the Sanctum he had preserved a choice array of these answers.

Selections done into English by the Subscription Manager:

We do not want the OVERLAND. We have been in the State long enough to know our business.

When I become so bereft of common sense that I cannot attend to my own business, you will be the first man I will call on. Send ninety cards if you like. Been on the Coast long enough to be your grandfather. Shake.

This is nine times I have told you, No.

We are renting an organ and thinking of buying it. I have been here nine years and used to get four and five cents for raisins, but now get but one and a half per pound. How long do you think I can stand it?

Your persistency is as sweet as a day in June.

You will have to write ten times to raise our funds.

Have been in California four and a half years, from Michigan, near St. Joseph.

Nine times is enough. No more. You are on the Coast twenty-seven years. Born here of course—Native Sons. I am twenty-two years on the Coast, a Californian by choice, not by chance. When you talk of our "rich district," you are not informed correctly. We have as a library and apparatus one map and a dictionary.

Have been on the Coast long enough to become acclimated—twenty years. Too many good things are superfluous.

Don't trouble yourselves any more on my account. No more at present.

Your favors remind me of the old song entitled "Ninety and Nine." Shake.

You have written nine times, and as you are an old Californian we cannot doubt you, for we are one of them, having landed in Sacramento County on Christmas day, 1853, on the hurricane

deck of an ox cart, and in consequence can go you a few better on the "old" part. We are still young and truthful, having rubbed all that other part off against nuggets that we have not been fortunate enough to get our honest clutches onto. Shake.

Always write on postals with paid reply to insure prompt attention.

No, we will not be offended if you continue to write until you secure our subscription. If you start on the job I advise you to provide yourself with paper by the ream, pens by the gross, and ink by the barrel.

The longest of the replies, but one of several received from the same trustee, is so good that I venture to print it, untranslated.

Yours, in which you still urge the trustees of this school district to subscribe for the OVERLAND MONTHLY, and also express a desire to further continue the correspondence on the subject, is received. In reply I have to say I am heartily in sympathy, and am eagerly anxious to continue a correspondence that cannot fail to be interesting and instructive. I have got a new style of pen, wholy glass; its point is fairly tingling with eagerness to jot down the ideas that are throbbing in my brain on that subject.

You are evidently laboring under a misapprehension of the condition of affairs in this school when you refer to us as *struggling* along without the OVERLAND in our school library.

My Dear Sirs, let me inform you that we are not *struggling* along; we are gliding along on the smooth and placid surface of a prosperity that may be described as follows: the trustees are doing their duty to the best of their ability, guided by a fair amount of intelligence. Our teachers, two young ladies, are efficient in industry and ability; in fact they are gems, phycialy, socialy, intellectualy and professionaly. Our pupils are bright, healthy and studious. The patrons of the school are happy and contented, believing the education of their offspring is being attended to honestly, intelligently and well. This is the condition of affairs in this school.

Now hold down your ear; I want to whisper to you the main reason why we do not take the OVERLAND. There are so many attractive features about it that we are sure the pupils would be so fascinated with it that they would neglect their studies. Those attractive features would also tend to distract the teachers' attention from their duties.

All the trustees would like to take your magazine but we have only time from our farm duties (we are all farmers), to read the news in one of the great San Francisco dailies and our bible. If we could take the time to read the OVERLAND we are realy financialy unable to subscribe for it. This financial embaresment, we hope is only temporary. It was brought about, partly by the foolish tinkering with the government finances by Representatives McKinley and Wilson, and partly by the criminal demonitization of silver by Senator Sherman over twelve years ago, and the balance, if anything more were needed, by the silly misapprehension of the people as to the correctness of President Cleaveland's action in the matter of the Bond Sales. It has also been thought that the "Gold bugs" of Wall St., N. Y., had something to do with the financial pressure, but I think that is a mistake. The gold bugs of New York are, many of them members of church and all of them good men and would not do a mean thing like that.

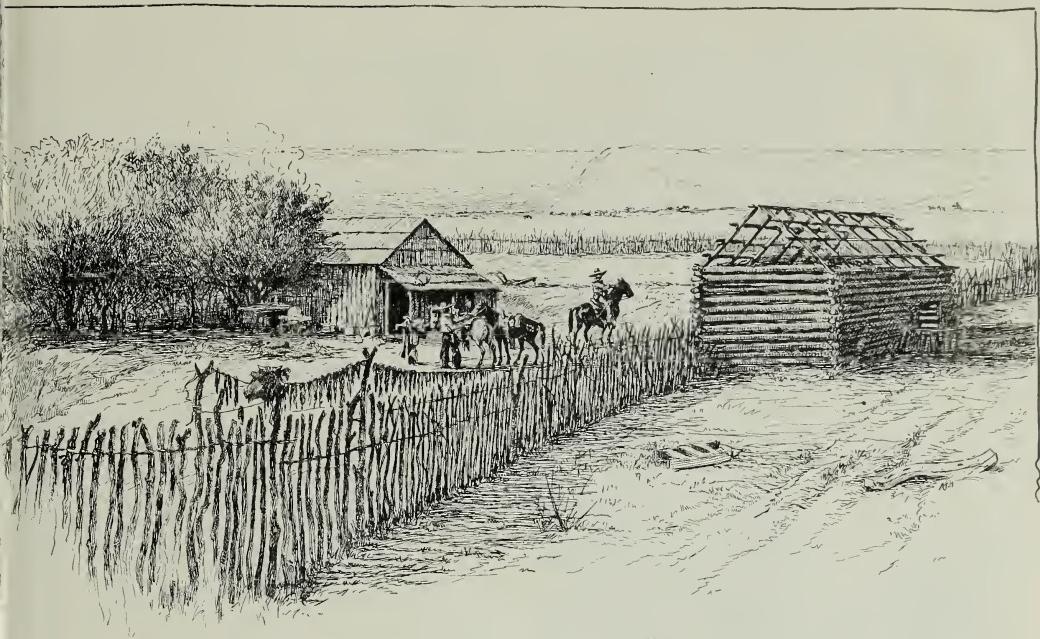
Still wishing the OVERLAND bountiful success and hoping for further correspondence, I am,—

P. S. Is the OVERLAND in need of an Editor-in-Chief or a managing editor? If so I think I know a man who could well fill the bill. He might lack a little in cheek and gaul at first but he is quick to catch on and could quickly acquire a sufficiency of both if installed in the position.

The Reviewer. "Cheek, *n.* The side of the face below the eye on either side.—Gaul, *n.* France;—anciently so-called."

The Editor refused to join in the laugh and seemed relieved when the young man with the spectacles opened the door.

The Office Boy. "Proof."



POTRERO SECO,—“HANGING LINES OF JERKED BEEF LIKE SCARLET STOCKINGS.”

THE LAST OF THE VAQUEROS.

AMONG THE WILD CATTLE OF THE SAN RAFAEL S.



ATTLE raising in Southern California under the Spanish-American régime has been not inaptly termed “an unindustrious industry.” Possibly it was the quality that called forth this definition which, upon the advent of the Anglo-Saxon, hastened that change of ownership now universal. Broadly speaking, while in the mission days the Spanish owned large tracts of land and vast herds of cattle, they now possess little stock and less land. Yet large cattle ranges are not quite a thing of the past in Southern California. In the northern portion of Santa Barbara County, for instance, good-sized bands of cattle feed over ranges comprising

many thousands of acres, owned by a single individual, but that owner is as a rule any nationality but Spanish. So, too, the idea that the vaquero has become extinct is not quite correct; for on these large ranches, Spanish riders are almost exclusively employed.

The Spanish American, however, who at the present time owns stock, finds pasture for his herd, and lives after the fashion of his forefathers, has indeed become so rare as to be threatened with the fate of the Dodo.

To any one acquainted with the country south of Monterey, it would seem that all the government land in Santa Barbara, Ventura, and the neighboring counties, had been taken up; for high on the most unapproachable slopes of the Coast Range, green patches can be discerned, evidences of human habitation.

There is, however, a rough, wild, inaccessible section, lying in Santa Barbara County south of the Santa Ynez Valley, and stretching through Ventura to the upper reaches of the Sespe River. It extended in an easterly direction, until a year or two ago, to the upper division of the great Cuyama Valley. Portions of this district have been surveyed, but the major part was merely triangled from

dinary hardship. The Spanish who prefer the hard life in these wilds to eking a parasitic existence out of each of their relatives in turn, are a striking contrast to their kindred in the towns.

Although on most maps of the Union the Coast Range is represented as a single line of mountains, it may be as well to explain that in Santa Barbara County there exist three great ranges



MARLLER'S CABIN AND GREAT BARN.

peak to peak, and the survey thrown out by the government. In this section there lingers a remnant of the early stock-raising days.

In these favored counties a district must indeed be exceptionally rough and difficult of access, to remain unsettled. From the nature of the country, stock-raising takes on new features, and its conduct is attended with more than or-

with their attendant foothills, and in Ventura four, of which that nearest the coast is the lowest. This latter range is known as the Santa Ynez, its neighbor, reaching a greater height by some three thousand feet, the San Rafael, and the third range, the principal of the three, the Sierra Madre del Sur, a spur of the great range of Mexico. To these in Ventura County is added the San Am-

edia, including Fraser Mountain, which branches off at right angles into Kern County, and where of late years gold in small but paying quantities has been found.

Cattle are now running in the rough valleys and cañons formed by the three ranges, but time was, and not very long ago, when the country lying between the second and third range was unknown and impenetrable even to hunters, on account of the precipitous nature of some of the intervening country, and the dense growth of brush over the whole. In 1864 occurred "the Great Fire," sweeping through the length and breadth of the two counties, leaping from cañon to cañon and range to range, and in places where the undergrowth around the roots of the brush was particularly rank, effectually clearing large tracts. Each clear spot has now its Spanish name, with the affix "Loma" or "Potrero," according to whether the clearing is on a sidehill, or at the bottom of a cañon. Mountain fires of greater or less magnitude there have been every year since, and probably will be until the country is freed of brush or stock; but I have it on the word of the man who was the cause of the "Great Fire" in '64, that these latter-day conflagrations are mere bonfires by comparison.

It is well-nigh impossible to write of the San Rafael and Cuyama (Sierra Madre del Sur) mountains, without alluding to "old man Marller," the first man, American or Spanish, to cut a trail and penetrate the valleys and cañons lying between these ranges; who in firing the brush to facilitate his work, started the disastrous fire of 1864. He belongs, however, to an entirely distinct type, namely, back-woodsman, from that with which this paper is engaged. To give an adequate description, moreover, of this strange by-product of our civiliza-

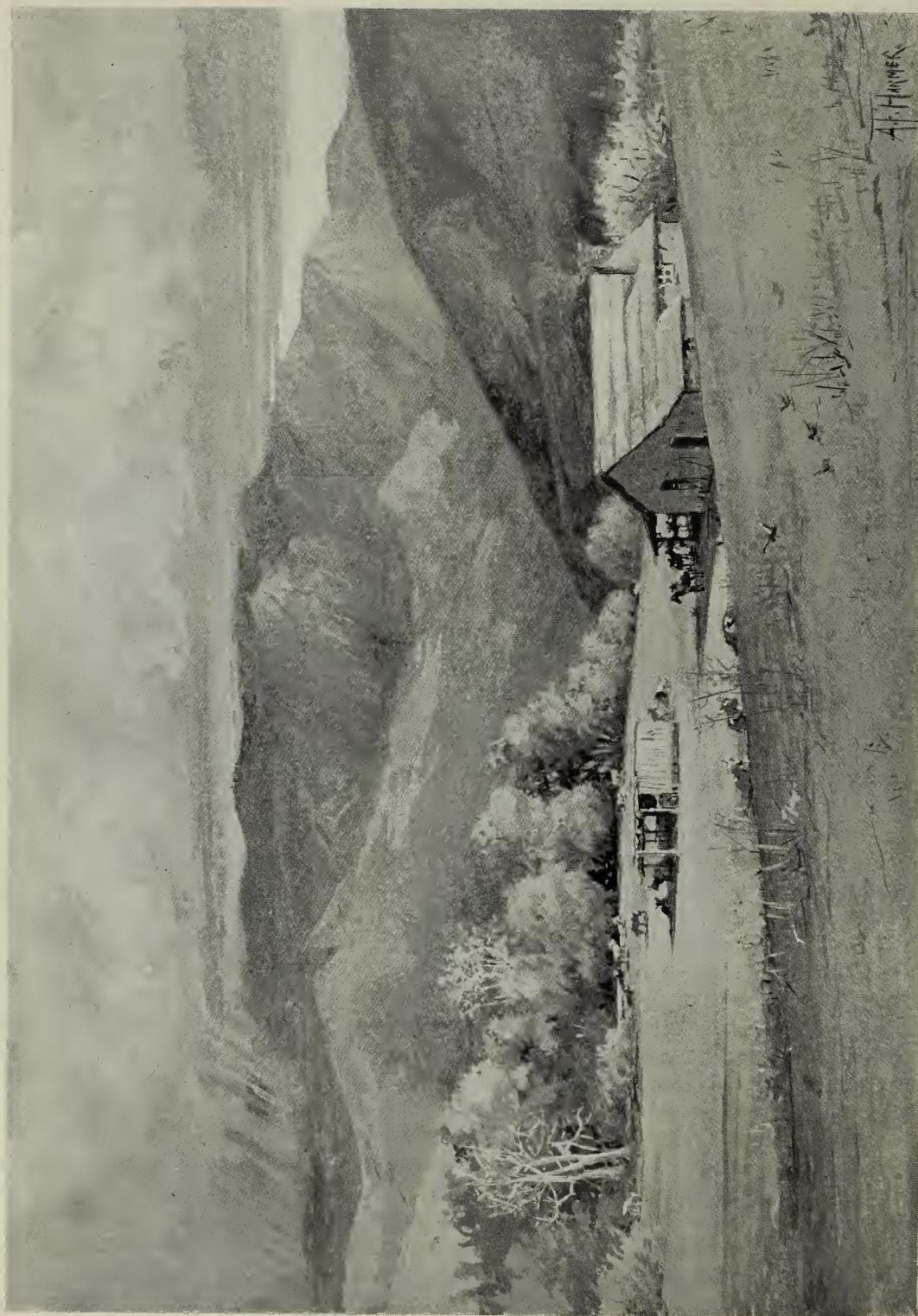
ation, and his mode of life, would require a separate article. It will, therefore, suffice to record that at the patriarchal age of eighty-eight he succeeded in selling the range he had held, single-handed, for thirty years against all comers, and three years ago packed his mule, changed his name, and started for the Sierra Nevada.

The mountain regions lying in Ventura County have always been better known; the valleys and potreros are wide and less brushy than the country on the dividing line between Santa Barbara and Kern counties.

In the *Century* Vol. xxxiii., there is a charmingly naïve account by Mr. J. R. G. Hazard of a trip to the top of Ventura Pine Mountain in the year 1886. Mr. Hazard mentions shepherds pasturing their flocks at the foot of the mountain. The land on which these sheep were feeding forms part of the great Ortega Ranch, owned by Ramon Ortega, a Californian of the old type, who can and will not speak the language of the usurping Gringoes nor lose the qualities of hospitality and rugged honesty his race once possessed.

It is noteworthy that the Spanish vaqueros employed by the owners of stock ranches on the coast, are with very few exceptions, old men. The younger generation has now no opportunity or desire to become proficient in the art of handling stock and the riata. To avoid admitting that any man, even of their own race, is "*un buen' vaquero*," amounts to a creed with these old men. Yet I have heard many a vaquero I have had occasion to employ, confess when speaking of Ramon Ortega, "*Hay pocos como el*,"—(there are few like him.)

If singleness of purpose and aim conduce to efficiency in a given direction, Señor Ramon's dexterity is in a measure explained, for with all respect to an es-



timable character, he, like most of his profession, is as helpless as a child in all affairs that do not pertain to horses or cattle. The simplest backwoods carpentering, or anything beyond the most elementary cooking, is quite out of the scope of his capabilities.

It is not given to everyone to become expert at handling wild cattle, and with the rope, even on the prairies, where the work is comparatively plain sailing. It certainly requires a temperament out of the common to be able to work stock in the San Rafaels. Driven cattle will take to scrub oak and chaparral, growing eight and ten feet high, to hide; and into the brush, however dense, horse and rider must be trained to plunge. Few horses overcome their fear of the prickly growth, fewer men, and both emerge from the encounter torn and bleeding. The use, therefore, of the raw-hide apron, (*armos*,) worn by the vaqueros in the mountains, will be self-evident. They take the place of chaparejos, over which they possess several advantages, not the least being their greater coolness, and the facility with which they are donned and doffed. Tanned buck or sheepskin, capable of turning mesquite, grease-wood, or sage, would not prevent scrub oak from wrenching a rider's knee-cap well-nigh out of its socket, or the burned stubs penetrating the leather and the horseman's flesh.

The youthfulness of the Coast Range and its typically volcanic origin, doubtless explain the occurrence of localities which are literally inextricable mazes of narrow cañons, leading into and out of each other; many beginning with a precipitous water-fall, and ending in much the same fashion. When it is borne in mind that in these recent formations every cañon opening upon the main valleys and potreros has a bewildering number of tributaries, and every tributary,



"OLD MAN MARLER."

sub-cañons ramifying "ad infinitum" from both sides, each an exact counterpart of the other, the statement that there is a great deal of country among the San Rafael and Sierra Madre del Sur mountains untrodden by man or horse, will be given ready credence.

Thus it happens that there are wild cattle running among these labyrinths, which have never seen a human being, and probably never will. Scarcity of water and feed drives stock into unwonted places, and a percentage never finds its way back. The exploration of these cañons is therefore attended with constant surprises, mostly unpleasant, as a steer eight or nine years old, unaccustomed to the sight of man, is as undesirable a companion in a narrow gulch, as a grizzly.

The rounding up of cattle of this description is fraught with real danger; its extreme difficulty is sufficiently obvious. Ramon Ortega and his sons are, it is safe to say, the only vaqueros living who, from an intimate knowledge of the

country, skill with the riata, and the superb endurance of their mountain-bred horses, could attempt work of this character with any hope of success.

In 1894, the rainfall was below the average; feed and water scarce; and the prospect of the stock weathering the severe winter of these altitudes, very slender. Sheepherders from around Bakersfield, obeying the instinct of self-preservation, drove six or eight thousand head of sheep up a rough cañon which makes a breach in the Cuyama ridge, on to my range, the length and breadth of which they devastated after the manner of a locust plague.

These were factors which made it desirable to gather up and sell every head of stock the butchers would buy. Benefiting by the light of past experiences, I refrained from hiring vaqueros on the coast, but placed the work in the hands of Ramon Ortega and his sons. The cattle in their desperate strait, had scattered far and wide, penetrating rough and tortuous cañons whither the sheep could not follow. Much new country in this way came to be explored, and nine-year-old steers, bearing the brand of the former owner's predecessor were found.

Fleet as deer, and entirely without fear of horse or rider, their capture and subjugation involved a display of nerve and horsemanship surely without parallel. Tail in the air, the steer would race up the mountain the moment he caught sight of the vaqueros. Up the steeps, through the brush, over barrancas, the vaqueros, neither sparing horse nor heeding obstacles, would succeed in heading off the fugitive, who would immediately show fight. While making a rush at one rider; as quick as a flash the steer is lassoed by another round the horns, and checked with a jerk which flings its hind-quarters skywards. Before the astonished animal

can gather its wits, the vaquero who has him by the horns turns his horse, and begins to drag the steer towards the main band. Other vaqueros beat it on the flanks with their riatas, and seek to overcome the brute's reluctance by jostling and kicking it from behind with their heavy tapaderos,—one of the multitudinous uses to which the ornamental leather covering of the stirrups on a Mexican saddle is put. In this manner, with many wild plunges from side to side, the open-mouthed bullock is snaked close to the rest of the cattle, lassoed by the hind feet, stretched out, thrown, and the rope slipped from off its horns. As he rises the steer's hind feet are allowed to free themselves. As a rule, a refractory beeve, after such a dressing, will at once join the main band. Our nine-year-old friend does nothing of the sort. With a bellow and a rush, seeing every other channel blocked, he cuts right through the herd, and is off across the potrero at a swinging gallop. Before many yards are covered, he is again "lass'd," dragged back to the herd, thrown, and released. Nothing daunted, with lowered horns he makes a vicious rush at one of the horses, which is either avoided, or, if unavoidable, received on the thick leather flap from which the stirrups and tapaderos are pendant. Recovering for another charge, the now thoroughly infuriated brute finds himself strung up by the head and heels, and thrown on his side. This time one horn is secured to a front foot, before the steer is allowed to rise. It was found necessary to handicap more than a dozen head of cattle in this manner; many being bronco cows, as wicked in every respect as the steers. Fifty miles and more they traveled on three legs and a hobble.

While the condition of the majority of the stock was indifferent, a proportion being rejected by the butchers with con-

tumely, the wild cattle were sleek and fat, their flesh firm, sweet, and of splendid color.

During this rodeo, one incident stands out from the rest and deserves to be recorded. It may be remarked that the riatas, or raw-hide ropes, used on this Coast and in Mexico, while capable of sustaining an almost indefinite strain applied gradually, will occasionally, unless kept well greased, snap in two in bringing up a heavy beeve with a jerk.

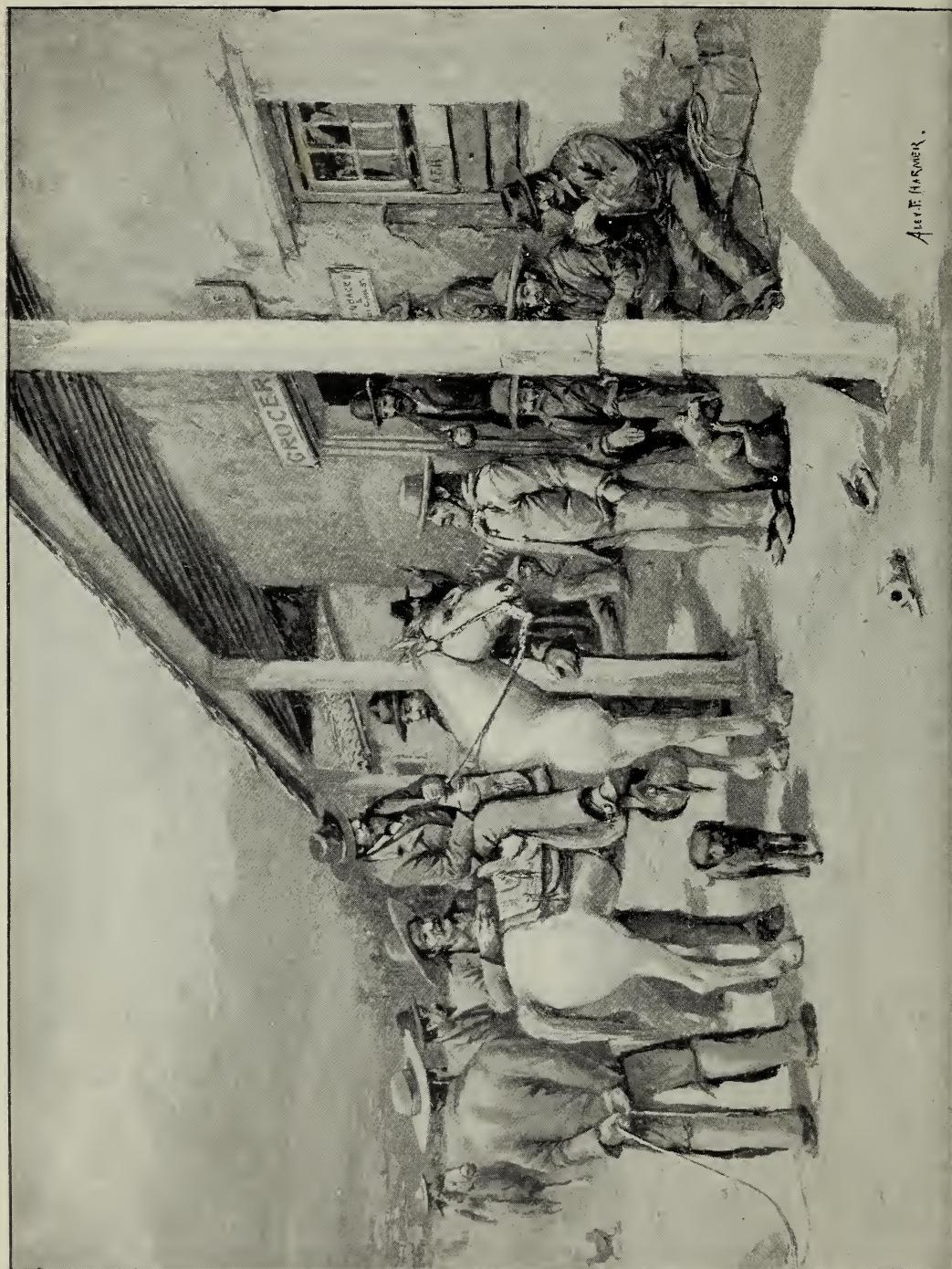
The cattle were being driven along a ridge which formed the rim of a crater-like amphitheater called "El Hoyo," (pocket). A steer that had previously given considerable trouble thought a good opportunity had arrived to make a dash for liberty, and down the precipitous side of the pocket he crashed. Ramon was on his tracks, and had the steer by the horns, and his horse sitting on its haunches, before most of us had realized the trouble. The impetus the steer had gained was, of course, enormous, and as he checked with a bound which nearly pulled horse and rider tail over head down the shelf, we heard a report like a pistol shot. Two vaqueros were already careering down the slope, riatas whirling, and we who were holding the balance of the stock, concluded that Ramon's rope had parted. It was quickly evident that this had not happened, but the man's saddle was slipping forward on the horse's withers. Perceiving this, Ramon let go the riata, which unwound itself from the pommel with a shriek, clapped spurs to his horse, caught up with the steer, grabbed it by the tail, passed the hairy fringe under his thigh, urged his horse to further effort, and rode ahead of the bullock, pulling it tail over head. This feat, known as "tailing," used to be much practised in early days, but seldom, it is safe to say, under like condi-

tions. The vaqueros that had ridden to Ramon's assistance were not far behind. Before the steer could regain its feet, he was roped fore and aft, and then ignominiously hustled back to his companions. Ramon was at the bottom of the barranca fixing a new lattice to his cinch. It was one of the leathers we had heard pop.

The absence of any wagon-road within fifty miles of any of these ranches, makes it impossible that the cabins and other buildings should be very elaborate. "Old Man Marller's" buildings, however, are an exception, and will be referred to again. Nevertheless, the ranch head-quarters with its surroundings, besides bearing a thorough business-like air, possesses an old-time picturesqueness, which is, perhaps, no longer to be seen elsewhere in California. The pine-post corrals, stretching out a pair of great arms from the entrance, the little shanty fronted by its horizontal saddle bar under the porch, the rough and ready barn, the hanging lines of jerked beef or venison, looking like a string of scarlet stockings out to dry, the raw hides stretched on every available post, — all unite in making a picture now unique, but in many of its features, once common enough.

The material used in the construction of these camps varies with the locality. Everything on these mountain ranches, as heavy as a grindstone, or as portable as a can of coffee, must be packed on the backs of mules or burros.

By any of the trails over the Santa Ynez Range, which lies immediately behind Santa Barbara, a favorite camping ground known as Mono Flats can be easily reached before dark. Tourists and others are wont to get this far, and return to town after a few days, assuring all and sundry that they "know every inch of those gol-durned moun-



Aert F. HARMER.

ains." After a night in the open, a trip of about thirty miles brings one to the Loma Pelona (Bald Hill) ranch house, perched, as its name indicates, half way up a bare mountain side. The house is of adobe with rafters and other wood-work of oak. At least three varieties of this tree grow in the locality, the live-oak, white, and English. Portions of the trail on this day's ride are extremely rough, and risky for even sure-footed animals. It is designedly left in that condition, as these "nasty bits" tend to keep pleasure seekers out of the country. The experience of ranchmen within easy reach of campers goes to prove that where wanton mischief is committed, or accidents happen, compensation is in no case offered.

The names given to the most awkward portions of the trail, imply their nature. "The Jumps" are a series of water-falls, over which horse and rider must scramble. The "Devil's Stairway," a few miles farther on, is a narrow two-foot trail winding up the side of a sheer precipice.

Leaving Loma Pelona on the second morning, and crossing the "Divide," a high ridge which marks the separation between the Santa Ynez Range and its spurs from the San Rafael, the Caracole (shell-shaped) Cañon is reached. Here the trail is more intricate, and on the whole rougher than that traveled the previous day.

The artist and I were traveling this trail at the close of last March. Two or three inches of snow completely obliterated the trail, always difficult to detect. The little pack mule which had been my constant companion in these mountains for a number of years, with unerring instinct followed the hidden trail, guiding us to the top of "Marller's Pinery," down to the table-lands below, and without mishap to the ranch house.

Marller, with saw and ax as his only implements, erected the finest buildings in these mountains. He had the advantage, it is true, of a super-abundance of pine timber,—sugar, balsam, cedar, bull, and many other varieties. The interior of his great barn, measuring sixty-five by forty feet, is chapel-like with its heavily raftered roof and immense supporting pillars.

On the third morning, a short ride of ten miles down a rocky and brushy cañon brings one to my camp, Potrero Don Victor, an open table-land of a couple of hundred acres of level ground. Juniper grows in abundance upon the flat, probably the reason that this particular region has more than its fair share of visits from "old Ephraim." The heavy timbers of the cabin and barn are of juniper, and the weather is kept out by pine shakes cut by Marller up in his pinery, and like all else, packed down to the flat on the backs of mules.

Thirty odd miles lie between Potrero Don Victor and the head-quarters of the neighboring ranch, most of the intervening country belonging to my range.

Potrero Seco, on which Ramon Ortega has his camp, is the finest table-land to be found in these mountains, and the highest. None of the localities named are at an altitude of less than five thousand feet; Ramon's cabin, barn, and corral, are seven thousand feet above sea level. A small variety of conifer pine, which has to be dragged a great distance, is used in the construction of the buildings.

In an article which appeared a few years ago in an Eastern magazine, on the forests of the Coast Range, the author picturesquely observes,— "The resinous breath of the pine and hemlock, juniper and fir, mingles on the same hill-side with the spicy fragrance of the bay tree and the perfume of the balm." This,

one feels, ought to be accurate, even if cold facts are against it.

It may be a digression not without interest to note that nothing more forcibly strikes an observer in traveling over the chains constituting the Coast Range, than the way in which certain forms of forest vegetation draw a hard and fast line of habitat, so to speak, between localities varying little in altitude, climate, or soil, and separated by but a few miles.

While there are certain shrubs and trees common to the three ranges and their interlying cañons, the chain nearest the coast has almost the monopoly of the bays, rhododendron, Judas-tree, and wild cherry. The valleys between the first and second ranges are the chosen home of the "giant" manzanita (as distinguished from the dwarf variety) and cotton-wood. Surmounting the San Ra-fael, we get into the pine district; cedar, endless varieties of the coniferae, abor-

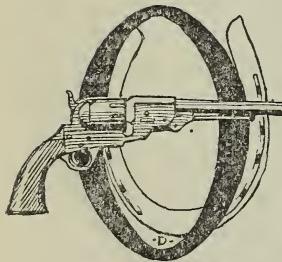
vitae, cypress, and silver fir. The high table-lands between the second and third ranges are favored by juniper, buck-thorn, a Liliputian variety of conifer, and that most interesting member of the same family, *Ephedra Nevadensis*, a shrub which is most exclusive in its tastes.

Having reached Potrero Seco, we are now in Ventura County. Five miles below, José Ortega, one of Ramon's sons, with his father's good qualities added to greater brain power, has his camp on the Sespe River. Here the country opens out, till we reach the head of the famous Matilija Cañon, a point of vantage which gives us a view of the Ojai Valley, Ventura at a distance of forty miles, a narrow strip of the Pacific the Islands, and a hazy expanse of ocean in the far distance.

The Valley and surrounding land is a fair and smiling to look upon as God's Own Country, after the oppressively bleak immensity of mountain and cañon.

Alan Owen.

AN ACCESSORY AFTER THE FACT.



LD Mrs. Pettigall bent forward in her chair, and stretching down a rough, lean, brown hand, struck a match on the floor. She watched the sulphur burn until the blue

flame had turned to yellow, then she held it over the discolored bowl of a short black wooden pipe.

"Thar kin't nobuddy but a nigger or one uv these yer greasy, sneaky Injuns live no time in a place like this," she remarked querulously.

"Look a-yender," she continued with a comprehensive wave of her hand.

"Look a-yender, an' what yer see Down yender is juniper-trees and sage bresh, an' up yender is alkali flats an sage-bresh, an' over yender is rocks an sage-bresh. It ain't no fit place fur white fambly an' I ain't agoin' to sta-a-yere no longer'n I'm obleeged to,—yo hear me!"

Mrs. Pettigall had neglected her pipe in order to make these observations and at their conclusion she bent forward and struck another match on the floor.

A tall, slim, unkempt girl stood in the doorway of the cabin. She half turned with a quick, graceful movement as the old woman spoke.

"That's what, grammer. If gran'da-

don't hit the road by fall, I'll take Roxy and go it alone."

It was years ago that Mr. and Mrs. Pettigall had packed their household effects and sundry small Pettigalls into a white-covered wagon and shaken the dust of Missouri from their feet. They had lived in Nebraska for some years, but dry seasons and grasshoppers becoming painfully monotonous, they had sought fortune in Kansas. There the burdens of life had been somewhat lighter for a while, but one day a cyclone carried off their dwelling and crops and left them almost destitute. The white-covered wagon was again called into requisition, and this time they had not stopped short of eastern Oregon. But they had acquired a taste for travel and rather enjoyed viewing the world from an elevated position under the wagon canopy. Since their advent on the Pacific Slope they had changed their place of residence so often that Mrs. Pettigall said her head became "all kinder frustrated" when she thought of it.

During the peregrinations of the family the young Pettigalls had severally attained the estate of manhood or womanhood, and when in their respective judgments the time was ripe they had promptly left the old people, two of the boys having gone off without even the formality of saying goodby. One of the girls, Louysa, had married a gentlemanly gambler, who had been attracted by her pretty face and graceful figure, and who after a year had deserted her. Thereupon she had returned to the old folks, bringing her pretty baby girl, whom she called Clytie, a name she had found heaven knows where.

Louysa's troubled life was brought to an early close—by consumption the doctor said, although Mrs. Pettigall always declared it was of a "broken heart" superinduced by the treatment received

at the hands of the gambler husband, to whom she invariably alluded to as "that coon-dog."

At the present time the Pettigalls were established as renters on a small stock-ranch in the northeastern part of California. The family had dwindled until it consisted only of the old couple and the granddaughter, Clytie, who was light-hearted, self-willed, and seventeen. Her grandparents loved her as much as their natures would permit, and they let her tyrannize over them to an extent that they had never thought of allowing their own children.

Mrs. Pettigall smoked and reflected awhile in silence. Then she said, "Yer maw wa' n't no older 'n you be, Clytie, when she mawried that feller. Come to think, she was just turned sixteen. 'Spect you'll be goin' off with one of these yer buckaroos some day."

The girl shrugged her shapely shoulders.

"Ye'r pretty, Clytie," continued her grandmother, "favor yer maw considerable, an' that ther coon-dog wa' n't so bad lookin'."

Clytie pushed back her heavy uncombed hair and smiled.

"Keep your taffy, old lady," she said. "I get enough of it from these yer bronco-busters. Say, grammer, I ain't agoin' to skip yet,—not till I run across somethin' a notch higher 'n a cow-puncher."

"Wall, jest watch out yer don't get stuck on no coon-dog what'll run off and leave you to die of a bruken heart."

"There comes somebody," said the girl suddenly, pointing down the road at a horseman who was riding hard. As the stranger drew near, the women saw that his horse, one of the hardy little animals for which the stock-country is famous, was well nigh exhausted. The man never drew rein until he reached the

well that stood at a little distance from the house. Dismounting, he allowed his jaded pony a few swallows from the trough, then drawing a fresh bucket of water, he drank from it greedily.

"Could I get a fresh horse here?" he inquired as he approached the house.

"Wall, dunno as yer could. Whar yo' slopin' for?" inquired Mrs. Pettigall.

"There is a man out here at the XL ranch who was thrown from his horse and badly hurt, and I am on my way to Eagle Creek for a doctor," replied the stranger.

Clytie eyed the man with some curiosity, for he was not like those she was accustomed to meet. He was slender, with a short silky beard and keen eyes that allowed nothing to escape. There was a directness in his speech and a crispness in his tones which compelled attention, withal his voice was well modulated and pleasant to hear.

His step was brisk and firm, displaying a nervous energy foreign to the easy, rolling gait of the vaqueros and ranchmen.

"You must let me have a horse if it is possible," he continued, noticing that Mrs. Pettigall was in an uncertain state of mind. "It is fifty miles or more to Eagle Creek I understand, and this horse is n't able to go five."

"Which road did you come from the XL?" asked Clytie, speaking for the first time.

"Well,—the road they told me. I am stranger in these parts, you see."

"Funny they'd send you, when there's a dozen men 'round the XL that knows the road," commented Clytie.

"They all happened to be busy but me, you know," said the stranger, evidently amused at the girl's implied doubt.

"Suppose I take a look in the barn and see what you have. I'll leave this horse 'n place of what I take. He's a good one,

though you might not think so to look at him now."

"Hold on," said Clytie. "There ain't only one animal in the barn and that's mine and you can't have her."

Something about the man had warned the girl that he was not on the errand of mercy he pretended to be, and her grandfather being off on a rodeo, she felt that on her devolved the duty of protecting the ranch.

The stranger lifted his brows a trifle and something like a smile hovered about his lips.

"Really, young lady, your words show you to be more hard-hearted than your looks would indicate."

"That's all right," replied the young lady, "you want to keep away from that barn."

"Certainly, certainly, your wish shall be my law," he replied, with exaggerated politeness, as he led his dejected looking pony toward the outbuildings. He found in one of the stalls a mare, bright bay in color, long and slim of body, with slender legs, a daintily shaped nose, and the general look of a well bred animal.

"What luck! Those fellows would be on me by night if it was n't for this. So my beauty," rubbing the mare's neck, "we'll see if there's as good stuff in you as there looks to be."

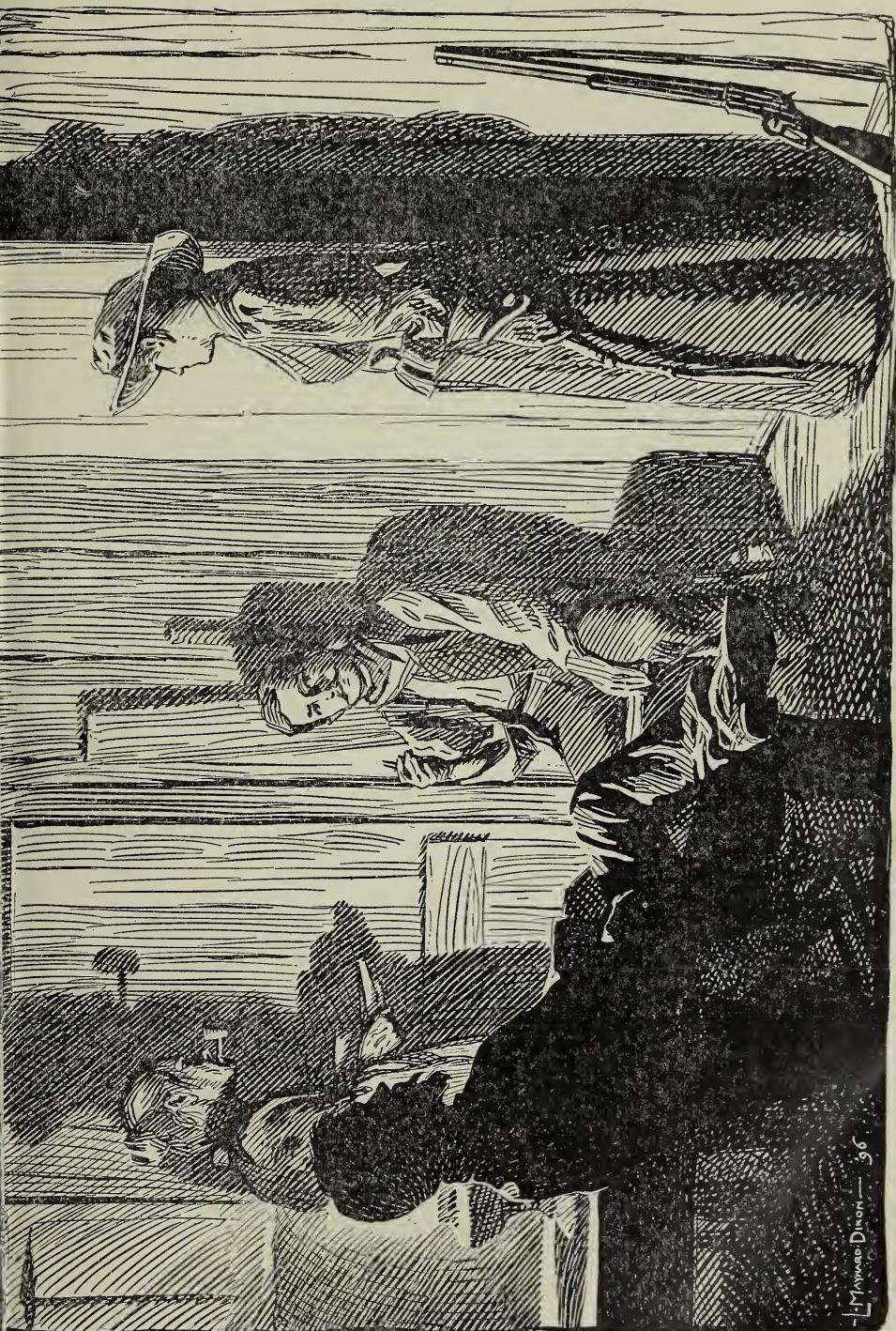
He removed the saddle from the horse and placed it on the mare. In the act of tightening the cinch he heard a voice a few feet from him.

"Quit that, now."

Glancing up, he saw standing between himself and the door a pale but very determined looking young woman. Half raised to her shoulder with the muzzle pointing directly toward him she, held a long, old-fashioned rifle.

"Now, mister, you wanter light out o' this right away."

The stranger showed no sign of fear,



"I DON'T SEE NO TRAIN ROBBER."

but he did not offer to continue the process of cinching.

"This is what I call most unkind," he began.

"I ain't a-keering what you call it," interrupted the girl. "You don't wanter tech that mare, that's all."

It was evident that to attempt to parley with her was useless.

"I guess I'll have to admit that you've got the best of the argument," he said. "Well, let me take my horse and go."

When the man was ready to start he turned in his saddle and looked at her. The lines of his face had relaxed, and for the moment he looked boyish and eager.

"I want to say to you that there is no truth in that story I told of the injured man. I would like to feel before I go that you are a little friendly towards me,—I am sorry I tried to steal your horse."

The girl looked down and bored a hole in the dust with the butt of her rifle.

"In a few hours there will be some men along here," he continued. "They are looking for me. Say, tell them I did n't come here, or tell them I went off some other way, will you? It may save my life if you do."

There was something in the manner of the appeal that touched the girl. She felt towards the stranger as she might toward a bird or an animal that had sought her protection.

"Wait a bit," she said, and entering the house, she reappeared in a moment with a package in her hand. "There is a lunch for you." Then with a smile, "you'll need it before you get to Eagle Creek."

The man answered her smile. "I expect to be caught sooner or later," he said, "but you don't know how glad I am that you are not going to take a hand in it. Keep that for me, will you?"

As he spoke he drew a plain gold ring from his little finger and dropped it at the girl's feet. The next instant he touched spurs to his bronco and the gamey little animal responded.

Clytie watched the horseman until he had covered a quarter of a mile or more. Then she looked in the dust for the ring, and having found it, slipped it on her finger.

Two hours later, two horsemen drew up at the cabin. One of them was a tall, powerful fellow astride of an iron-gray horse. The white sombrero, worn at an angle, the heavy saddle with its coiled riata, the spurs, and the long pointed tapaderos, proclaimed his vocation. His companion, a lean-faced man with a drooping brown mustache, sat his horse less gracefully. His costume, his sack coat and slouch hat, showed his occupation to be other than that of handling unbroken horses and vicious "cow-brutes."

"How do, Mis' Pettigall,—good evening, Miss Clytie," said the vaquero with some ceremony. He had long, sleepy-looking eyes and a large nose and a little black mustache pointed at the ends. "This gentleman is Mr. Dunning, he is a sheriff from Idaho."

"Good evening, ladies," said Mr. Dunning, raising his hat. "Mr. Hacker was telling me of you as we came along. He said you might accomodate us with supper, Mrs. Pettigall."

"Wall, I mought give ye a bite,—we got mighty pore grub now,—if yer can put up with it."

Mr. Dunning hastened to assure the good woman that he had no doubt her larder would meet all requirements.

"Guess you can find your way to the barn, Bob. The old man's gone. Come in, mister."

The men dismounted and the sheriff entered the house while the vaquero led the horses toward the barn. Mr. Bob

Hacker went but a short distance on his errand, however, when he paused. "Miss Clytie," he called, "I want to speak to you a minute."

Clytie went rather unwillingly.

"I was going to let you into a big secret, but you seem so kind of offish I guess maybe you don't want to hear it," said Hacker as the girl approached.

"I ain't akeering 'bout none o' yer secrets," replied Clytie, and she started to return to the house.

"Hold on, wait till I tell you. That fellow in the house is camping on the trail of a train robber,—a bang-up, dude brook,—five thousand dollars reward. I'm sworn in as deputy, and you bet I'll come in on the divvy."

Clytie felt her heart beat fast, but she masked her anxiety with an air of indifference.

"Now, little gal," said the big fellow insinuatingly, the smoldering fire in his sleepy-looking eyes, leaping into sudden flame, "if you'd only listen to what I've been telling you, when I get my share of his reward I can take you out of this and make a lady of you. You're so pretty, Clytie,—"

"Now look ahere, Bob Hacker," interrupted Clytie. "I tole yer the last time yo' was here I did n't want none o' yer soft soap, and I meant it. I ain't goin' to get married yet awhile, and I tell yer right now I would n't have yer if yo' was the last man on top of the earth."

Hacker looked after her with angry yes. "You'll pay for this, damn you!"

Within an hour the men had disposed of their supper of brown beans, salt pork, and hot biscuits, and were ready for the road.

"You say he could n't leave the trail above here and get back into the road?" asked Dunning.

"Not without he's riding a mountain

sheep instead of a horse. It's a rough country off there," replied Hacker.

"Well, let us take the trail, then. Good evening, ladies, many thanks for your kindness."

"'D-evening, Mis' Pettigall,—'d-evening, Clytie,—remember what I told you. You'll see us coming along tomorrow with a bagged train robber." And with an airy wave of the hand from Hacker the men started up the trail.

"What did yer want to lie to 'em for, Clytie?"

Clytie laughed softly. "That Bob Hacker is so stuck up I jest wanted to take him down a peg," she said. "Besides, they would n't give him no show,—they'd shoot him down like they would a coyote."

"Wall, but it do look kinder silly to send 'em off on that Fandango trail when the feller they're after went right on up the Eagle Creek road."

"Well, you're a dandy to stand in with me anyway," replied the girl, and she gave her grandmother an affectionate pat.

"Guess I'll take Roxy for a gallop,—be back in an hour or so, grammer,—ta ta!"

Roxy welcomed her mistress with a whinny and pawed the ground impatiently as she adjusted the circingle.

The girl and the horse were thoroughly en rapport as they sped up the road. Clytie shook back her hat so that she might feel the breeze on her face and hair. Three miles were passed, when horse and rider at nearly the same instant discerned through the dusk something in the road ahead. Roxy pricked up her ears and snorted, exhibiting a tendency to turn about and make for home. The steady hand and quiet voice of her mistress reassured her, and on approaching the object, Clytie discov-

ered it to be a dead horse that lay full in the middle of the road. An instant's inspection showed it to be the horse of the stranger whom she had succored. The gallant little animal had kept up his steady lope until exhausted nature had bid him cease. It was evident that an attempt had been made to revive him, as saddle and bridle had been removed.

The girl peered out in the fast gathering gloom as if half expecting to see the beast's whilom rider, but the only living objects visible were the swallow-like insect-feeding night-hawks, that flew so close to her face that she could hear the loud burr of their wings.

"I almost wish I had let him take you, old girl," she said, rubbing the mare's glossy neck. "Well, they'll never find him on the Fandango trail, anyhow."

When Clytie returned, greatly to her surprise she found Hacker and the sheriff at the house.

"Guess none of you folks have been over the trail lately," said Hacker, and there was a touch of sarcasm in his tones.

"What's up?" demanded Clytie. "I don't see no train-robber,—what you done with him?" And she glanced uneasily about the room.

"Matter enough," replied Dunning. "We found a big landslide out here a few miles. It must have come five hundred feet, I should think, right across the trail and way on down to the creek. No chance to get across that, with or without a horse."

"And what's mighty queer, we did n't see no fresh horse tracks," said Hacker. "Of course we thought at first it was on account of the rocks, but I never followed a trail yet that a horse had just gone over that I could n't find some sign of it,—how do you account for it, Miss Clytie?"

"Me? I ain't accountin' for it," said

Clytie airily. "Maybe the feller hid in the rocks or maybe he rolled over a cliff,—I don't know what become of him after he left here."

"I am inclined to think he got into the Eagle Creek road after all," said the sheriff. "He probably pretended to take that trail to throw us off the scent." The sheriff evidently did not share Hacker's suspicion.

"This is the longest trail I ever followed," continued Dunning. "Just as am ready to lay hands on him the fellow dodges me every time."

"He'll have to do some tall dodgin' if he gets away this time," remarked Hacker, and he laid his hand on the butt of the pistol at his belt.

"Let's be getting on," said the sheriff. "These horses are pretty well given out, but I guess they're not so far gone as his."

"You might let one of us take Roxy Clytie," suggested Hacker.

"Not much, yo' ain't goin' to take my mare," responded the girl. "Run her to death, and maybe get her shot,—I like to see yer!"

"Oh, I guess we'd better travel together anyway," said Dunning, "so there would be no use of one fresh horse. But I don't think there would be any danger of your mare's getting shot," he added. "That fellow was fool enough to lose his gun a couple of days ago, and I don't think he has had a chance to get another yet."

Clytie felt strangely anxious as she saw the heavily armed men start up the Eagle Creek road. "Oh, Roxy," she said, as she threw the horse some hay, "why did n't I let him take you!"

"Yer see, ther ain't no good in lyin'. They'll ketch him anyway," said Mrs. Pettigall as Clytie entered the house.

"Well, I'd lie a thousand times to down that Bob Hacker, and I wish t



"UP THE LONELY ROAD TOWARD HER HOME."

goodness I'd let the feller have Roxy," replied her grand-daughter.

"Heady — like her maw," observed Mrs. Pettigall to her pipe.

It was not long before Dunning and Hacker returned to the house. On finding the dead horse in the road they were satisfied that the man could not get far that night, and as it was impossible to track him afoot in the darkness they decided that nothing would be lost by giving themselves and their horses a few hours' rest.

In the morning Dunning arranged the day's campaign. "This man has made inquiries and knows that the nearest ranch on the Eagle Creek road is forty miles away," he said to Hacker. "What he needs most is a horse, and he knows these women are here alone. Now the chances are he will cover his tracks and hide in the rocks, and as soon as we go on he will be here after grub and a cayuse."

"That's about how I've got it put up," agreed Hacker.

"He does n't know that you are along with me,—thinks I am alone probably,—so you had better lie quiet here at the house, and I will go on up the road and see what chance there is to track him."

Hacker readily assented to the plan. He thought he saw the prospect of some pleasant hours spent in the company of Clytie.

No sooner had Dunning got out of sight than Clytie announced her intention of going out to the rim-rock, which formed the eastern wall of the cañon up which the Eagle Creek road ran, to shoot a deer.

"Gran'dad says he seen a fine buck up there a few days ago and I want some fresh meat," she said.

Hacker employed all the argumentative ability he possessed in the attempt to dissuade her.

"Chances are you 'll run across this robber, and there's no telling what he 'll do."

Clytie only laughed.

Finding his own eloquence of no avail, Hacker appealed to Mrs. Pettigall.

"Reckon the gal can take care of herself," said the old woman, "and don't yer forgit she 'll bring home some fresh meat. She's nigh as good a shot as the old man, and he don't never miss."

Clytie did not take her mare, for amidst the brush and broken rocks of the steep hill-side a horse would be useless. She quietly put together a few provisions, and swinging the rifle over her shoulder, she strode away towards the rim-rock.

Meanwhile Sheriff Dunning was endeavoring to trace the robber from the point in the road where the dead horse lay. The soil was soft, and footprints leading in a westerly direction were plainly visible. Just east of where he stood was the wall of the cañon, precipitous and cliff-like in places, the huge surface of the rock streaked and splashed with color,—greens, yellows, reds, and white,—irregularly flung on, till the mountain-side looked like the palette of some giant painter. Again, the wall was broken, inclining at a variable angle, and covered in places with patches of stunted junipers, mountain mahogany, and other hardy growths. In places the road ran close to the foot of the cliff, but here and there it turned a little to the west to avoid a thick copse or a mass of jagged rocks.

On the other side of the road for a distance of several miles was a level stretch of land covered with a growth of sage-brush. At the end of this tract was the other wall of the valley, precipitous and wild like that facing it. It was through the thick sage-brush to the west that the fugitive had taken his course, his footprints being plainly discernible in the yielding earth.

Dunning took up the trail and followed it without difficulty across the valley, but on reaching the other side he found himself baffled; for here the ground was hard and covered with loose rocks, and at this point the man had evidently taken pains to conceal his traces.

Finding himself at a loss which way to turn, the sheriff, on reaching an elevated spot, dismounted, and taking from their case a pair of field-glasses which he had borrowed from a cattle-man the previous day, scanned the landscape. Glancing back toward the road, he saw a sight which turned his face pale and caused his body to grow rigid with the intensity of sudden emotion.

He saw two horsemen, separated by a distance of several hundred yards, going up the road at the top of their speed. It needed no second glance to show that they were pursuer and pursued.

The sheriff's glass revealed that the foremost horse was the gray gelding ridden by Hacker the previous day, and that the other was the bay mare of the Pettigalls. But now it was the vaquero who rode Roxy, and Dunning immediately surmised that the foremost horseman was none other than the man of whom he was in search.

The robber, evidently, had made a detour through the rocks and got back to the road. Having from his hiding place watched Dunning take his departure, he had, as soon as he believed it safe, made his way again to the ranch. The sheriff readily imagined how the man had slipped into the barn, and seizing the first horse he saw, which happened to be Hacker's, had made his escape, not being discovered by the vaquero until he had made considerable progress up the road.

Dunning watched the race for a moment with intense interest. He soon saw that it was to be most unequal, for the strain of blood in the mare and the superior

horsemanship of the vaquero counted for much. It would be no more than play for Roxy to close up the gap before her.

"If that fellow hasn't a gun he's a fool not to quit," thought the sheriff. "The vaquero will be within range in about a minute and he will pump lead into him sure."

Nevertheless, the rider of the gray gelding urged on his horse as though there remained a thousand chances for escape.

Roxy was getting warmed up to the chase, and the drop of racers' blood she inherited was showing itself. She stuck forward her delicate nose and laid back her little ears until her head seemed almost on a line with her neck. Her body lengthened out and her slender legs carried her forward with the regularity of a machine. Surely the robber would surrender, surely he must realize the hopelessness of his position. But no, still he urged his horse on, while with every leap Roxy and her rider drew nearer.

Suddenly the sheriff saw floating out from the rocks far above the horsemen a puff of white smoke. At the same instant he saw the gait of the noble mare break. She stumbled and threw up her head as if to prevent a fall,—then she sank to her knees, and an instant later rolled heavily on her side.

The vaquero was on his feet in an instant. He took a glance at the fugitive and another at the cliff. Then he ran across the road and crouched behind a rock. There was a good rifle shot somewhere up there on the hill-side and Hacker did not intend to take any chances.

The sheriff's astonishment was so great at this unexpected ending of the chase that for a moment he did not move. But he was a man accustomed to the unexpected and given to action, and he quickly recovered his faculties.

He sprang into the saddle and urged his horse toward the road, intending to take up the pursuit where Hacker had dropped it.

The ground, however, was covered with broken rocks, and his progress was necessarily slow. His impatience outstripped his judgment, and he had not covered a half mile when his horse stumbled, nearly throwing his rider over his head, and when the animal recovered the sheriff found he had strained a tendon and traveled with a decided limp.

"Looks like we're not going to bag any train-robbers today," he muttered with an oath.

A while later Dunning and Hacker were engaged in a council of war in the barn. "I am as certain the girl fired the shot as if I had seen her do it," Hacker was saying.

"It looks like it, but I can't conceive of her motive," replied Dunning. "She thought the world and all of the mare, and

I don't see what interest she could have had in that fellow's escaping."

"She's a mighty queer girl and I wouldn't be surprised at nothing she done," commented Hacker.

"The only thing now is to take the lame horse and go back to the XL,—that's thirty miles, you say,—and get fresh horses. By the time we get a new start the fellow will be out of the country. I am afraid he's going to give me the slip after all, he's foxy, and luck is with him."

That day at dusk, when the diminutive night-hawks were darting and flashing through the air, Clytie lay in the dusty road with her arms about the neck of her dead mare, and where her face rested the horse's hair was wet with her tears.

"Dear Roxy, poor girl, I *had* to do it," she whispered.

She kissed the dead mare again, then went up the lonely road toward home.

Bradford Woodbridge.

ITALIAN FISHER.

UNDER the cliff, in frail and open boat,
The fisher rides, and to the narrow shore
Drags the huge net, with its brine sparkling store.
Across the water safe the drenched crafts float.
This heaving billow echoes his rude note,
As at the helm he sings the old songs o'er,
Remembering blue Naples, which once bore
His lifted sail. There from the charm'd throat
Of nightingale the dark was vocal long,
In olive groves and fragrant orange tree,—
Rich vineyards echoing the happy song!
No bitter memory of care or wrong
Clouds his bright day, the while he ploweth free,
These fruitful furrows of our Western sea!

Sylvia Lawson Covey.

“READY, AYE, READY.”

I STAND on the edge of my nest;
I am pluming my wings for flight ;
The “Shadow of Death” I rejoice to see,
Like a cloud that is golden bright,—
Whose edges are blue and fire,
Whose center is red and white.

I watch from the edge of my nest,
While the Shadow of Death draws near,
And the lights of home, long quenched on earth,
Through the beautiful mists shine clear,
And the gardens of home abloom
With immortal flowers appear.

’T is the form of my Father’s house,
Where the many mansions be,
With turrets and towers and portals wide,
In the Shadow of Death I see ;
And I hear the golden bells *
On His robe, who died for me.

There are signals of peace hung out
From Heaven’s resplendent wall,
And the crimson banner of love is waved
By the Prince who is Lord of All.
I flutter my eager wings,
Impatient to hear the call.

For all the windows of heaven
With welcome are open wide ;
And the beaming faces of precious friends,
Who seemed to me to have died,
Look out, and their arms are stretched,
Are waving, my flight to guide.

I am ready, my Lord, O, King !
Ready, with yearning eye,—
Ready with lifted and quivering wing,
Through the Shadow of Death to fly,
With the rush of angel wings
Beside me,—is this to die ?

Augusta Moore.

* Exodus, xxviii, 33 and 34.



THEY called her Busuk, or "the youngest" at her birth. Her father, the old *punghulo*, or chief, of the little *campung*, or village, of Passir Panjang, whispered the soft Allah Akbar, the prayer to Allah, in her small brown ear.

The subjects of the *punghulo* brought presents of *sarongs* run with gold thread, and not larger than a handkerchief, for Busuk to wear about her waist. They also brought gifts of rice in baskets of cunningly woven cocoanut fiber; of bananas, a hundred on a bunch; of *durians*, that filled the bungalow with so strong an odor that Busuk drew up her wrinkled, tiny face into a quaint frown; of cocoanuts in their great green, oval shucks.

Busuk's old aunt, who lived far away up the River Maur, near the foot of Mount Ophir, sent a yellow gold pin for the hair; her husband, the Hadji Mat, had washed the gold from the bed of the stream that rushed by their bungalow.

Busuk's brother, who was a sergeant in his Highness's the Sultan's artillery at Johore, brought a tiny pair of sandals all worked in many-colored beads. Never had such presents been seen at the birth of any other of Punghulo Sahak's children.

Two days later the Imam Paduka Tuan sent Busuk's father a letter sewn up in yellow bag. It contained a blessing for Busuk. Busuk kept the letter all he-

life, for it was a great thing for the high priest to do.

On the seventh day Busuk's head was shaven and she was named Fatima ; but they called her Busuk in the *campung*, and some even called her Inchi Busuk, the princess.

From the low-barred window of Busuk's home she could look out on the shimmering, sun-lit waters of the Straits of Malacca. The loom on which Busuk's mother wove the *sarongs* for the Pung-hulo and for her sons stood by the side of the window, and Busuk, from the sling in which she sat on her mother's side, could see the fishing praus glide by, and also the big lumber *tongkangs*, and at rare intervals one of his Highness's launches.

Sometimes she blinked her eyes as a vagrant shaft of sunlight straggled down through the great green and yellow fronds of the cocoanut-palms that stood about the bungalow ; sometimes she kept her little black eyes fixed gravely on the flying shuttle which her mother threw deftly back and forth through the many-colored threads ; but best of all did she love to watch the little gray lizards that ran about on the palm sides of the house after the flies and moths.

She was soon able to answer the lizards' call of "gecho, gecho," and once she laughed outright when one, in fright of her baby-fingers, dropped its tail and went wiggling away like a boat without a rudder. But most of the time she swung and crowded in her wicker cradle under the low rafters.

When Busuk grew older, she was carried every day down the ladder of the house and put on the warm white sand with the other children. They were all naked, save for a little chintz bib that was tied to their necks ; so it made no difference how many mud pies

they made on the beach nor how wet they got in the tepid waters of the ocean. They had only to look out carefully for the crocodiles that glided noiselessly among the mangrove roots.

One day one of Busuk's playmates was caught in the cruel jaws of a crocodile, and lost its hand. The men from the village went out into the labyrinth of roots that stood up above the flood like a huge scaffolding, and caught the man-eater with ropes of the gamooty palm. They dragged it up the beach and put out its eyes with red-hot spikes of the hard billion-wood.

Although the varnished leaves of the cocoanuts kept almost every ray of sunlight out of the little village, and though the children could play in the airy spaces under their own houses, their heads and faces were painted with a paste of flour and water to keep their tender skins from chafing in the hot, moist air.

At evening, when the fierce sun went down behind the great banian-tree that nearly hid Mount Pulei, the *khateeb* would sound the call to prayer on a hollow log that hung up before the little palm-thatched mosque. Then Busuk and her playmates would fall on their faces, while the holy man sang in a soft, monotonous voice the promises of the Koran, the men of the *campung* answering. "Allah il Allah," he would sing, and "Mahomet is his prophet," they would answer.

Every night Busuk would lie down on a mat on the floor of the house with a little wooden pillow under her neck, and when she dared she would peep down through the open spaces in the bamboo floor into the darkness beneath. Once she heard a low growl, and a great dark form stood right below her. She could see its tail lashing its sides with short, whip-like movements. Then all the dogs in the *campung* began to bark, and the

men rushed down their ladders screaming, “*Harimau! Harimau!*” (A tiger! A tiger!) The next morning she found that her pet dog, Fatima, named after herself, had been killed by one stroke of the great beast’s paw. Once a monster python swung from a cocoanut-tree through the window of her home, and wound itself round round and the post of her mother’s loom. It took a dozen men to tie a rope to the serpent’s tail, and pull it out.

Busuk went everywhere astride the Punghulo’s broad shoulders as he collected the taxes and settled the disputes in the little village. She went out into the straits in the big prau that floated the star and crescent of Johore over its stern, to look at the fishing-stakes, and was nearly wrecked by a great waterspout that burst within a few feet of them.

Then she went twice to Johore, and gazed in open-eyed wonder at the palaces of the sultan and at the fort in which her uncle was an officer.

“Some day,” she thought, “I may see his Highness, and he may notice me and smile. For had not his Highness spoken twice to her father and called him a good man? So whenever she went to Johore she put on her best *sarong* and *kabaya*, and in her jetty black hair she put the pin her aunt had given her, with a spray of sweet-smelling *chumpaka* flower.

When she was four years old she went to the *penager* to learn to read and write. In a few months she could outstrip any one in the class in tracing Arabic characters on the sand-sprinkled floor, and she knew whole chapters in the Koran.

So the days were passed in the little *campong* under the gently-swaying cocoanuts, and the little Malayan girl grew up like her companions, free and wild, with

little thought beyond the morrow. That some day she was to be married, she knew, for since her first birthday she had been engaged to Mamat, the son of her father’s friend, the punghulo of Bandar Bahru.

She had never seen Mamat, nor he her, for it was not proper that a Malay should see his intended before marriage. She had heard that he was strong and lithe of limb, and could beat all his fellows at the game called *raga*. When the wicker-ball was in the air he never let it touch the ground, for he was as quick with his head and feet, shoulders, hips and breast, as with his hands. He could swim and box, and had once gone with his father to the seaports on New Year’s day at Singapore, and his own prau had won the short distance race.

Mamat was three years older than Busuk, and they were to be married when she was fifteen.

At first she cried a little, for she was sad at the thought of giving up her playmates. But then the older women told her that she could chew betel when she was married, and her mother showed her a little set of betel-nut boxes, for which she had sent to Singapore. Each cup was of silver, and the box was cunningly inlaid with storks and cherry blossoms. It had cost her mother a month’s hard labor on the loom.

Then Mamat was not to take her back to his father’s bungalow. He had built a little one of his own, raised up on palm posts six feet from the ground, so that she need not fear tigers or snakes or white ants. Its sides were of plaited palm leaves, every other one colored differently, and its roof was of the choicest *attap*, each leaf bent carefully over a rod of rattan, and stitched so evenly that not a drop of rain could get through.



BUSUK'S HOME.

Inside there was a room especially for her, with its sides hung with *sarongs*, and by the window was a loom made of kamooning wood, finer than her mother's. Outside, under the eaves, was a house of bent rattan for her ring-doves, and a shelf where her silver-haired monkey could sun himself.

So Busuk forgot her grief, and she watched with ill-concealed eagerness the coming of Mamat's friends with presents of tobacco and rice and bone-tipped *krisse*s. Then for the first time she was permitted to open the camphor-wood chest and gaze upon all the beautiful things that she was to wear for the one great day.

Her mother and elder sisters had been married in them, and their children would, one after another, be married in them after her.

VOL. xxvii.—20.

There was a *sarong* of silk, run with threads of gold and silver, that was large enough to go around her body twice and wide enough to hang from her waist to her ankles; a belt of silver, with a gold plate in front, to hold the *sarong* in place; a *kabaya*, or outer garment, that looked like a dressing-gown, and was fastened down the front with golden brooches of curious Malayan workmanship; a pair of red-tipped sandals; and a black lace scarf to wear about her black hair. There were earrings and a necklace of colored glass, and armlets, bangles, and gold pins. They all dazzled Busuk, and she could hardly wait to try them on.

A buffalo was sacrificed on the day of the ceremony. The animal was "without blemish or disease." The men were careful not to break its fore or hind leg

or its spine, after death, for such was the law. Its legs were bound and its head was fastened, and water was poured upon it while the *kadi* prayed. Then he divided its windpipe. When it was cooked, one half of it was given to the priests and the other half to the people.

All the guests, and there were many, brought offerings of cooked rice in the fresh green leaves of the plantain, and baskets of delicious mangosteens, and pink mangoes and great jack-fruits. A curry was made from the rice that had forty sambuls to mix with it. There were the pods of the moringa-tree, chilis and capsicums, prawns and decayed fish, chutneys and onions, ducks' eggs and fish roes, peppers and cucumbers and grated cocoanuts.

It was a wonderful curry, made by one of the sultan's own cooks ; for the Pung-hulo Sahak spared no expense in the marriage of this, his last daughter, and a great feast is exceedingly honorable in the eyes of the guests.

Busuk's long black hair had to be done up in a marvelous chignon on the top of her head. First, her maids washed it beautifully clean with the juice of the lime and the lather of the soap-nut ; then it was combed and brushed until every hair glistened like ebony ; next it was twisted up and stuck full of the quaint golden and tortoise-shell bodkins, with here and there a spray of jasmine and chumpaka.

Busuk's milky-white teeth had to be filed off more than a fourth. She put her head down on the lap of the woman and closed her eyes tight to keep back the hot tears that would fall, but after the pain was over and her teeth were blackened, she looked in the mirror at her swollen gums and thought that she was very beautiful. Now she could chew the betel-nut from the box her mother had given her!



MALAY WOMAN IN MOSQUE DRESS.

The palms of her hands and the nails of her fingers and toes were painted red with henna, and the lids of her eyes touched up with antimony. When all was finished, they led her out into the great room, which was decorated with mats of colored palm, masses of sweet smelling flowers and maiden-hair fern. There they placed her in the chair of state to receive her relatives and friends.

She trembled a little for fear Mama would not think her beautiful, but when last of all, he came up and smiled and claimed the bit of betel-nut that she was chewing for the first time, and placed it in his mouth, she smiled back and was very happy.

Then the *kadi* pronounced them man and wife in the presence of all, for it is not written, "Written deeds may be forged, destroyed, or altered, but the memory of what is transacted in the presence of a thousand witnesses must

remain sacred. *Allah il Allah!*" And all the people answered, "Suka! Suka!" We wish it! We wish it!

Then Mamat took his seat on the dais beside the bride, and the Punghulo passed about the betel-box. First, Busuk took out a syrah leaf smeared with lime and laced in it some broken fragments of the betel-nut, and chewed it until a bright red liquid oozed from the corners of her mouth. The others did the same.

Then the women brought garlands of flowers—red allamandas, yellow convolvulus and pink hibiscus—and hung them about Busuk and Mamat, while the musicians outside beat their crocodile-hide drums in frantic haste.

The great feast began out in the sandy plaza before the houses. There was cock-fighting and kicking the raga-ball, wrestling and boxing, and some gambling among the elders.

Toward night Busuk was put in a rattan chair and carried by the young men, while Mamat and the girls walked by her side, a mile away, where her husband's big cadjang-covered prau lay moored. It was to take them to his bungalow at Bander Bahru. The band went, too, and the boys shot off guns and fire-crackers all the way, until Busuk's head swam, and she was so happy that the tears came into her eyes and trickled down through the rouge on her cheeks.

So ended Busuk's childhood. She was not quite fifteen when she became mistress of her own little palm-thatched home. But it was not play housekeeping with her, for she must weave the sarongs for Mamat and herself for clothes and for spreads at night, and the weaving of each cost her twenty days' hard labor. If she could weave an extra one



A TYPICAL JUNGLE SCENE WITH MOUNT OPHIR IN THE DISTANCE.

from time to time, Mamat would take it up to Singapore and trade it at the bazaar for a pin for the hair or a sunshade with a white fringe about it.

Then there were the shell-fish and prawns on the sea-shore to be found, greens to be sought out in the jungle, and the padi, or rice, to be weeded. She must keep a plentiful supply of betel-nut and lemon leaves for Mamat and herself, and one day there was a little boy to look after and make tiny *sarongs* for.

So, long before the time that our American girls are out of school, and about the time they are putting on long dresses, Busuk was a woman. Her shoulders were bent, her face wrinkled, her teeth decayed and falling out from the use of the syrah leaf. She had settled the engagement of her oldest boy to a little girl of two years in a neighboring *campung*, and was dusting out the things in the camphor-wood chest, preparatory to the great occasion.

I used to wonder, as I wandered through one of these secluded little Malay villages that line the shores of the

peninsula and are scattered over its interior, if the little girl mothers who were carrying water and weaving mats did not sometimes long to get down on the warm, white sands and have a regular romp among themselves,—playing “Cat-a-corner” or “I spy,” for none of them were over seventeen or eighteen!

Still their lives are not unhappy. Their husbands are kind and sober, and they are never destitute. They have their families about them, and hear laughter and merriment from one sunny year to another.

Busuk’s father-in-law is dead now, and the last time I visited Bander Bahru to shoot wild pig, Mamat was punghulo collecting the taxes and administering the laws.

He raised the back of his open palm to his forehead with a quiet dignity when left, after the day’s sport, and said “*Tabek! Tuan Consul.* Do not forget Mamat’s humble bungalow.” And Busuk came down the ladder with little Mama astride her bare shoulders, with a pleasant “*Tabek! Tuan!* (Good-by, my lord. May Allah’s smile be ever with you.”

Rounseville Wildwan.

TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST. X.

THE “GEN’RAL.”



T WAS a number of years ago — almost more than I care to remember — when I first met the “Gen’ral.” He came to the hydraulic mine to work for my father and uncle. On being questioned as to his title, he asserted that he had fought and bled in the Mexican war, and in consequence had been dubbed “Gen’ral” by the miners on the ridge.

He was tall and ungainly and resembled in a marked degree the portraits of Abraham Lincoln, without, I fear, possessing many other characteristics of that noble man.

The boys soon decided that the “Gen’ral” was a little weak in the upper story, but a good natured, harmless sort of an individual, with a tendency to lean on his shovel and spin yarns about “When I fit in the Mexican war.”

About three miles from our place, nea-

In the little town of C——, stood a small inn kept by the Widow Mulchay. She had been widowed but a few months when the "Gen'ral" came to work for her, the late lamented Mr. Mulchay having had so little sense of his own importance as to rupture a blood-vessel one evening, in consequence of the exertion of dragging the partner of his joys and sorrows (Mrs. Mulchay weighed two hundred) around the barroom by the hair. Everybody said it was a good thing for the Widow when he died, as the gray mare was the better horse in that team, and he had wasted more "stingo" than any man of his size on the ridge, having always been his own best customer at the bar. But his widow was quite inconsolable; she was an English woman, as she always took pains to state, and was fat and forty but not at all fair.

The lamented Mr. Mulchay had been her second matrimonial venture, and it was but a short time till the wink was passed among the boys that she was on the lookout for a third, but the lady's temper was known to be a little uncertain, though her thrift and energy were unquestioned. She was known to be doing a good business, especially at the bar. She had a few acres of land fenced in at the back of the house, and here she had a small orchard and vegetable patch.

The labor of attending to all this was too much for her, so she cast about for some one to take care of the garden, and to the surprise of all, succeeded in hooking the "Gen'ral."

He looked a trifle more sheepish than usual when he came to say he wanted to quit at the mine, as he was going to work for the Widow, and took the good-natured railery of the men as a matter of course.

I distinctly remember my mother's saying, "Poor old fellow!" as after having bidden him goodby, with best wishes,

she stood on the porch and watched his awkward form, a stick over his shoulder from one end of which depended a roll of blankets and from the other a pair of long boots and a lank carpet sack, disappear down the trail.

It was but a few weeks after that he came across the diggings one Sunday afternoon, his large cowhide boots freshly greased, and his straight hair carefully parted down the back and brushed forward till it stood stiffly out on each side behind his ears, and invited us all to his wedding. He and the Widow were to be married in two weeks and he desired the presence of our family.

I think my mother was not surprised, but there was a look of commiseration on her face. She had always thought the old fellow kind-hearted and well meaning and her opinion of the Widow was not high.

The "Gen'ral" particularly desired that my handsome young uncle Rob should be his best man, and after hearing that pretty Miss Tyrrell, the village school ma'am who boarded with the Widow, was to be bridesmaid, he readily agreed.

It was the prevalent opinion in the community that the Widow had "popped the question," as no one thought the "Gen'ral" possessed the necessary courage.

Now, a wedding was a rarity in those days, and the Widow thrifitly decided to follow her nuptials with a dance,—tickets, (including supper) five dollars. Of these she sold over one hundred, passing them over the bar with the same ease that she did a schooner of beer, or a glass of whisky. In reply to the various jokers she would reply confidentially, "Ah well, I had to have somebody to look after the garden, and the Gen'ral is a nice, handy man."

The wedding was to be about three in

the afternoon, followed by an elaborate dinner and the dance in the evening.

The small fry were not allowed to attend, but the wedding is still a standing joke in our family. A minister, the only one within a radius of twenty miles, was engaged. All were more or less familiar with the appearance of the Reverend Mr. Brown, as he held bi-monthly services in the school house. The expected guests had arrived, but not the minister. The crowd was getting a trifle impatient when the word was passed around that he had come. My uncle, as best man, was endeavoring to elbow back the crowd so as to give the wedding party more room. "Stand back, gentlemen, please stand back a little farther," he repeated.

A small, boyish-looking fellow, whom uncle did not know, kept trying to crowd his way into the magic circle. My relative pushed him back, kindly but firmly, saying, "My friend, please give us more room."

The small man looked up with a twinkle in his eye. "See here," said he, "This thing can't go on till I get in here. I'm the minister."

Uncle, covered with confusion, begged his pardon, and the knot was tied. The Reverend Brown had been unable to come on account of illness and had sent twenty miles for a friend to take his place.

As time passed on things seemed to prosper with the "Gen'ral" and his wife. True, it was well known that she handled all the "spondulix" and the "Gen'ral" was rarely or never seen outside the fence. As we passed the orchard on the way to and from school, I have pleasant recollections of his dropping plump bell-flowers and bartletts into our aprons and then scuttling away as though fearful that "Ma"—as he always called her, though she never had children—would detect him in the act.

He kept the garden in beautiful order, and attended strictly to the hens and pigs, but "Ma" took charge of the profits therefrom.

He still loved to lean on his hoe and discuss, "When I fit in the Mexican War," if he could obtain a listener, but at such times "Ma's" somewhat guttural voice was apt to break in with a command to "Tend to that corn," or "See to them pigs."

Some years after she began to speak of him as her "Poor old softy," and it was quite evident to those who knew him best that his mind was failing.

It was about this time that some one suggested to him that he ought to get a pension from the government for his services during the war. Undoubtedly it was said in a joke, as few believed that the old fellow had ever smelt gunpowder, but the idea took root in his feeble brain and he talked of it constantly for years after.

That there was nothing in it was evident, for had there been the slightest show of a claim for any thing of the sort, "Ma" would have looked into it and secured it; for the old lady's avarice grew with her years and she clutched the purse strings with a tighter grip.

When the edict went forth against the hydraulic miners, we were among the many who sought homes elsewhere. The closing of the mines wrought much hardship in that part of the State. From the friends who remained we heard occasionally of those we had left behind, and the saddest story of all came to me not long since.

Times had gone hardly with the "Gen'ral" and "Ma." Travel had almost ceased and there was little or no market for what they raised, though everybody on the ridge firmly believed that the old lady had "salted down" enough to last them the rest of their lives. The "Gen-



"YOU SURELY DON'T MEAN TO SEND ME TO THE POOR HOUSE?"

"ral" was now a feeble old man, but still able to putter round the garden and explain to his occasional listeners how he expected to have his pension soon and how lucky it would be for him and "Ma" to have something coming in, now that they were getting on in years. To do the old man justice, he always seemed to think everything of his wife and evidently considered her a superior woman, though he once responded rather hesitatingly to a joker who asked him, when they were first married, if he considered her a handsome woman: "Well no. I don't exactly think she's handsome in her face, but she's a mighty smart woman."

During the winter of 1892 he had a severe illness that kept him in the house for some weeks. "Ma's" temper had not improved with age, and she seemed to resent the old man's sickness. The neighbors said she acted as though he had done it on purpose. It was soon after this that she began to talk in confidential whispers about his being "Such a care and an expense that she could n't afford it. He'd been a burden on her for years, and now there was nothing coming in and she did n't see but the county'd have to do something."

And before long it was the talk of the neighborhood that "Old Miss Hughes" was going to take the poor old "Gen'ral" to the county poor farm.

There was much suppressed indignation at this; for the old man was universally liked for his kind heart and gentle ways. But when the old lady protested with wet eyes and a very red nose that she was too poor to care for him and did n't know what else to do he was getting "that simple," no one seemed to know what to do with him either, and so they did nothing but talk.

One lovely morning in October "Ma" informed the "Gen'ral" that they were

going to the county seat, some twenty miles distant, to see about his pension. The old man's childish delight was pitiful to see. He had not been more than a mile from home for twenty years, and only to think that he was going to get his long expected pension.

"You won't have to work so hard now, Ma," he quavered. "The pension'll keep us easy enough."

"You'd better wait till we get it," said she crossly.

The old lady was plainly out of spirits which may have accounted for the packing of a flat bottle in her handbag.

She had hired neighbor Jim Horton to drive them over in his two-seated spring wagon and he told me afterwards that he did n't know when he had ever felt so bad as he did when the old "Gen'ral" came out of the house, a pathetic figure attired in an ancient long-skirted shiny broadcloth coat, very threadbare, a high stock and black silk kerchief around his thin neck, and a rusty silk hat on his gray head, and began to talk pension to him.

In a few minutes "Ma" bustled out dressed in an antique black silk, a brooch shawl around her ample shoulders, and bonnet of many summers ago, trimmed with bright plaid ribbon, perched above a very leathery and forbidding face.

The "Gen'ral" gazed at her admiringly while Jim helped her to the back seat, then hesitated a moment. He would have liked to sit beside her and the back seat was much more comfortable, but she sharply ordered him to, "Git up there with Jim and let's be off," and of course he obeyed.

It was a long, dusty ride, but the novelty of it kept the "Gen'ral" up. The October woods in the Sierra are beautiful and the mountain roads wind through magnificent scenery. The oaks and maples were turning to gold and the poison

ak flamed scarlet in the cañons. The whistle of the quail, the chatter of squirrels, and the shrill cry of the yellow-hammer, could be heard on all sides.

To the poor old man these were never ending sources of delight, and he chattered childishly of them as they rode n.

When they finally reached the court ouse, he was helped down in rather a zed condition. He was tired with the ng ride and the excitement. The old dy spoke to him sharply, telling him to Come along and not stand staring there ke an old fool."

He meekly obeyed and followed in her ake as she waddled up the steps and to the county clerk's office. Two or three men were there, discussing politics. he clerk came forward.

"What can I do for you, madam?" e asked.

"I want to have this man taken care by the county. He's not right in his ind, and I'm too poor to take care of im any longer."

The old man plucked her sleeve with trembling hand. "But Ma, my pen-on," he said.

She paid no attention to him but turned

again to the clerk. "You see how he is. He's always talking about a pension. He's not right in his head at all, and I want the county to take care of him."

The old man looked from one to the other, an awful terror in his eyes. He seized her hand. "Ma! Ma!" he cried, bringing his ashen face close to her rather repulsive one, "You surely don't mean to send me to the poor house?"

She drew her hand away from his trembling clasp. "There now, don't you go to make a fuss. I can't keep you no longer, and that's God's truth."

The old man turned and took a tottering step or two toward the door, then he staggered and would have fallen on his face had not one of the politicians caught him, and assisted by the others, supported him to a chair, into which he sank, limp and white. They loosened the high stock and kerchief.

For a moment he seemed to rally. The woman bent over him with some anxiety. He opened his eyes and looked at her with a pitiful smile on his wan old face. "It's—it's all right, Ma. I'm goin' to git my pension," he murmured and then his head sank back.

The "Gen'ral" was dead.

Emma A. Thurston.

TOUT PASSE.

A SUNBEAM, flickering through a garret's gloom,

Provoked the simple prattle of a child.

A widow, listening, crossed the sordid room,

The faded curtain drew, then turned and smiled.

"Mother, those specks of gold!" the urchin cried.

"Those dancing specks of gold are—dust!" she sighed.

Horace Annesley Vachell.



"HEAVEN HELP ME, BUT I WANTED TO GO DOWN BEFORE HER IN A LOUIS QUATORZE SALAAM."

A CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

BY ONE OF THE D. D., LL.DS.

AM past fifty years of age, (no matter how much,) am President of a small college for women, and love my work. The limited resources of our badly endowed institution render it necessary for me to teach as well as

to govern; and I meet the Senior class several times a week. This is to my liking, for I love my brave girls; and challenge their keen eager minds, on themes that interest me profoundly, is rare mental exhilaration.

Indeed the students of Hypatia College are a perpetual delight to me, within the lecture room or without. Their sweet all too pale, young faces and flashin-



thoughtful eyes fascinate me. Doubtless they lack in voluptuous charms; and I seldom see them in dress adapted to display to utmost advantage the physical graces they really possess: as a rule, I meet them book in hand in simple gowns a little negligée. But they please me beyond description. They are "selected" by our severe entrance examinations from a multitude of less intellectual young women, and their average mentality is remarkable. High aims and gentle motives have spiritualized the lines of their faces. Some have great talent; in a few the rudiments of genius are discernible; and nearly all have luminous countenances. The holiest moment of the day is the brief chapel service, when the hard benches suddenly, at ringing of the bell, blossom forth into girls; and when many a sweet presence is "quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration." The happiest hours of the week are my seances with the Senior Class.

And then my study, it is perfumed and illuminated by maidens. A little tap on my door, and immediately there glides in a bright slip of womanhood, with dainty aspect, airy tread, and manner all grace. Perhaps it is a committee, two, three, or more, a white-winged flock,—and then such bewitching flutterings and chatter. An excuse wanted, a permission which none but the President may dare grant, a weighty message from home, a holiday begged, a grievance,—but always a flash of light, as though a sunbeam had entered my study through clouds. And when the pretty children are gone, there remains a perfume of heavenly essence, as though the gates of Paradise had opened a little for just a moment, and a breath of Eden's fragrance had come through.

The reader must not misunderstand

me? My love for the girls is Platonic and paternal: they are my pets, my daughters: I would cut off my right hand ere it should rest in unholy touch upon one of them. I am not like my predecessor, a comparatively young man and a bachelor, who confided to me this extraordinary confession.

"When I came to Hypatia College," said that impressible and cynical gentleman, "I fell in love with all the girls! The first year I longed to marry all of them! The second year, my ardor cooling in presence of chilly facts, I wanted still to marry most of them. The third year, I was willing notwithstanding to marry some of them. The fourth, I prayed for deliverance from all! And the fifth year I resigned!"

He is yet a bachelor. Now I do not feel justified in condemning this excellent gentleman, but I see with other eyes. Perhaps this is because I have French blood in my veins, blue, noble blood, that long ago leaped under the flash of woman's smile and that easily blushed in shame at thought of dishonor.

Still, I too have a very big and noisome fly in my delicious pot of ointment. I allude to discipline. Deportment, thank Heaven! does not fall to my lot; but discipline, woe is me, does. I am between the Devil and the deep sea,—naughty girls on the one side and a grim faculty, mostly of elderly unmarried ladies, on the other. Not very naughty young women either,—bless them! Hypatia students do not know how to be real naughty. But they are human and have red blood, aye and sometimes hot blood; and there are young men in Cedar City. Little indiscretions, nothing more! trifling in my coarse masculine sight, but of awful heinousness in the eyes of our chaste lady professors.

If I could only be left quite alone, my efforts would be very efficacious. A

summons of somewhat peremptory character, of the culprit to the President's study,—a frightened response, with luminousness and fragrance a little abated,—a brief sermon, with emphasis on the practical application,—an outburst of tears, promises amid sobs, never, never to do so any more,—instantaneous reformation, normal light and perfume, departure under benediction and a fugitive tear in the President's eye! But alas!

One night I was lingering at my office, buried in a profound metaphysical study, and the ten o'clock bell had rung for the extinguishing of lights. Reluctantly leaving my meditations, I carefully closed behind me the great hall door, and strolling out into the moonlight, took a turn through the beautiful Campus to cool my brain and compose myself for sleep, before retiring to the presidential mansion.

A murmur attracted me into the shades,—silvery sounds, low and musical,—the warbling of a water ouzel mingling with the splash and gurgle of a mountain brook. I supposed this to be the natural music of the fountain of Sappho, which formed the choicest work of art in our college grounds; and I drew near that classic masterpiece. Approach lent perception, and I now heard voices quite other than those of the leaping jet and elfish spray.

As I drew near, a duet of bass and tuneful soprano was distinguishable. They were not exactly singing, these two voices, but in very melodious cadence. Steps warned me that the murmurers were strolling toward me by a shady path, into which the moonbeams penetrated to play upon the gravel. Before I decided what I ought to do, a young couple sauntered into sight, a youth holding a maiden's hand and both talking at once. Instinctively

and with no purpose of espionage, which I detest,—I never so much as turn my head to play the spy upon my brave girls,—but from a dread of intruding upon holy ground,—though why I should have deemed it holy, I don't know,—I shrunk back into the gloom. Indeed it was not very gloomy, and I might easily have been seen, had the two at that moment been able to perceive anything but one another.

They paused at the fountain of Sappho, quite near me; and the girl lifted her face to the full moon. I recognized the beautiful features of one of our noblest, a Sophomore, the leader of her class, a natural leader, of excellent family, the only daughter of a wealthy and refined widow, a young thing every way admirable and exemplary. She was in evident ecstasy; and I never saw such ethereal loveliness before as appeared in that rapt face, glorified by moonlight and youthful passion.

I was stunned and motionless. There was a pause in the torrent of low melody; and then he bade her goodnight, and folding her to his heart, tenderly kissed her lips.

She disengaged herself,—not too soon,—and ran to the great Dormitory,—for our main building is a sort of immense caravanserai, combining chapel, halls, recitation rooms, museums, bedrooms, and what not,—which was near at hand. I saw her tap lightly on a window pane in the basement and vault through a low casement, the sash of which opened and closed mysteriously. It was the bedroom of my messenger maid, Polly, who is wont to answer the call of my study bell. The youth hurried away, but not before I recognized him as the son of one of the best citizens and most solid men in Cedar City.

Meanwhile I did nothing, because I am not quickwitted and nothing in the line

of action sufficiently brilliant occurred to me: besides, I was overwhelmed. Slowly retiring to the presidential mansion, for long I courted sleep in vain. One thing I was grateful for: the culprit was not a Senior, not one who had breathed in the atmosphere of my own ethical and metaphysical teachings. That would have crushed me; but then that would have been absolutely impossible.

All things considered, this was the worst breach of deportment, since the wild girl from Arkansas, whom consideration for her unfortunate family forbids me to name, threw a crust of bread in playfulness, at a no less frivolous roommate, during that august repast, for which alas! we have no better name in the language than the vulgar word *dinner*,—yes, at that dainty symposium of propriety, fine manners, and personal stateliness; where a word of slang is considered vice, and rudeness a crime; where even wit and humor must be chastened and where mirth is rightly felt to be far beneath the dignity of the occasion. Even I myself, the President, find a shadow upon my naturally festive disposition, when I sit down, as I do once in a while, at this stately and portentous meal. In the case referred to, aroused by the enormity of the offense, I banished the wild girl at once and forever.

Surely this case was nearly as bad.

What distressed me most was the kiss. But there was a foil to my dismay in a pretty memory. More than a year previous, just before the Christmas vacation, the girls had arranged one of their fêtes in anticipation. As was their wont on such occasions they had brought to our great assembly and play hall, their easy chairs, lounges, cushions, draperies, fans, easels, and what not, and had given to the usually bare-looking apartment a delightfully cosy aspect.

They themselves were all very daintily arrayed, some in silks and some in mere extemporized gowns of delicately tinted cheesecloth,—some as Grecian maidens, some as peasant girls, and some as the girl of the period, but every one mirthful and picturesque. I never failed to drop in on these innocent festivities, to enjoy the music and the dancing, and to say a cheering word; and the young women always made me welcome.

On the particular night in question, as I approached one of the doors of ingress, I observed my youngest son Louis on a stepladder in a doorway, hanging overhead a sprig of mistletoe. Louis was a lad of ten, the child of my age and the darling torment of my life, the terror of the college cats, the pet of the kitchen maids (who overfed him with dainties), and the assistant of the students in all their decorative activities. I stopped and gazed at him with some anxiety, indeed I never gazed at him in any other mood. Not perceiving me, he descended from the ladder, laid it aside, and placed himself, arms akimbo, under the mistletoe. His musical boyish voice rang through the hall, clear above the din of piano and waltz: “If anybody wants to be kissed, let ‘em come right on, and away she goes!”

A shout of laughter greeted this appalling outburst, and a young girl, airy as an orchid blossom, with rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, tried in sport to dart by him, only to be imprisoned deftly in his strong little arms. As his red lips could not reach up higher than her chin, she goodnaturedly stooped and kissed him. It was a pretty sight, I must confess. Then his papa was perceived, there was another shout, the girl escaped, and Louis, fearing paternal vengeance, darted to a side door and was gone in a moment. The child afterward acknowledged to me: “Papa, I hung up it there

just for Evelyn Wood: she 's a freshman and pretty green, but oh, she 's a lark!"'

But this second kissing of Miss Evelyn Wood was quite another matter.

The next morning I received a telegram, calling me off on important business for the entire day; but as the train did not leave until ten, I hoped to secure a word with the culprit before departing. My first thought had been to lay the whole matter before the Lady Principal, but my heart forbade: better warn and save the dear child without publicity and without disgrace,—for she certainly was not a wild girl, like the Arkansas creature; moreover, my method of admonition and penitent tears was wiser far than the drastic measures women resort to under such circumstances. Hence after chapel I was about to ring for Polly, (below stairs they called her the Lady Messenger,—and why not?—we had lady laundresses, a Lady Principal, and lady professors, why in Heaven's name not a Lady Messenger?)—thank God, however, we are a WOMAN'S college,) when suddenly there was a melodious voice singing not far away.

It was late in May, the windows were open, and with the fragrant air of spring was wafted in the cadences of a marvelously sweet voice, singing a Spanish love ditty. I recognized at once Miss Evelyn's soprano, and remembered that her room was quite near my own study, on the floor above. She possessed the finest of many superb voices among our two hundred and fifty girls, and she was the pride of the college in our amateur concerts. I am an enthusiastic lover of music, and Evelyn's soprano is one that always enraptures and melts me. I am good for nothing but ecstasy when she sings. She was carolling at her window a wild, joyous song, full of Spanish passion and sunshine, instead of study-

ing hard as was her wont and manifestly her duty. Never skylark made the air quiver against the blue heavens with such jubilant gladness. Ah! the child was supremely happy; and why had Fate put into my hands the agony of her discipline? I listened, forgot, time fled, opportunity departed; and I barely caught my train.

"I will rebuke the culprit tonight," I said to myself in excuse.

But my return was late, and the matter of discipline was necessarily delayed. On the morrow there was no singing, and promptly after Chapel I set myself to the difficult task. I rang for my maid, and she responded all too quickly, in sobbing and tears, with a little note from the Lady Principal in her hand. It read as follows:—

DR. CYRUS WOLCOTT, D. D., LL. D.

Dear Sir:—It is my painful duty to inform you that the fair fame of Hypatia College has been tarnished. Miss Evelyn Wood was detected last night by the watchman, entering the apartment of the maid Polly's room after eleven o'clock and having been absent from her own room during the entire evening. Is it not justly presumable that she has been guilty of a clandestine interview? and am I verging on the brink of slander if I suggest that the disturber of our peace is a young man? Let me add that some previous observations, sharpened by well-grounded suspicions, aroused by a peculiar state of mind in the unfortunate young woman, and which the plain duties of my office compelled me to make, despite your known and permit me to say regrettable aversion to even a necessary circumspection, justify presumptions as to the personality of the offender. Feeling unequal and indeed powerless to deal with so grave an offense, I beg to refer the whole matter to the President, asking you in the name of the Faculty, and of our innocent students,—of our Fame and of our Future,—to take prompt and signal action.

Very truly yours,

THE LADY PRINCIPAL.

I read this with as keen a pain as ever went through the heart of an old gentleman, for well I knew what it portended.

for the Skylark. Under my predecessors girls had been sent to their homes from Hypatia College, with but twelve hours' notice, forever disgraced, for less transgression.

"Can you forgive me, sir?" said Polly, sobbing.

Oh, yes, Polly: I had forgotten her.

Now I could easily have forced this maid to tell me all she knew,—for she was not over strong-minded,—but could not bring myself to do so.

"Polly," said I sadly, "you are referred to the Matron: go to her, make a frank confession, and receive her sentence. You come under her jurisdiction, and you have put enough on my hands for the present. But stop, Polly, if she is very hard on you, possibly I may say a word for you. Meanwhile send me Miss Evelyn."

She buried her face in her apron and turned to go, but before she was out of the room paused to say with many sobs: "Oh, don't be hard on poor Evelyn, sir. She meant no harm,—'deed, 'deed she didn't. She's such an angel, sir, and she has been so kind to me,—and when the others trod—trod—on me, she trea—treat—d me like a hu—hu—man being and I love her, and the poor child is in lo—lo—love, hor—hor—ibly in love; and I'm to blame as had n't ought to let her gone out."

A humble little tap announced the culprit,—I always know girl wrongdoers by the humility of the tap. Now when Louis is in fault he acts on the principle that he will not resign while he is under fire, like the politicians; but the Hypatia girls, they kiss the rod. When I opened the door and drew back the portière, Miss Wood walked in slowly, pale, mournful, penitent, but calm. She stood facing me, her eyes on the carpet. I gazed musingly at her for a moment. What a pity that so superb a creature, a nightingale, a rosebud, a lyric, nay any-

thing you please that is tuneful and fair, should be caught in a folly! Alas, poor human nature!

"Miss Evelyn, be so good as to peruse this note from the Lady Principal."

She read it, flushed, and trembled; and a frightened look came into her eyes, which did not leave them for weeks. She nervously dropped the paper, picked it up again and read a second time: then her eyes filled with tears, and she said with an effort at dignity, "I may have been foolish with my midnight strolling, but the fame of Hypatia College is safe in my hands."

Heavens, how it cuts me to the heart to see a young girl weep!

"No, no, Evelyn, you have been guilty only of astonishing thoughtlessness, and have not tarnished our fame, but surely have endangered it. Confess to me, my child, that you were sauntering in the moonlight, thinking no evil of course, hand in hand with some friend,—m—m—thoughtless as your giddy little self."

She looked me in the eyes,—such clear blue eyes searched mine,—and she said more quietly: "No, I was alone: it is an old trick of mine to stroll in the moonlight and dream, and last night the building seemed stuffy to me and the girls humdrum."

Ah, woman! emancipated, but not yet free from the bondage of guile! And who but we men are responsible for it? I was not surprised, only pained that my Skylark should not have proved an exception. So many sweet, gentle girls, before this, had looked me in the eyes and with perfect candor of manner told me what I knew to be false, thinking that they were successfully deceiving me, while I was reading their inmost thoughts.

"And the night before last, by the Fountain of Sappho,—also a lonely stroll

and no farewell kiss? Only a soliloquy on Life and the Moonbeam?"

Her woman's wit discerned my thought at once and her lovely head fell,—the fire all went out of her eyes and the color in her cheeks was there for shame.

"You saw me? oh! oh! Forgive me, forgive me, but Doctor Wolcott, I could not help it!"

"Could not help it, my child?"

She looked up with an intensity of passion that frightened me, and clasping her hands, exclaimed,—

"I love him!"

I felt it time to address myself to my little homily: "Her extreme youth,—only nineteen,—her inexperience,—her poor widowed mother,—the extreme indiscretion of it,—the relentlessness of gossip,—the fair fame of the dear old college, the Alma Mater, and the rest of it." Finally I asked her if she would solemnly promise, if I condoned the offense, not to do so any more. Judging from experience, she ought to have answered "yes" eagerly. But she looked up mournfully, the little face utterly wobegone, and responded slowly:

"No, Doctor, I love and respect you,—and I want to please you,—but it is of no use: I should only lie again, to my bitter shame. If he shall ask me to meet him, I will go to meet him, though I die for it; for oh! I love him,—Doctor,—I love him."

She had clasped her hands again, letting the letter drop; and out of her great teary eyes flashed a strange fire. Again there came into her face that rapturous look I had observed in the moonlight. She had again become radiant and beautiful as an angel.

Heaven help me, but I wanted to go down before her in a Louis Quatorze salaam,—my French blood again,—I adored this young girl. But then I was

President, I had a duty to perform and meant to do it.

I was a little dashed, however, by a wistful question, which anticipated my severities.

"Did n't—did n't—you ever—Doctor—did n't you ever love?"

I know that I colored up to the roots of my hair,—and the roots of my hair are now considerably back of my upper forehead. And there came a scene of my youth to mind,—yes, a succession of scenes,—ah me! just such a sweet blue-eyed girl, and just such moonlight, and just such a forbidden stroll,—to be quite truthful, several of them,—hand in hand,—both innocent as babes of any evil thought,—only it was a female seminary then,—before the days of pretentious Colleges for Women,—and we were not found out!

When I collected myself, Evelyn was looking up through her tears in a radiant smile; and I decided that enough had been done in the line of discipline for the first infliction, and gave the fair culprit leave to withdraw to her room and to penitence.

The next morning I noticed in Chapel service that there was a pallor of Evelyn's face, and thence onward it became more apparent, while the frightened look which the Lady Principal's letter had occasioned was intensified. Poor child, she suffered bitter penalty for her offense. She had been a leader, universally admired and beloved; but she was now dropped, suppressed, and left alone. The chaste lady professors froze her with their silent disapproval; and even the dear girls, true to their feminine instincts, drew away their spotless skirts from contact.

I concluded to call in the young man to our help: he was a good-hearted fellow: he was the real culprit: let him heal the wound. A dispatch by a mes-

senger boy brought him to my study almost precipitately. The moment he entered, I perceived that he knew all.

He gave me no time to come to speech, but approaching, in an excited and almost violent manner broke out: "I'm to blame, sir, only I. I tempted her to troll with me. It was thoughtless and selfish, but I meant no harm. Hate me, curse me, sue me for damages, shoot me, anything you please, only don't let her suffer. Poor child! the girls are making life a hell for her, and she's worth them all. All my fault. Strike me, but spare her; and oh! sir, help her! They say you are kind and good, don't crush a weet, innocent child like that: she's wild with despair. I was a fool, selfish, mad. And here I am to receive any penalty,—maledictions, blows, anything, if only you will let her go free and save her from those professor fiends!"

When I could come to speech with this excited youth, I said quietly: "Curses, blows, suits for damages, and pistolballs, will avail nothing except to get this miserable affair into the daily press,—which God forbid, —and which would only so much more hurt this noble young girl whom you have so seriously compromised. You were indeed thoughtless and foolish. You did not mention, my dear boy, the only proper thing to do."

"What, sir, what is that? I will do all things, anything to extricate her."

"Very well then, little need be said. Go to her mother: tell all: claim the child. I will give you a letter of recommendation and explanation. Arrange this as you can with your own family, but this is your clear duty, and you never will secure a better mate nor they a kinswoman more worthy of them."

He seized my hand, comprehended, almost shouted for joy, and catching up his hat, said, "I will take this afternoon's train and come here in two hours

for the letter, with my father's consent. He knows her family well and has seen and spoken highly of Evelyn."

He was out of my sight in a whirlwind. I don't know how it was, but I liked this young man, notwithstanding his offense against us: he was tempestuous but honorable, and meant well: he reminded me of my French ancestry and I gave him flattering credentials.

Meanwhile the Faculty sulked and I was in disgrace.

Let me say here that I consider myself far from unamiable; and yet that I must confess to dislike for two classes of mankind: I refer to the theological theologue and the pedagogical pedagogue. To be sure my office forces upon me something of both the theologian and the teacher; but I trust that in my own case the office does not master the man. Now the Lady Principal and several of her "lady" associates in the Faculty are pedagogical pedagogues, and this I have found to be the fault of many woman teachers. They are "schoolmarms" before they are women: the office has mastered them. They love young girls not with what theologians call the love of complacency but with what they name the love of benevolence: that is somewhat as a cat with full stomach loves mice.

Well, the Lady Principal in this case eyed me with indignant query and her manner was so frigidly dignified that I was constantly reminded of "the immortal" Siddons stabbing her potatoes. And the meek-eyed professoresses, none too high-spirited as a rule, but always unmerciful toward indiscretions of a kind, gazed at me reproachfully. To be sure, I held the key of the situation, as the By Laws of the College, gave to the President the final word in matters of grave offense involving severe punishment; but one old gentleman of mild

disposition in a great caravanserai full of more or less charming and witty women is not enough to sustain a prolonged warfare, especially when questions of womanly propriety are supposed to be at stake ; and my position was undeniably very weak and I keenly felt its insecurity.

One bright morning, early in June, a refined, fair lady called at my study and announced herself as Evelyn's mother ; and a long confidential interview resulted. Her woman's wit had comprehended the situation perfectly, both her daughter's entanglement and my own perplexities. She saw through me as though I had been glass, and had discerned a way of escape for each and all.

She had intended to send her child to college for at most only a year more, did not propose to make a professional student out of her,—she hated bluestockings, —had indeed wanted to travel abroad with her the coming fall and winter, but had given up the plan owing to the failure of a masculine protector ; but now she had quite fallen in love with Harry Winsted,—was n't he a superb, handsome, ardent young man? who could blame Evelyn for liking such a splendid youth?—had found his social position excellent, his education as complete as graduation at Yale and a year of practical contact with men in business could make it, his financial ability in his own name something, his business prospects unusual. She was herself rich, Evelyn her only child and darling: the children should be married at Commencement,—she did not approve of long engagements, and thought young people happiest when married young,—and she and they would go abroad after all, and Harry would do very well as masculine protector, and Evelyn should enjoy music and art and enjoy her honeymoon all at

the same time. Thus the maiden would withdraw at once from College and the institution be relieved from all accountability.

My French blood almost betrayed me into a shrug over some features of this plan,—for though I do not share in the popular prejudice against mothers in law,—especially seeing that mine has long since gone to her rest, peace to her ashes!—a mother in law surely does not appear to the best advantage in the honeymoon-light, and moreover, there is a little proverb about three; but I remembered a saying of Chanfort, whom I delight to count among my French ancestors, to the effect that while love is romance, marriage is history ; and I felt that I must be content to accept the fact that history necessarily has its gloomy passages. On the whole the plan was wise, and to me a merciful providence; and so I acquiesced without protest.

That same evening I announced at one of our very formal Faculty meetings that Miss Evelyn Wood would withdraw from the institution at close of the semester, now quite near at hand. This gave limited satisfaction, it was better than nothing. The verdict was known almost immediately throughout the building; and the culprit fell to the lowest point yet reached in the estimation of all concerned. She was a social pariah. But somehow the frightened, hunted look had left her blue eyes, and the color had come back to her velvety cheeks. No one could understand why she no longer moped and wept by herself in her deserted room which was shunned even by her old friends; nor why her voice in lark-like gladness though in subdued cadences was again heard carolling, much as of old. Some attributed this to moral insensibility, and concluded that their former estimate of this young girl had been wholly incorrect.

A surprise was in store for all. Suddenly the disgraced appeared with an engagement ring, and the society column of one of the dailies of Cedar City announced her near at hand marriage and the subsequent proposed Continental tour, speaking also warmly of her talents,aces of character, and beauty of person, as well as of the manliness, intelligence, and high social character, of her fiancée.

Young women are excitable, overquick to condemn their mates, but soon repentant of injustice. A great revulsion in sentiment occurred. Evelyn became a heroine, her indiscretion was condoned, and her moonlight escapades actually seemed the envy of scores of equally emotional but less fortunate maidens, who only lacked opportunity to do the same. Friends cracked back: congratulations were many:

oh! it was a horrid pity she had to leave College and a burning shame,— but such a splendid bridegroom, and such a gay honeymoon, such romance in store, and such art and divine music in fair Italy ! Only the lady professors with one or two exceptions refused to melt.

Commencement hurried on, and its sweetest memory to me,— sweeter even than my tearful farewell to the Senior Class, on the great day of the feast,— was the wedding of Evelyn in the College Chapel after the exercises, the President officiating amid a cloud of waving lawn ribbons, and before two hundred as sweet faces as ever smiled and cried all at once.

And Evelyn Wood was dropped from the list of students.

And yet they say I have no discipline !

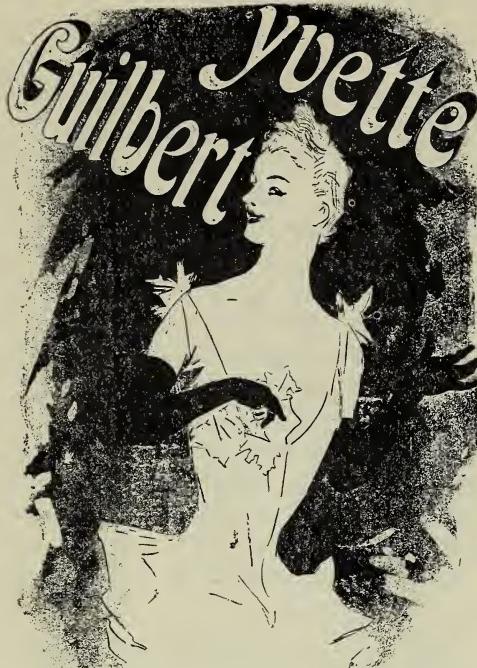
Charles Van Norden.

AN ALIEN SINGER.¹

DEEP in our woods a modest alien sings,
A blithe newcomer from a foreign strand,
An emigrant from the far father-land.
No pauper he ; but one of Nature's kings,
And lavishly his wealth away he flings.
His soulful song a child can understand.
Art cannot make a melody so grand,
With all her sounding brass and vibrant strings.
The singer loves our fir-embowered vales,
His heart is in his song ; his nest is near ;
At early dawn and when the daylight fails
We hear his trilling, tender, brave, and clear.
With orient glee the occident he hails,
Sweet German song-thrush, thou art welcome here.

W. I. Cottel.

¹In 1889, the German citizens of Portland, noting the dearth of song-birds in the mist-hung valleys, imported and released near that city over five hundred German song-birds, linnets, nightingales, song-sparrows, and thrushes. The song-thrush, at least, of these has made conquest of a permanent place in his new home.



Chante au Concert-Parisien

Tous les Soirs à dix heures.

REPRODUCTION DE L'AFFICHE DE JULES CHÉRET.



Teint Frais & Rose
Digestions Excellentes
Force Physique
Santé Parfaite
Sommeil Régulier

La Boîte 1^F 50

Une nouvelle Affiche de Jules Chéret

THE "ARTS AND CRAFTS."

ITS FIRST EXHIBITION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

[SAN FRANCISCO people have known in a general way, from occasional small notes in the press about its monthly dinners, that there has existed for a year a Guild of Arts and Crafts in their city. This knowledge was greatly intensified during the last part of January of the present year by the initial exhibition of the Guild. In the large studio of Mr. J. H. E. Partington, a member of the Guild, was assembled a collection of objects pertaining to the art and craft of printing in its widest sense. There were examples of books, from hand made missals in black letter of the Twelfth Century down to the best specimens of modern binding, illustration, and typography, from London, Paris, New York, and from local houses. There was an exhibit of

many hundreds of posters, French, English, and American, which made the walls of the hall gay with their bright colors and striking designs. There were specimens of all kinds of picture reproductions, etchings, dry points, steel engraving, wood cuts, mezzotints, lithographs, photogravures, half-tones, and zincographs. The processes of making many of these were shown in actual work going on in the hall, also copper plate work, die stamping, type casting, and many similar crafts. The larger daily papers of the city made careful exhibits of the work in chalk process, zincography, stereotyping, and a large selection of original drawings. The OVERLAND was represented by a complete showing of how its February number was made, with

ecimens in all stages, of the materials used, from the authors' manuscript and original photographs and drawings down to the finished magazine. There was a series of framed covers and posters, showing the evolution of each, and many original drawings and washes that have appeared in its pages.

The success of the exhibition was marked. The first night was a Private view. Each of the members was given two tickets, each admitting two persons. The rooms were crowded by representative people of society and artistic circles. The pay days that followed brought each increasing gathering of interested visitors, and the closing Saturday saw the rooms filled to overflowing. The financial result was satisfactory to the Guild, all expenses being more than covered. The Guild consisted at the time of the exhibit of about seventy members, divided into the sections of Painting, Architecture, Music, Sculpture, Literature, and Crafts. The requirement of the Guild is that its active members shall be en-



PENFIELD.

gaged as a means of livelihood in one or the other of these pursuits. Besides active members there are subscribing members, persons interested in the objects of the Guild, who for a payment of five dollars a year are given tickets to all its exhibitions and copies of all the publications. Some fifty of these members joined on the showing made at its first exhibition. A large increase in active membership was also obtained, and the Guild looks forward to a prosperous and profitable future, to the furtherance of its objects,—the promotion of good fellowship among its members, and the improvement of public taste. The wider significance of the Guild's work is discussed by our contributor.—ED.]



WILL H. BRADLEY.

IT APPEARS to be generally agreed that the Guild of Arts and Crafts has done well. The first exhibition was in every way a very worthy one, considering it as a first attempt, and considering the diffi-



LA DERNIÈRE AFFICHE DE CHERET

culties which must have been met at every step. It was hardly to be expected that the Guild would be able to justify its name from the outset, particularly in

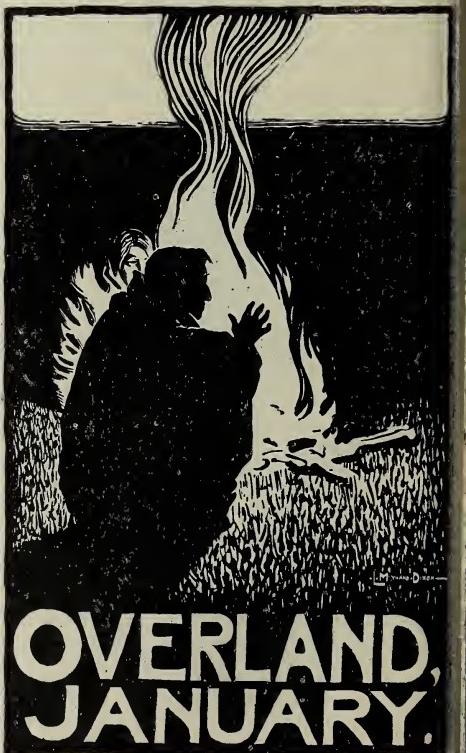


IS NOW BEGINNING IN
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

a state of society such as this, where handicraft, used in its full sense, is so little practised, and where art itself, up to the present, is but a reflex of the art of the older communities.

The scenery, climate, and natural advantages and peculiarities, of California are expected to influence her art and literature. The time must come when she will write the story of her beauty and her weird, bizarre beginning into the pages of the world story, as shown in the work of her sons and daughters. It is quite possible that the Guild of Arts and Crafts may aid largely in giving an impetus in that direction.

The name itself denotes a reaction from the machine-rage of the early part of this century. It is in itself a protest against the middle class Philistinism which has been the dominating note of



the last hundred years. It was against the guilds, the surviving element of the medieval organization, that the storm of individualistic commercialism was strongly directed, and with the break up of the guild came the epoch of "unrestricted freedom" for the working man. The name smacks of the medieval, and reminds one of the "Meistersingers" and the gay processions of the Middle Ages.

The society took its name as well as its fundamental idea from the annual exhibition instituted largely through the efforts of William Morris, the poet and artist, and Walter Crane, the well-known artist. The whole movement is due to the indirect influence of the teachings of Ruskin. William Morris, famous as a poet and designer, is no less famous as a publisher of expensive editions-de-luxe. Socialist as he is, the fact of his publishing these artistic masterpieces, with their prohibitive prices, has been the cause of much stupid and unmeaning abuse on the part of the ignorant. They are really essays in fine art. William Morris and the workmen co-operate in the publishing of them and share in the profits, such as they are. The reprinting of them on common paper, in mean type, would destroy the whole value of their work. If such people monopolize them, as they monopolize many other things, it is certainly not the fault of William Morris, but rather of the condition of things that renders such monopoly possible. A painter hardly to be blamed because he does not superintend the issue of cheap lithographic copies of his work. William Morris considers himself first of all as a craftsman, a workman, and a literary man incidentally after that.

Hence, the scheme in view at the institution of the Guild of Arts and Crafts in London was the revival of the old skill in workmanship, which appeared

likely to be destroyed and become obsolete, owing to the influence of the cheap and nasty. This idea was to be carried out by the exhibition of handicraft work, thus stimulating interest in the work, not only among working men, but throughout the mass of the population. From interest in beautiful objects springs naturally the desire to create them, and agitation in healthy esthetic directions must result in a beneficial effect upon art. And this has been to a very great extent realized. There has been a very considerable improvement, and a great increase in interest in all matters connected with handicraft. Wood-carving, hammered iron-work, and other arts of that description, which were threatened almost with extinction, are again beginning to lift up their heads and each succeeding exhibition bears evidence to a revival of skill in these directions.

The moral effect of all this upon the workman himself is of the most beneficial character. Nothing gives a man so much respect, both in his own eyes and in those of other men, as the power to make. Its social value is none the less great as it tends to remove the barrier between the artist and the artisan, to lead to greater unity on the part of all toilers, and more fraternal relations between the followers of various crafts.

This leads one to express a hope that something may be done for California in this direction, by the guild which has given us such a pleasant memory of this year. Surely the scope of the society may in the course of time be widened, so as to give examples of needle-work, leather-work, and all the other branches of manual toil which demand some degree of artistic feeling as well as manual dexterity. The Sloyd system has been freely discussed all over the State, and has been enthusiastically taken up in many quarters. This ought to give an

impetus to the younger generation, which these exhibitions will still further assist. For it must be admitted that some degree of technical facility is a necessary precursor of good art.

It is good to see the work of craftsmen from other countries, and other States, it will be still better if we can succeed in producing a really good exhibition of the work of the people of this State.

Austin Lewis.



THE POSTER:

A NEW PROVINCE CLAIMED BY ART.

AMONG the practical benefits growing out of the recent exhibition of the Guild of Arts and Crafts in San Francisco is the introduction to the West Coast public of the modern poster and the demonstration of its artistic possibilities. The interest taken in the poster display indicates a readiness to welcome the improved methods of pictorial advertising, and proves the wisdom of appealing to the mind through the eye, which finds delight in the great variety of design and color that the poster presents.

The development of the advertising poster from an object of the most cursory interest to a thing greatly admired and much sought-after is of quite recent date though the collecting fad is not so new as is generally supposed. Some six years have now elapsed since the birth, or rather the regeneration, of the *affiche illustrée* in Paris, and since then a constantly increasing corps of artists in Europe and America has entered upon a crusade of good taste, with the result that, instead of the hideous pictures that were

wont to mortify the dead-walls of cities some years ago, a pronounced element of true art has been introduced into pictorial advertising, to the general advantage and the delight of everyone possessed of a sense of the becoming. If for no other reason than this, the modern poster is worthy of our consideration as affording a liberal education in Art and as a stimulator of good taste.

The credit for making the poster what it is today is universally given to Jules Chèret, who, in fact, established the art. There were posters in France before his day, from the hands of great men; but despite their artistic merit, they never attained any particular vogue. Chèret, however, with his striking style and great productivity, instilled new life into the art, which has continued to flourish since his advent and to command a constantly increasing public interest. His lithographing establishment in Paris is extensive, and all of his posters are produced there under his personal supervision; the artist being a lithographer by

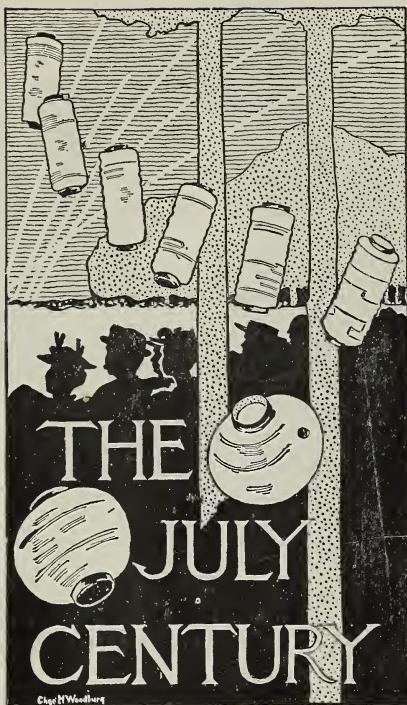


CHERET.

trade before he became famous as a designer.

Chèret is usually esteemed above all





his contemporaries, although there are some who prefer the work of Steinlen, Grasset, or Lautrec. It cannot be denied that there is a sameness about his designs that makes them pall when seen frequently; his purposely false drawing is often carried to ridiculous extremes; and his coloring is always particularly violent and outrageously inharmonious. His posters, however, often gain their effect through these very faults, and as that is the desired end, the liberties he so cleverly takes with his art cannot but command our admiration. The accompanying illustrations are of some of his earlier and less familiar productions.

Chèret, more than any other, is responsible for the rise of the poster-collector, for his designs were so striking that when they appeared, people began, for the first time, to think of preserving the prints. Bill-posters in Paris began to have frequent calls for this or that

affiche, and it did not take long to persuade some shrewd people that there was profit to be made in the traffic of these new wares. There was some difficulty at first about the retailing of posters, as the publishers and artists were not willing that their productions should be diverted from their use as an advertisement to serve a purpose for which they were never intended. However, as the collector became a more and more important factor in the poster world, the publishers and artists began to look upon him as the real consumer of their wares and a very worthy person indeed. Accordingly they began to issue posters with a view to his demands, and many were produced to serve no other purpose,—a limited edition being issued, and each print numbered as it came from the press. The cant of the etching trade was appropriated, "proofs," "signed copies," and prints in the various states of the process of reproduction, being listed in the col-



LOUIS RHEAD.



COPELAND AND DAY
BOSTON.

ections of some enthusiasts. "Proofs before lettering" are highly esteemed by collectors.

In England, as in France, the earlier attempts of artists in poster-designing received only passing notice, and it remained for such men as R. Anning Bell, Dudley Hardy, Maurice Greiffenhagen, and the eccentric Aubrey Beardsley, to follow in the footsteps of their continental brethren and reestablish the art.

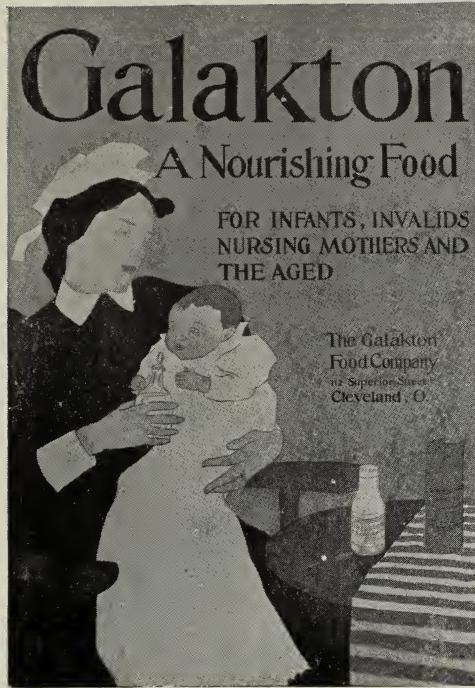
Examples of the work of these artists are to be found in every collection. The cuts represent one of Hardy's best and a characteristic specimen of Beardsley's work.

Mr. Spielmann in his article in *Scriber's Magazine* speaks of a poster designed in 1871 by Fred Walker,—who it is alleged, is the original of du Maurier's



Little Billee,—for Wilkie Collins's "The Woman in White," and quotes him as writing prophetically at the time, as follows:—"I am bent upon doing all I can with a first attempt at what I consider might develop into a most important branch of Art." The truth of his utter-





THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL
IS A GREAT NEWSPAPER

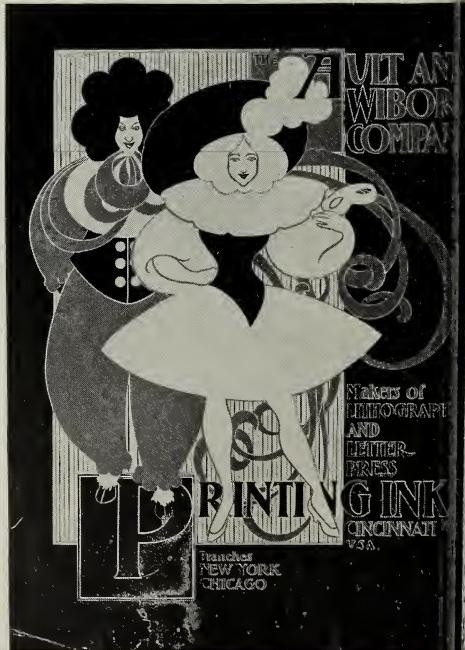
SOME FEATURES
— SUNDAY CALL
— LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
FATHER-DAMEN OF HAWAII
GOLDEN GATE PARK REVISITED
THE WOMAN WITH FELINE EYES
THE WOMAN WHO WALKS AGAINST THE GRAVITY
MARVELS OF MODERN ASTROLOGY
KINETIC BEAUTY
THE ALLEGORY
COLONEL STRONG'S REINDEER
THE CONVERSATION OF JOHN PINTO
IN CHILDHOOD'S REIGN
WOMEN IN THE SPHERE OF INFLUENCE

It can be bought wherever Newspapers are sold.

ance is amply demonstrated in the present status of the artistic poster.

America has produced a number of admirable craftsmen, notably Penfield, Bradley, and Rhead, and their posters compare favorably with any. Contrary to the usual claim of Americans, we cannot pretend, in the matter of posters, to possess "the biggest on earth," as foreign posters are much larger than ours.

Among the San Francisco designers of posters may be counted Nappenbach, Swinnerton, and Noble, of the *Examiner*. L. Maynard Dixon and Pierre N. Boerenger of the *OVERLAND* have made a national reputation by their designs for posters and covers. The *OVERLAND* has in preparation posters that bid fair to excel anything yet issued in that line, by Hopps, Boerenger, and Dixon. The characteristic scenes of Western life lend themselves readily to the broad and striking treatment that the poster requires.



**The Devil AND THE
Deep Sea**

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

36 PAGES

IN THE

Sunday + Examiner

While the majority of collectors are interested in posters from a true apprehension of their artistic qualities, there are some who have adopted the practise of collecting without having any intelligent ideas on the subject, but merely because others of their ilk have made it a fad;

THE JUNE CENTURY



NAPOLEON IN EGYPT

there are many, too, that do not collect, who regard it only in that light.

One need not be a collector to appreciate the ornamental value of posters, and many people have used them for interior decoration with very pleasing results; a well chosen set makes an admirable frieze for a room. The enthusiastic collector, however, usually prefers to keep his florilegium in portfolios or boxes made for the purpose.

Poster exhibitions have long since ceased to be a novelty in the East, where many very complete ones have been held. The facilities for obtaining posters there are much greater than ours, and consequently the collections in Eastern cities are much fuller than any we possess. The list of Mr. Wilbur Cherrier Whitehead of Cleveland includes seven hundred and fifty examples of the American poster alone.

The prices of posters vary greatly. A year ago, when Grasset's "Sun of Austerlitz" sold for one dollar in New York the month it was issued, it was considered a high figure for a mere advertisement to bring; but many posters are now issued in America that cannot be obtained from the publishers by any one



Overland Monthly

Edited by ROBINSON WILDMAN

FOR SEPTEMBER

A STORY BY

ARTHUR McEWEN

Stockton, the
Chicago of the
Far West

THE MAGAZINE
OF
WESTERN HISTORY
AND
STORY

Profusely Illustrated



but a news agent for less than that price. In France as high as 400 francs or \$80 has been paid for a single specimen.

When a poster is out of print, it sometimes becomes greatly sought after and consequently more valuable. This is true of all of Penfield's designs for *Harper's* prior to 1895. It is probable that most of these fell into the unappreciative hands of our newsdealers' progeny, who doubtless took much pleasure in cutting them to pieces. The OVERLAND poster for June, representing the Hawaiian goddess Pélè, is also out of print and in great demand by collectors.

Although the new style in pictorial advertising is a vast improvement on the old; yet there are many examples of the modern poster that are barbarous. There is much more to the poster than the making of a highly colored drawing or a pretty picture. The most important thing to be borne in mind by the designer is to aim at a certain unconven-

tionality that will catch the eye. Broad effects that give the picture a definiteness even when seen at a distance are essential to the good poster. The effect is also heightened by sharp contrasts in the color scheme. When these qualities are observed, the poster will gain its end which is to arrest the glance long enough to let the advertisement be seen and understood. The most notable posters not only achieved this; but he who stopped to look, remained to admire, and then covet.

The poster has done much already to elevate artistic standards and its influence is destined to improve the public taste a great deal. Preaching and writing could never do so much. The encouragement by publishers and others of this worthy branch of art and conscientious effort to excel on the part of the artists will do much to increase the number of artistic advertisements and fix the true canons of art in the public mind.

K. Porter Garnett.



Painted for the OVERLAND by Edward Cucuel.

THEIR FIRST QUARREL.

Exhibited at the Arts and Crafts.

THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM," THE "CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO," ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.

VII.



ECTOR received this letter at his club, read it, and consigned it obediently to the flames. His hand trembled as he did so,—to such an extent, indeed, that he deemed it prudent to fortify his nerves with a champagne cocktail. Meeting Mr. Christopher Candy, who had rooms at the club,

he proposed a small bottle, extra sec, to take, as he expressed it, the kinks out of his wits. Over the wine he asked Chris some curious questions.

"A friend of mine," he said in a confidential murmur, "is in the devil of a hole."

Chris nodded blandly. He was in the habit of receiving confidences. His round, cherubic face inspired them. Fashionable dames whispered their troubles into his attentive ear and were always sure of a kind word and sympathetic counsel.

"I suppose, Chris, you have had trouble with women, eh?"

"Trouble!" Chris laughed derisively. "Why I'm prematurely bald from the trouble I've had with women. The

Tuesday night Germans have brought me to the brink of the tomb."

"But I mean trouble of a different kind."

"Oh!"

"My friend," continued Desmond, filling his glass and tossing it off, "married a high-stepper, a thoroughbred, before that he'd been one of the boys. He'd had his good times,—and paid for 'em too, by Jove."

"But not in full?" suggested Mrs. Candy.

"I'm coming to that. Well, sir, my friend is a gentleman, of course."

"Of course," repeated Mr. Candy, smiling.

"He wouldn't hurt his wife's feelings for the world. You must remember that Chris. He considers his wife, this friend of mine."

"Wonderful fellow," murmured the leader of cotillions.

"She don't approve at all of—er, these good times I was speaking about."

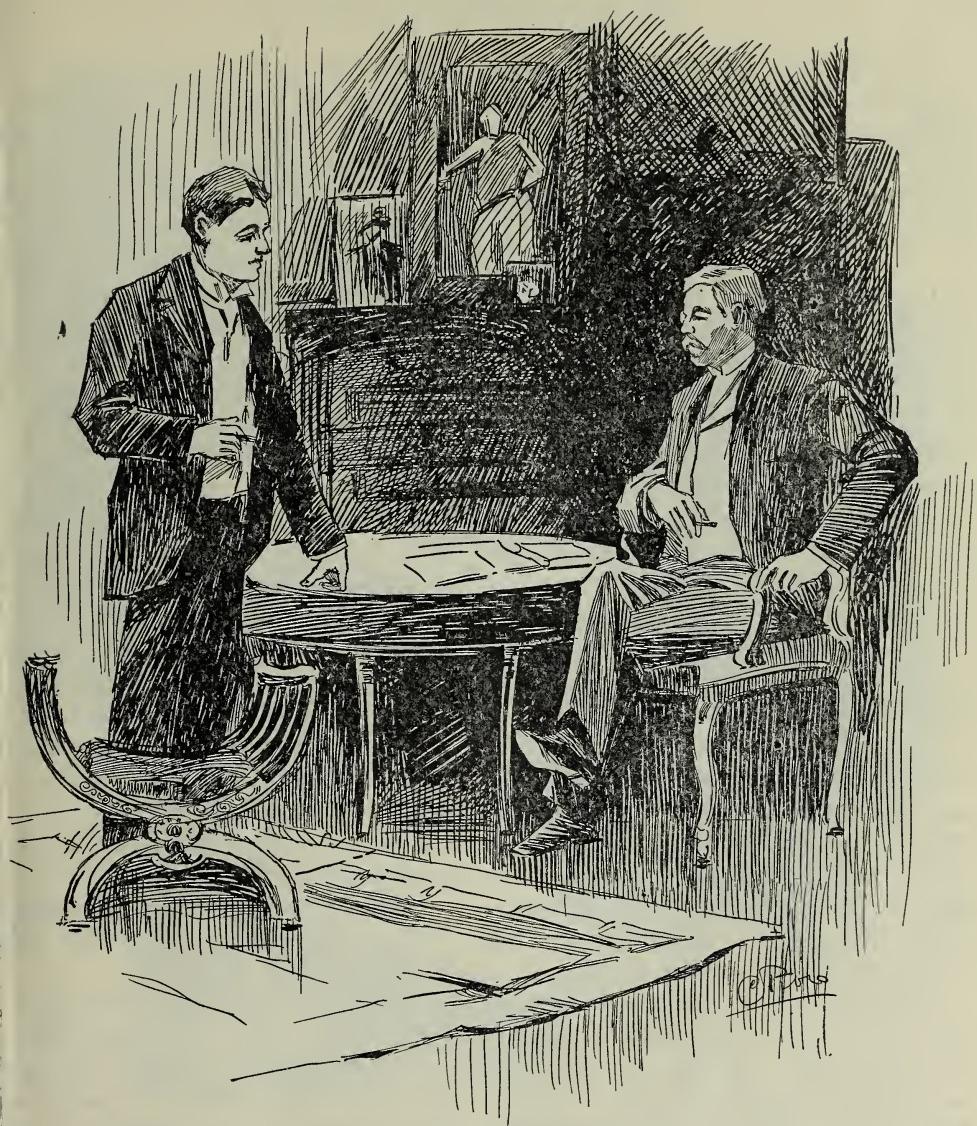
"Foolish woman," said Mr. Candy, gazing intently at the bubbles in the champagne. "Youth must effervesce—eh, Desmond?"

"And now," concluded Hector incognito, "a woman has turned up who won't be squared."

"Why, Desmond, this is a regular fairy tale of yours."

"She won't be squared," repeated Hector, bringing his heavy fist with

¹Begun in August Number, 1895.



"'I 'LL DO WHAT I CAN,' HE SAID QUITE SULKILY."

rash upon the table. "And what's nore, she's hand in glove with his wife."

"Phew!"

"You may well whistle. Now then, Chris, what is my friend to do?"

"Make a clean breast of it," said Mr. Candy promptly. "The truth will leak out, Desmond. It always does."

"I'm banking—I mean, my friend is banking on that very thing. The woman has promised to keep mum, but

who ever heard of a woman keeping mum? They will gabble."

"It depends on the woman. The fact that she won't be squared is a point in her favor, but I would n't take the chances. No, thanks, not another drop. Will you excuse me? I've an appointment."

Desmond finished his bottle alone, and feeling considerably exhilarated, decided not to take Candy's advice.

"At any rate," he thought, "the first thing to do is to pave the way. I'll make myself deuced agreeable to Nell, and spoon her a bit. She's blooming as Hebe, so they say, and it won't be such hard work!"

Despite the earnest entreaties of both Helen and her husband, Mrs. Murray insisted upon traveling direct to Menlo. She passed one night beneath the roof of her niece and took her leave early the following morning. Fred Langham, however, remained behind. During the three years which had elapsed since their last parting, time—so Dick reflected—had stood still with him. In fact he seemed younger, and smarter, using the word in its English sense.

He took Dick into his confidence at the first opportunity.

"I'm the most love-sick fool you ever saw," he said with the blush of a boy of eighteen, "and I've followed Phyllis to America for the purpose of asking her to become my wife. The little puss would n't give me an opportunity in England. And besides I'm not a ladies' man. You know that."

Langham, in truth, like many Englishmen of his class, was hopelessly deficient in social graces. He was shy with most women and brusque with men. But his brusqueness overlay a rare tenderness and nobility of nature. A Tory and a churchman, he was intolerant of the opinions of others and yet exceedingly modest in ventilating his own. This modesty, the mark of a true gentleman, permeated his somewhat narrow views of life.

"Gad," continued the fond lover, "She's the dearest little girl. Eh, Dick? You admire her?"

"She's not little," returned Dick perversely, "and she's no longer a girl. I admire her. Yes, certainly I admire her."

Langham stared at him.

"Dick, my boy, your liver must be out of order. You don't look at all well. What's the matter?"

"My heart bothers me a little. It's nothing."

"Heart? What nonsense. Liver, you mean. Indigestion."

"I daresay it is indigestion," said Dick thoughtfully. "I don't digest things here as easily as I did in England."

"Let me give you a Cockle," said Fred seriously. "I never stir from home without Cockles. A Cockle will set you up. But, Dick, I've been counting on your sympathy. Why, in the old days you shared all my troubles,—rows with the tenants, and all that. I'm a dull dog enough: I daresay I often bored you comsumedly. You know I never can tell when to stop talking. Poor Ellen (his dead wife) used to blow her nose and then I'd shut up, but since her death I—"

Dick pulled from his pocket his handkerchief, and Fred laughed.

"I take the hint," he said cheerily. "To come to the point, Dick, I want your advice and help."

"Want my advice,—at your age?"

"I'm only forty-two,—and I feel like a three year old! You see, dear boy, you don't understand American women. Now you and Phyllis are brother and sister. She told me so. She's awfully fond of you, you lucky dog."

"Is she?" said Dick, industriously blowing rings of smoke.

The two men were sitting smoking in Desmond's library.

"Is she? Why, of course she is. She speaks of you in the warmest way. Henry she does n't cotton to. Nor does he continue, wandering from the subject again. "I think Henry is too, w—er—to American. He has curious ideas about right and wrong. Who does he get them?"



"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE IN ENGLAND?"

"They're in the air, I suppose," said Dick with a yawn. "You must be very resolute, Fred; these ideas are infectious." "Henry," continued Langham, "is cheeky; flippant, perhaps, is the better word. He called me a queer old duck yesterday. He's my cousin, but considering the difference in our ages I call him decidedly cheeky."

"Decidedly so. Well, you want my advice."

"Just so. Phyllis, I say, is awfully fond of you."

"I have not had her sworn statement," said Dick impatiently, "but we'll take that for granted."

"Phyllis," pursued Fred doggedly, "is a girl of wide sympathies; quite — er —"

"Panoramic," suggested Dick. "She stands in the center and her heart goes out to every man, woman, and child, within a given radius."

"How well you know her, Dick. Now English girls generally say just what they mean, but Americans I've noticed are too polite to — er —"

"Tell the truth, Fred, I take issue with you there."

"I don't mean that. But, as Phyllis herself says, she tries to make everybody feel well. She has made me feel well, awfully well."

"Language was given us — so we've been told — to conceal our thoughts."

Langham shook his head solemnly.

"I take it," he observed magisterially, "that such a sentiment is un-English. Phyllis, I hope, is not — er — built that way."

"Phyllis is the perfect woman, Fred. However, not to beat about the bush, what do you want me to do? Sound Aunt Mary?"

"Aunt Mary? I've sounded her already. Poor old soul, she has this very much at heart. You see, she never really liked California. How could she — after England?"

"Impossible," said Dick, amused at this insularity.

"She wants to return to the old country, and if Phyllis will have me Langley naturally will be her home. It's large enough to hold a regiment of Aunt Marys. No, no, she is all right. I want you to tackle Phyllis."

"You must do your own sparkling, Fred."

"I'll be hanged if I know how to go about it. In poor dear Ellen's case her mother managed the affair. I was only twenty-one."

"That was very kind of her."

"Wasn't it? Very kind — and thoughtful. Lady Maitland was a good worthy woman; chronically hard up, but that's neither here nor there. But Aunt Mary — don't repeat this — has become Americanized. She told me, quite impatiently, to speak to Phyllis myself."

"That's right. At Rome, you know

"But it is n't right — for me! I never made love to a girl in my life."

"My poor Fred."

"And it's late in the day to begin. What I suggest is this. Phyllis returns here tomorrow. Have a talk with her. Find out what you can. Will you do this, old man?"

The young man paused before replying. The task was an odious one, but he considered himself under great obligations to Langham. And Fred's absurd helplessness appealed to him. When he said that he had never in his life made love to a girl he undoubtedly stated a fact. Ellen Langham, his wife, had died within a few years of their marriage. Since that unhappy event Fred had devoted himself to sport and the arduous duties of a landed proprietor. At home he was the busiest of men. As chairman of his county hospital, member of the county council, justice of the peace, and master of fox-hounds, he labored altruistically from one end of the year to the other. These duties had sufficed him heretofore and left him leisure for love-making.

Taking everything into consideration, Dick decided to help his cousin. Already he had read his fate in Phyllis's eyes. She had greeted him, on her return, with the greatest kindness; had received him, in short, as a brother, with exasperating affection. She had changed greatly. The glittering silver of a girl's nature had been transmuted by time and travel into the more somber gold of a woman's. Her beauty was heightened. Her self-possession complete.

"I'll do what I can," he said laconically, "but I don't like the job. You may get snubbed."

"That's just what I'm afraid of," returned Fred, quite cheerfully. "I see, at your age a snub does n't hurt."

n,—it does him good sometimes,—at forty-two, you know,—er—”

He looked so good-natured and pleasant that Dick laughed heartily, but none the less he undertook his mission with many alms. Desmond, with his execrable taste, provided him two days later with opportunity. Phyllis, Helen, and Dick, were sitting in the hall while Langham was writing letters in the library. They had dined well and Hector as usual had drunk more champagne than was strictly good for him. Since Helen's return he had affected uproarious spirits and vowed himself in love again with his wife.

“She 's as pretty as a pink,” he told friends, “and really amiable. She is always cold, but that 's not a bad quality in one's wife, you know.”

Helen submitted passively to his caresses, and humored his vanity. Most of her leisure was spent with Stella in the oratory.

“Well,” he remarked, standing with his back to the fire, “I presume we shall have a wedding soon,—eh, Phyllis? I 've had not come seven thousand miles for his health. Barkis is willin'. Any man can see that.”

Phyllis blushed and turned her head. “Fools,” said Helen in her clear, even tones, “ought to be seen and not heard.”

“What a deadly silence there would be in this house,” said Desmond, who had occasional flashes of wit, thanks to his Irish father. None the less he was angry with his wife, and therefore doubly anxious to annoy her.

“When is it to be, Phyllis?” he asked.

“Ah, Mr. Desmond, that is a hard question to answer.”

“Langham,” continued Hector, “evidently thinks it a still harder question to ask. Ha! ha! not bad that, for me.”

Dick involuntarily put his hand on his

biceps. It swelled satisfactorily beneath his touch.

“Langham,” proceeded Hector in his loudest tones, “is the sickest lover I—”

“Shut up,” said Dick angrily.

Desmond turned crimson and made a step toward the speaker. Then, changing his mind, he walked slowly to the door and stood upon the threshold.

“I shall go to the club,” he said curtly. “You people are too lively for me. Goodnight. Helen, a word with you.”

She followed him obediently into the vestibule, and stood with her hand upon the carved balustrade of the staircase, a graceful, silent figure. Hector struggled into his overcoat and lit a cigar before he spoke.

“Do you think,” he began slowly, “that I 'm going to stand this any more? I 'll put up with your insolence, it amuses me, but I 'll be damned if this house ain't too small for me and Dick Barrington.”

“There is always the club,” said Helen.

“I won't have the fellow here again, —d' ye hear?”

“I hear,—you need not shout. This house, Hector, is mine. However, I will speak to Dick—to oblige you. You provoked him. Your questions to Phyllis were in the worst possible taste.”

“I was joking. What 's the harm in a little fun. I 'm feeling first rate tonight, and you, Nell, by Jove, you look stunning. If these confounded people were out of the way I 'd stay at home and spoon you.” He threw his arm around her waist and kissed her with vinous lips. “By the bye,” he added suddenly, “I forgot to give you a piece of news. You remember Chetwynd? He 's at the Palace. Arrived on the Gallic this morning. We must give him a dinner.”

The door slammed and Helen found herself alone. So Chetwynd had come at last. She put her hand to her bosom and tried to press down the frantic beating of her heart. Her lips trembled and a strange weakness assailed her knees. Horror! She had lost her self-control. An immediate return to the hall was out of the question. She ran hastily up the wide staircase and flung herself, panting, upon a couch.

Dick, meanwhile, was busily engaged in the occupation vulgarly known as "pumping." But the pump and the pumper were not in accord.

"Hector," he began, "is an unmanly idiot."

"He meant to be friendly."

"So does a dog when he licks one's face, but his friendliness is rather unpleasant. Of course," he added hastily, "he is only a parrot. He repeats what he hears. Everybody knows that Fred has come to California to—"

"See Aunt Alice and his cousins," interrupted Phyllis. She was playing with her fan, opening and shutting it. Her eyes were cast down and her cheeks — so it seemed to Dick — were flushed; possibly from the heat of the fire.

"Really?" said the young man.

"Yes, really. At least he told his daughters so in my hearing."

"How do you like him?" said Dick, baffled but not beaten.

"Mr. Langham is very fond of Aunt Mary," she replied inconsequently, "and she—she worships him. Most women, I notice, have a kind word for Mr. Langham. He has such a high sense of honor and is so unselfish. He's always thinking of some one else."

"Always," assented Dick. "He was thinking of some one else when he put the lighted end of his cigarette into his mouth after dinner tonight."

"Poor man! I'm afraid he burnt himself dreadfully."

"He may burn himself worse," said Dick, "if he goes on thinking of some one else. It's a bad habit."

He watched her closely, his eyes dwelling with jealous pleasure upon her beautifully modeled cheek and neck, but she was obviously more at her ease than he.

"I burnt myself," he continued gloomily, "and I shall carry the mark to my grave."

"Dear Dick, I hope not," she replied tranquilly. She still looked at the fire and her fan waved slowly to and fro. She spoke gently, in the kindest accents, but our Corydon detected a note of indifference. He set his teeth and reminded himself of his promise to Langham. In any case as a burnt child he had better beware of the fire. With this wise reflection he addressed himself once more to the task of pumping.

"Would you like to live in England?"

This was too palpable. Phyllis laughed and turned a pair of mischievous eyes full upon the face of her companion.

"Would you?" she asked.

"With the right person,—yes."

"I feel as you do, Dick. I would live cheerfully in Timbuctoo, with the man I loved."

"Phyllis," his voice sunk to a whisper, "have you found him, this man, thrice lucky man?"

"I don't know," she replied, in such manifest distress that Dick cursed himself for pressing the point. "Please, Dick, let us talk of something else."

That night he told Langham, with unnecessary emphasis, to go ahead. "I think," he said, "that she cares for you, but my opinion carries little weight. Win her, if you can, old man, and God bless you."

"I shall take my time," said Fred, his heaviest manner. "Matrimony is a serious thing for a man of my age. While the mere thought of it is unsettling. It

pity, is n't it, that Phyllis, bless her sweet face, is an American?"

"That fact cannot be too deeply regretted, Fred. It's like that little bald spot on the top of your head. It is and the nature of things must be a perpetual source of annoyance."

"I'm awfully obliged to you, Dick. Now I can feel my way. I'm getting too old to take my fences blind."

VIII.

"I HAVE a mission for you, Dick," said father,— "a very delicate mission indeed. I pay you the highest compliment in trusting an affair of such consequence to so young a man. But you have caught quicker than I expected, and then, you always had your share of brains. It involves—er—"

The young man was closely watching father's face. Something in his glance arrested Mr. Barrington's attention. He hesitated and coughed slightly.

"It involves?" repeated Dick.

"The successful floating of our new bonds. You must go at once to New York, and possibly London. You will do so and so,"—he mentioned several financial stars of the first magnitude,— "and they will attend to all the details if," he paused,— "if the proposition is satisfactorily presented. That's where you come in, my boy. Of course I shall post you thoroughly, but the business demands tact, perception, and a good use of English. Adjectives are useful, and adverbs, I understand, are quite your strong point. It may be necessary to me. The temper of the money market to-day is uncertain. American securities, and in particular American railroads, are not inducing just now much speculative activity, and I look for a further fall in values. You understand me? All values, I say. That is why I am anxious

to dispose of these bonds without delay."

"I see," said Dick thoughtfully.

"Practically," pursued the millionaire, "I have built this extension out of my own pocket, and I need money badly."

He again paused and wiped his ample brow. The expression upon his son's face was peculiar.

"It has cost us, confound it, nearly sixty thousand dollars a mile. Of course there was a wheel within a wheel. We were our own contractors and the margin for profit was a handsome one. Heretofore, as you know, we have borrowed money on collateral, putting up the first mortgage bonds, and retaining control of the roads. But in this case I have no choice. I must sell the bonds. There will be a gilt-edged commission coming to you."

He slapped Dick cheerily on the shoulder, but the young man winced.

"Father," he said nervously, "I don't understand about your being your own contractor. Can a trustee make money out of his own trust?"

"Ethically, he cannot. But I am no trustee. You have some damned bee in your bonnet. Turn it loose."

"It seems to me that a man holding a franchise or a charter from the people is directly responsible to the people."

"Of course he is. See here, my boy, I know what you are driving at. Your conclusions, based on certain premises which I can guess at, are all right, but your premises are all wrong."

"Will you explain, sir?"

Mr. Barrington frowned.

"Dick," he said shortly, "it is not easy to explain. You would not understand or appreciate the motives which have governed my actions. You have not been through the mill. You know nothing of what I have had to contend with. Good Lord, when I stop and think

of what I and my friends have done I am amazed. We saved this country from secession! Without our East and West road, the conflicting interests of the vast countries lying east and west of the Missouri would have culminated in civil war. You may smile, but I firmly believe it. Uncle Sam helped us and it's true we made pots of money, but we played for a big stake. We risked all we had, and our reward was commensurate. All said and done, we saved the country. Looking back, I can see nothing to regret. In all my many deals I have retained my self-respect. You can put this down as a fact. A man who loses his self-respect can hardly hope to be successful. He must believe in himself."

Mr. Barrington expanded his broad chest and lit a cigar.

"Of course," he continued, "I have told you again and again that I do not pose as a philanthropist, although I've done my share in that line too. But you mention the people. The people, as one of my friends very properly said, is a damned fool. You prize of their interests. Let them look out for their interests. They wield all the power. They can confiscate every cent we have if they choose to use that power. They complain of bribery and corruption and would foist the responsibility on, say, my shoulders. What rot! The responsibility, naturally, rests with them. Let them begin at the bottom and punish their gutter politicians, —fellows like Pennypacker, and gentlemen of his kidney. No, no, my dear boy, you must consent at your age to take certain things on trust. You must believe in me."

Dick was silent.

"Have you nothing to say, sir?"

"There was the Credit Mobilier, father."

"Of course there was the Credit Mobilier. Do you want the inside history of that? I can give it to you, but not now.

'T is a long story, but my share in it need not make my son blush. The truth is, my dear lad, your comprehension of the morale of the business world is limited by your small experience. There is a gulf between right and wrong, but do you dare approach that gulf? Not much! But I," he smiled and stroked his massive chin, "with my knowledge of affairs, can stand on the brink of the precipice and look coolly at the abyss beneath. In a word, I can keep my head where nine persons out of ten lose theirs. Now, mark you, the most fertile land, the richest soil, is to be found nearest the edge. It's the Tom Tiddler's ground of the fairy tales, but it takes a bold man to pick up the gold and silver. Properly cultivated, it yields fabulous crops, but you could not drive your little plow within a dozen furrows of the brink. I," he smiled again confidently, "have just that margin," he waved his ample hand, "for my individual profit. Danger? Pshaw! Not at all. The abyss has no terrors for me, and I am less liable to tumble over than you are."

Dick looked at his father with perplexity printed upon his ingenuous face. Mr. Barrington's personal magnetism of voice and manner carried with it almost conviction, but not quite.

"I cannot follow you, sir. This Tom Tiddler's land,—is n't it—er—debatable property?"

"No," cried his father emphatically. "It is not. There is a hard line drawn by the wisdom of the ages between right and wrong. That line no honorable man may pass, but he may approach as near to it as he can. As near to it as he dares I know what I'm doing, and say again that between father and son certain things must be taken on trust. But we have wandered from the subject. Let us stick to the text. Will you undertake this mission?"

"I would rather not. Give it to Henry

—I—” he stammered and flushed darkly red,—“I don’t understand American methods.”

“No,” cried his father furiously, “and you never will. You presume to criticise me. You denounce me.”

“Father!”

“Hold your tongue! I say, you denounce me. You had the gall to tell Henry that that rail transaction was shady. That was the word you used,—shady! You were green as the grass then, and I overlooked it. Then you spoke your mind to Charles Paradise, my fired clerk, about the Secret Service fund. I stomached that! You wrote a lot of rubbish to the reviews. You turned up your nose, publicly, at our Chamber of Commerce. Do you think have forgotten these things; and now ou sit there on your pinnacle of conceit and judge me.”

“I do nothing of the kind,” said Dick angrily. “I have the right to refuse his mission, I presume.”

“You presume altogether too much. You are an ungrateful fool, a thankless idiot.”

“Hold hard,” said Dick, his clear gray eyes meeting coolly the furious glance of his father. “Don’t say anything more, sir. Harsh words between us are horrible, horrible.”

He shivered slightly, his lips twitching with emotion.

“I can understand,” he continued amely, “your feelings in this matter; but a man must be true to himself, mustn’t he? True to his finer instincts?”

“Go on,” cried Mr. Barrington impatiently, drumming restlessly upon the edge of his desk. “Go on; but no cant.”

“God knows I have spent many weary hours justifying you, sir.”

“I thank you. I shall seek my justi-

fication elsewhere. This is amusing as well as instructive.”

Dick bit his lip. His father’s contempt was hard to bear.

“What applied to you, sir, when California was another name for Chaos does not apply to me today. Besides I was brought up in a different school.”

“Curse the place. Yes. Where would you have been unless I had made the money to send you there?”

He was gradually working himself into a furious passion. Feelings, long smothered, were finding expression. He believed in himself so completely that any criticism of his conduct, spoken or unspoken, was intolerable. Coming from such a source, from his favorite son, upon whose shoulders he was prepared to spread his own mantle, the implied censure of a frown seemed an unpardonable offense.

“I can appreciate what you have done for all of us,” said Dick gently. “We owe everything to you. Nothing you can do or say will cancel that obligation.”

He rose from his chair and held out his hand.

“What does this mean?”

“It means, sir, goodby. I shall go away for a while. When you can think more kindly of me I’ll come back. This has knocked you out. It has knocked me out too.”

“Where will you go? Back to Oxford?”

“I shall stay in California. Won’t you take my hand, father?”

“No, sir, I will not. How do you propose to live? Mark you, I’ll have no scandal, no wagging of tongues. I shall continue your allowance, not on your account, but on my own. When you get ready to beg my pardon you can come back and go to work.”

He turned resolutely to his desk and

fumbled with some papers till he heard the door open and close again. Then he swung round in his chair and glared at the worn patch upon the carpet where his son had lately stood.

"The fool," he cried passionately, "the fool!"

Meantime the fool was walking rapidly up the steep slopes of California Street. As he passed his father's house he almost ran into the arms of Langham, who rallied him gayly upon his absent-mindedness, and proposed a game of billiards.

"Billiards," said Dick curtly, "bore me to death. No, thank you."

"Dick," reflected Langham, as he pursued the even tenor of his way, "is changing for the worse. He was positively surly just now. He is altogether too prosperous. He ought to break his leg or get the grippe; that would cheer him up a bit."

"Fred," murmured Dick at the same moment, "has the inane grin of the accepted lover on his face. Confound the luck! The sympathy of Phyllis would be sweet just now, but I can't face her. Well, there is Nellie. I can always count on her."

He found his sister and her nurse in the laboratory. The new microscope had arrived and the one twelfth oil immersion lens was being put through its paces for the first time. Helen's slender fingers, he noted, were stained by some reagent.

"Nitrate of silver," she cried gayly, "See what sacrifices I'm making in the sacred cause of Science. Hector is furious. He thinks a stained finger is more serious than a stained soul."

"Can you give me five minutes, Nellie?"

"You must look at the microscope first, Dick. Is n't it a beauty? And this lens resolves *Amphibleura pellucida*.

Think of it. What! Never heard of *Amphibleura pellucida*? No? A shameful confession of ignorance,—but between you and me I have only just mastered the name myself, and I'm immensely proud."

She rattled on and her brother waited patiently, praising the new instrument and nodding pleasantly at her enthusiasm. It was characteristic of the man that he was seldom indifferent to the pleasure of others.

Presently he followed his sister into her own sitting room and took his stand upon the hearth rug. His attitude of dejection, chin upon chest and eyes moodily cast down, exorcised immediately the gay spirits of Mrs. Desmond.

"What is the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"There has been a row."

"You have not quarrelled with Papa! O, Dick, how inconceivably stupid of you!"

He recited the facts, and Helen stamped nervously up and down the room.

"You are really too absurd," she said irritably. "You know Papa's weakness. You know how ridiculously sensitive he is to criticism, and yet you must needs go and rub his fur the wrong way."

"If you are going to scold me I'll go."

"You are as obstinate as a pig, Dick; you like your own way much too well. A nice mess you have made of this,—your first chance, too! He offered you a big commission and you threw it in his face. My poor boy, you are a crank. Papa is the soul of honor."

Her lack of sympathy touched him to the quick.

"You won't eat humble pie?"

"No, I could n't digest it if I did."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"I have come here to tell you. As a scientist you will commend me. I intend to test my theories."

"Test your theories?" she repeated.

"You might have tested them, it seems to me, before this. If you wish me to suggest a reagent I will mention one,—common sense."

"Possibly," said Dick, "I have been too hasty in forming conclusions. I've only seen one phase of life in California; the phase represented by Capital. I propose, now, to examine the other."

"The other," returned Helen vaguely, "what other?"

"You never considered the other, Nellie, did you? And yet you read the newspapers and the reviews. I see some stiff works up there,"—he pointed to the bookshelves,—"Spencer, Sidgwick, Mill. They treat of these things. Yes; I am going to examine, not theoretically as you have, but practically, the other side, the phase represented by Labor. All our money has been made by a combination of mind and muscle assisted by Capital. How much does Capital owe to muscle? That is the question I wish to answer."

"I hate riddles."

"It is a riddle indeed. To solve it I shall go among the people as one of themselves. I shall use my tongue and my ears. Times are hard and likely to be harder. The season of lean kine is upon us. For the first time in the history of California whole families are actually starving. They are clamoring for food and employment."

"And you propose to ride amongst these wretches, comfortably clad in your armor forged by Mr. Poole of London and taking copious notes, with a view, possibly, to publication. O foolish Dick!"

"Every one," said Dick, smiling for the first time, "calls me a fool."

"Seriously," returned his sister, "I think you are foolish to waste your time trying to solve what may not be solved. There are three riddles bothering the wiseheads of today. The riddle of re-

vealed religion, the riddle of sex, and the social problem. Over the first two I've squandered many valuable pounds of flesh, but now that I've regained them, the pounds I mean, I shall leave these abtruse questions severely alone. I'm interested at present in the inorganic; the organic I leave gladly to you. Take my advice, Dick; buy a microscope and beg Papa's pardon."

She laid her hand upon his shoulder and held up her mouth. Dick kissed her with a sore heart. Her words jarred him uncomfortably. The materialism which underlay them appalled him. So young, so clever, and so profoundly indifferent to the tide of humanity surging around her. The infinitely little preferred to the infinitely great. He thought of Honorius playing with pullets while Rome was tottering. The nimble fancy of his sister reflected accurately the conceptions and sentiment of her class. Truly this was a day of small things.

"I have not seen Hector lately," he remarked as he took his leave. "Is he well?"

"As well as a man can be who habitually over-eats himself."

"And little Hector?"

"He over-eats himself, too, but with better results. The child is quite strong now, Dick. I can read your thoughts, sir; you think me a curious mother because I cannot gush. The gush was taken out of me very thoroughly, as you know. Must you go, old fellow? Come and talk to Stella Johnson. There is a woman with no humbug about her. She takes the world as she finds it."

"I don't like Miss Stella Johnson."

"She is too matter of fact for an idealist, but she suits me. Stay here for a week or two, and let me inject a little of my common sense into your veins. No? Ah, well; you will write to me often,

won't you? I shall miss you dreadfully."

"The microscope will make up for my absence."

"Never. O Dick, before you leave town will you do me a favor? I want you to call upon Mr. Chetwynd and give him a message from me. Hector left his card and invited him to dine, but he refused. The truth is, when he was last here I was rude to him."

"Give me your message, Helen, and I'll deliver it. Queer is n't it?—Chetwynd and Langham have met and buried the hatchet. They were chums in the old days, after the death of Cousin Ellen, but they fell out. Now they are thick as thieves again."

"My message is this. Be very careful to quote me correctly. Tell him—no, no, I must write a note, a little note."

She scribbled a few lines upon a sheet of paper and enclosed them in an envelope.

Her brother glanced at her radiant face and sighed.

"Queenie," he said abruptly, "don't be too sharp with Hector. He is your husband and ready to—"

"Spoon me," she added contemptuously, "that is the word he uses. Hector has a delightful vocabulary,—so expressive!"

"For the child's sake, Nell, curb your tongue."

"Ah," she cried, "the child! It grows more like him every day."

Dick descended the stone steps with a heavy heart.

IX.

"YOU say you're in a hole," said Mr. Barrington sharply; "and you come to me for collateral. What the deuce have you done with your securities?"

"Land, sir," returned Henry, "is falling every day in value. You know that.

We backed the San Carlos Land and Water Company, and the Atascadero Pressed Brick Company. They are both in the hands of receivers. Then we had the most expensive litigation over water rights in Southern California, and we've run those cable cars at a frightful loss."

"Which you started in opposition to mine," said the old man with a grim smile.

"Well, sir, business is business."

"D'ye call that business? Lord, you have made a mess of it! Practise and theory part company in your person. Those magazine articles on banking—"

"Hang it, father, don't throw them in my teeth."

Mr. Barrington was silent. He had represented for the past four years his elder son's independence. Henry had graduated in his father's bank, but he began early—too early—to do business on his own account. More than once he had entered into fierce competition with the old man. Once, memorable occasion, he had beaten him on his own ground, at his own game! A cartoon had appeared in the *Hornet*, representing the two Barringtons as cocks of the game and beneath this doggerel:

"He'd point his bantam's spurs and oil his nimble tongue;
Until at last the old bird was cornered by the young."

These lines annoyed Rufus Barrington intensely. "The sting of it," he confessed to his wife, "lies in this. It's more than half true. He uses my own methods against me; but I shall say nothing."

"I am not to blame," continued Henry nervously. "I submitted these loans to the Board and they approved them. Damn the times not me."

"Bosh! If you'd stuck to legitimate banking, Henry, you'd be all right today. How much d' ye want?"

The young man named a large sum, so large, indeed, that his father cursed him roundly. The high authority on finance turned pale with mortification and rage.

"I must let you have the stuff," grumbled Rufus, fumbling in his pocket for the key of the safe. "Not for your sake, but for mine. I won't have our name dragged in the gutter. You give me your solemn word of honor that with these securities you can weather the storm?"

"I swear it," cried Henry eagerly.

"I'm cramped myself."

"You, sir? Impossible!"

"It's a fact. Never knew money so tight. There's a cyclone coming. You'd better take in all the sail you can. I must go to New York at once and sell those confounded Extension Bonds."

He frowned, thinking of his Benjamin.

"My sons," he said bitterly, "have disappointed me."

"Where is Dick, sir?" He hoped to turn the tide of his father's displeasure in another direction.

"I don't know. Not in San Francisco. He told his mother and Helen that he proposed—the young idiot—to look into social conditions, the sacred cause of labor. Pshaw! For a week we've heard nothing of him. His mother is on the verge of nervous prostration. O, damn it! the load I'm packing makes me tired."

He flung back the colossal doors of his safe with a crash.

"I never heard you complain before, sir."

"I've had worries. Struck a streak of bad luck. Your mother's failing health; Helen's marriage; this affair of Dick's; and now to crown all, the extraordinary commercial stagnation. However, there are no dividends in pulling a long face. If necessary I can fall down and howl with the rest of 'em, but I prefer to keep a

stiff upper lip. There you are," he pushed a sheaf of papers into his son's hand. "Write a receipt and get out,—I'm busy."

"One word, sir. Do you know that people are beginning to talk about Hector and Helen? Read this paragraph."

"Let 'em talk. Leave Helen alone, Henry, and give your undivided attention to banking."

But his son had winged, not at random, a shaft which sped straight to the mark and rankled there. Mr. Barrington had the reputation of being thick-skinned. His bonhomie, his slang, his optimism, his accessibility, were the armor of proof which his enemies to their cost, had found invulnerable. Against himself as a citizen, against his political and business methods, against his thousand and one deals, the slings and arrows of his adversaries rattled harmlessly. But any allusion to his domestic affairs, any gossip which impinged upon the sanctity of his hearth, set the man afire with rage and indignation. Of this weak joint in his harness Henry Barrington was well aware.

He picked up the paper his son had flung upon the desk, and read the paragraph in question.

"Hector must see this," he muttered angrily.

He dispatched a messenger to Desmond's office, and presently that worthy sauntered into the bank and sat down, his hat upon his head and a cigarette between his lips, in the chair known to the reader as the "anxious seat."

"Anything wrong?" he said languidly.

"Read that," cried Mr. Barrington, thrusting out the paper and eying Desmond keenly. The young fellow's face was very red, and his cheeks puffy. The hand that he extended in lukewarm greeting was flabby and lifeless.

"Well," he said defiantly. "What of it?"

"What of it?" sputtered the banker, the veins standing out upon his forehead. "'Pon my soul, you take it coolly. A man calls you a drunkard and you say, 'What of it!'"

But Desmond was not taking it coolly. On the contrary his eyes glittered ominously, and his heavy jaw was set at an uncompromising angle. He laughed harshly.

"If I choose to take my toddy," he said savagely "that is my affair. I'm under no obligations to you. Go and preach to your hightoned daughter. Her name will be in the *Hornet* soon, coupled with Chetwynd's."

"Chetwynd?" stammered Mr. Barrington, taken aback by the young man's violence. "My daughter, sir, is to be trusted with Chetwynd or any other man."

"Is she?" returned Hector with a sneer. "I'd like to take your word for it, but I won't. Chetwynd is in and out like a tame cat. I've said my say about it, and Helen laughed in my face. Now we're hardly on speaking terms."

"What!"

"See here, Mr. Barrington, your daughter treats me like a dog," he repeated, grinding his teeth. "She came home just four weeks ago bringing a damned hospital nurse with her. She has her rooms and I have mine. She goes her way and if I try to follow she — er — practically tells me to kennel up. I was prepared to let bygones be by-gones, —you know she treated me shamefully before her illness, and that doctor fellow would n't let me come near her at the hospital,— well, I was willing to kiss and be friends. Hang it, I 've been down on my knees to her. She is prettier than ever. And her tongue is sharper than ever, and curse it, she does n't

spare me at my own table. But I 'll fix her. I 'll bring her to terms. I 'll —"

"If you adopt this intemperate tone, Hector, I must ask you to leave the room. You insult my daughter and me. There must be some reason for this coldness."

"That woman is at the bottom of the trouble."

"You had better explain."

"She has told Helen some infernal yarn about me, raked up an old story. I ought to have kicked her out of the house as soon as I set eyes on her. Helen as a woman of the world should be willing to overlook a trifle. I 've been no worse than other men."

"This trifle," said Mr. Barrington coldly,— "perhaps, Hector, it would be well to give me the facts."

"I had trouble with a girl down in Los Angeles."

"You mean, I presume, that a girl had trouble with you?"

"You can put it up that way if you like. The Lord knows she made a heap of trouble for me. I tried to square it with cold cash, but the woman was a fool, she would n't take a cent. Then one of the papers got hold of it, and it cost me three thousand to fix the editor. I paid for my fun, I can tell you."

"And the girl,—what became of the girl?"

"The girl," repeated Desmond uneasily, "disappeared."

"This nurse of Helen's was a friend of hers, I suppose."

"Yes."

"And now the story crops up again. Your fun," continued Mr. Barrington in biting accents, "will cost you more than three thousand dollars. As for this paragraph in the *Hornet*, I shall attend to that personally. The editor applied to me the other day for a pass. I refused him, but it may be necessary to use

policy. I shall see Helen myself this afternoon. No, I shall not mention this little 'trifle' of yours, but I won't have a scandal in my family. Understand that. Good morning."

Hector sauntered out, wearing an aggrieved expression, and the banker applied himself resolutely to his voluminous correspondence, dictating letter after letter to his stenographer; terse epistles, free from all superfluity of phrase, curtly and crisply to the point. After luncheon he presided at a meeting of representative business men and discussed lucidly and sagaciously the financial situation.

"Wonderful fellow, Uncle Rufus," said the many-acred Brown Mavis to a friend. "One of the fifty great men of his day. What a knowledge of affairs he has, what insight! Marvelous! But he's growing old. He looked his age today. Ah, the pity of it! Who will take his place?"

At four o'clock, Mr. Barrington walked to the corner of California and Montgomery streets and boarded the cable cars, one of the many monuments of his untiring enterprise. He liked the cable cars and used them habitually in preference to his own carriage. The swift, easy motion, the expressive faces of his fellow passengers, the *va et vient* of the side-walks, the hustle and bustle of the crowd of workers returning to pleasant homes (made pleasant—so he told himself—by his own individual efforts), these spurred his fancy, jaded, perhaps, by overwork, and stimulated his energy.

"It means civilization," he would say. "Why, I never see a locomotive without wishing to take my hat off and salute it. bow low before the symbol of progress."

But upon this particular afternoon the signs and tokens of Evolution were unneeded. With these, for the moment, he was out of tune. Sitting in his corner,

deaf to the familiar sounds, he twisted and turned the strands of thought, fashioning a rope strong enough—so he hoped—to bind together the children of his house. His mental attitude indicated a crisis; for he admitted with chagrin that the upbringing of his sons and daughter had proved ineffectual; that he evening of his life was likely to be clouded by domestic dolors; that he, the author and architect, must be held responsible.

"If I am now powerless to set things straight," he reflected with an inward groan, "if my children prove disobedient and defy me, I have failed—I have made, after all, a botch of life!"

Helen greeted him affectionately. He held her hand longer than usual, looking down from his great height into her lovely eyes. His heart went out to her as she kissed him, but he returned the kiss gravely as a parent kisses a wilful child who has been guilty of some venial offense not yet condoned.

"I have come," he began with characteristic bluntness, "to speak to you about Hector."

"Let us choose a more agreeable subject," she replied lightly.

"I'm very much worried about you, Helen."

"About me? Dear old daddy, why worry about me? I'm really quite stalwart. I enjoy the rudest health. Never felt so well and strong, so keen to enjoy, as I do today. Body and mind are refreshed, and ready to do all that may be demanded of them. Worry! No one need worry about me."

"Hector tells me that you and he are hardly on speaking terms."

"Has he been whining and whimpering to you?"

"He has cause for complaint, Helen. I am an old man, and I know the world. I don't ignore the fact that it would have

been better for you and Hector if the lines of your lives had lain apart; but we cannot speculate upon what might have been. You are married to him. You have a child by him."

She shivered and put her hand to her face.

"No matter," he continued, "what the bone of contention may be between you, it is your duty as a woman, as a daughter, as a mother, to make the best out of what I will admit seems a bad job. You are the stronger vessel. You have the brains. You can twist Hector around your little finger. You can bring him to his knees,—if you choose."

"But I don't choose. Hector believes in the efficacy of prayer, but his prayers will never be answered by me."

"Helen, you are acting most unwisely."

"I am acting according to my lights," she returned with spirit, "according to your own philosophy and teaching."

"Mine?" he ejaculated.

"Yours. As a Christian woman my position may be impugned, but I'm not a Christian. Your 'Bible smashing' arguments destroyed my faith in Christ long ago. My creed today is a simple one. I believe in myself: that is all,—and I wish to make the most of my opportunities. Hector has crushed out of me any affection and respect I might have had for him. I cannot live with him, as his wife, upon any terms. It is impossible. I shall make no scandal. This house is mine; my fortune is secured to me. Hector can come and go as he pleases. To gratify Mrs. Grundy I consent to play my part in society. I will agree to grin and smirk and pretend;—but alone in my own home,—no, thank you. I know what is due to myself and my family. I shall not disgrace your name, but I mean to enjoy, reasonably, the health and wealth and leisure which are mine. If

Hector wishes to sue for a divorce I shall make no objections. He can commence proceedings at his very earliest convenience. The sooner the better, as I told him yesterday."

"Divorce! God forbid!"

"Yes,—God, as you say, forbids divorce. He has the right, so I have read, to say to a poor, heart-broken woman, 'Sacrifice yourself to the animal you have married, and hereafter you reward will be commensurate.' But you have taught me, Papa, not to believe in God."

"I never denied the existence of First Cause."

"A First Cause conveys nothing to my mind. I cannot take my troubles to a First Cause. No, Papa, the First Cause does not appeal to me at all, but the last cause does, and on that I base my conduct."

Mr. Barrington often boasted that he knew when to hold his tongue. His daughter had taken him at a disadvantage. He was totally unprepared for this emphatic self-justification, and unwilling, without serious thought, to combat her arguments.

"Helen," he said slowly, "I distinctly disapprove of what you have said, but we will talk of this again."

"Why not now?" she cried, her eyes flashing. "I think, Papa, no, I am sure, that you have never understood the bitterness of my feelings. You are so busy, so wrapped up in your affairs; how could you realize the torment and torture of the last six months. Why, with my experience, knowing what I know, I could even justify myself if I killed Hector with my own hand. He is a drunkard and glutton. He is unfaithful to me. He is absolutely selfish and sensual, and—Heavens!—the father of my child."

Her passion, her ferocity, her frantic agitation, were appalling to witness. Ruf-

arrington whose finer sensibilities had been calloused by many a rough andumble with Fortune, covered his haggard face with trembling hands.

"My child," he murmured, "my little Nellie."

At the kindly words she broke down utterly, and her father soothed her and whispered his sorrow and sympathy.

"She is made for love," he thought gretfully, noting the exquisite lines of her face and figure, "and perhaps—who knows—the future may bring brighter days."

His thoughts turned naturally to Chetwynd.

"Nellie," he said later, when her irritation had subsided, "a woman in our unhappy position cannot be too careful of her reputation. Hector," noticed that her eyes began to flash again, "complains that John Chetwynd comes here a good deal. I know him to be a man of honor, and I know, I hope, you; but, my dear child, the world is really censorious."

Helen's face hardened.

"I will say to you, Papa, what I said to Hector. I intend to paddle my own nose, and I'm not afraid of the rapids. Consider the friendship of such a man as Mr. Chetwynd a privilege, and one I've no intention of foregoing. As for Mrs. Grundy,—bah! I can twist her venerable nose and take any liberties

with her person that I choose. I have Galantine, who is my tower of strength, and Mrs. Paul Travers is my god-mother. She does n't like Mr. Chetwynd, but she loves me. Dear Papa, don't look so solemn. See, I'll kiss the smiles back again. There, now you are yourself."

She patted his cheeks and smoothed his grizzled locks, familiar caresses which had endeared him her to him in the past.

"I told Dick the other day that I was interested in the inorganic. Do you know, sir, that your daughter is a microscopist? Pronounce that word if you can. My old nurse, Stella Johnson, says that I am making wonderful progress."

"This Miss Johnson, Nell,—do you know anything about her?"

"Nothing," she answered decidedly, "except that she suits me and that I suit her. We get along capitally. Doctor Fortescue says she has a story, but I don't know it. If I did, it would make no difference. She has had trouble, I dare say. All the more reason that I should befriend her. I've had trouble myself. Hector, for some unaccountable reason, tried to set me against poor Stella, but I made him understand that she was my friend. I'm a good friend to have in need. I'd stick to anyone who'd done me a good turn through fire and water, but I'm like you, Papa, I don't forgive easily."

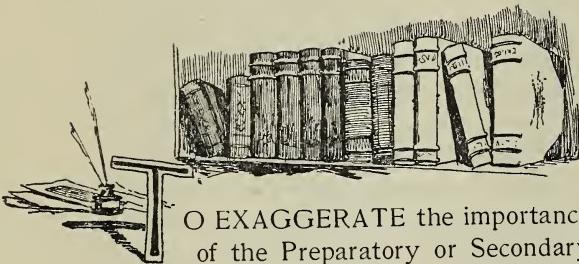
Horace Annesley Vachell.

IN A CALIFORNIA ORANGE ORCHARD.

IF TO this garden fair the serpent came,—
This Eden, whose intoxicating breeze
Temptingly sways the fruit amid the trees,—
Methinks that Eve should be released from blame.

Lillian Plunkett Ferguson.

PREPARATORY SCHOLARSHIP.



O EXAGGERATE the importance of the Preparatory or Secondary School in our system of education would be difficult. It is that which gives character to the whole. The Secondary School holds the student and is responsible for his training during the most critical period of his intellectual and moral life,—say from thirteen or fourteen to seventeen or eighteen years of age. If the instruction given during this period be superficial or narrow, or seriously faulty in any way, the work of former years, however excellent, will in a great measure be thrown away, and its effects dissipated and lost. And in the years to come the damage done can never be repaired. The boy goes forth to the work that lies before him hampered and handicapped by deficiencies of knowledge not only, but what is far worse, with meager and distorted or even entirely false ideals of scholarship, and with methods and habits of study that are ineffective and futile. So that whatever advantages he may afterwards have, he will be always and evidently deficient in culture.

A safe and satisfactory structure can never be built upon a rickety foundation. Therefore the course in the preparatory school must not be hurried or shortened for the sake of getting the boy into college within a certain time or at a certain age. This cannot be done without gross

injustice to the boy himself.. Better far that he should not go to college at all than that he should go without sound and thorough preparation. Any young man will be really better educated and better able to hold his own among cultivated people by doing honest work for four or five years at a high grade secondary school than by managing to struggle through a college course for which he had no adequate preparation.

By adequate preparation is meant much more than the good fortune to be recommended by an accredited school, or even the ability to pass the entrance examinations and answer the technical questions set by the examiners. For, to obtain a really great advantage from a college course, a young man must not only possess the knowledge of the various subjects required for admission, but his mind must be trained to act upon that knowledge. His faculties must be disciplined to answer the demands of his will. He must know also, his ignorance as well as his knowledge, and understand what he is about and how to get it. His intelligence must be developed so that he may be able to appreciate the good things which are now placed within his grasp; and above all, his character must be to a great extent formed. Especially must be cultivated something of the strong self-control, the power and the habit of patient self-denying toil, without which no worthy progress can ever be made. All this can only be secured by the most careful, conscientious, and intelligent labor those who are responsible for his preparatory education. No system of cram-

possibly accomplish these results. No narrow line of instruction in books will ever adequately equip a student for the tasks that lie before him. His preparatory course must be marked by breadth, thoroughness, and inspiration, if he would find his college life either joyous or profitable.

There are schools in California, as well as in other parts of the country, which, if we believe their professors and promises, have assuredly discovered some royal road to knowledge, or perhaps, have invented some ingenious machinery by which they are enabled to manufacture scholars to order and at short notice. Some of these enterprising knowledge shops will even guarantee—in writing—to put a boy into the University within, ay, a year or two years, whereas in the schools of acknowledged standing the same boy would be required to spend double that time before being permitted to graduate,—and indeed it must be admitted that, in a certain sense, they often keep their promise.

The young man is run in at the time appointed. He enters college. His name is enrolled as a student. He is enabled to begin his University career. But what then? If entering college be the end he has in view, of course his object is accomplished; his ambition is satisfied. The cram school has done its work and its responsibility is over. But suppose, on the other hand, that the youth desires not only to enter college but to stay there; to stay and complete the four years with comfort and satisfaction; is he really prepared for that? No more than one would be prepared for the study of Beethoven and Bach by learning to strum the *Last Rose of Summer*. The college life is a life of opportunity and privilege, not of enforced instruction, so that unless the student is prepared that he is able to recognize

his opportunities and appreciate his privileges and to make good use of them, his preparatory course has been in reality a sham and a fraud.

The boy who has been coached along certain narrow lines and simply with a view to meet certain specified requirements of technical knowledge, will feel very helpless when he comes into the college class room. There he finds that the lecture to which he listens presupposes in those to whom it is addressed a degree of culture which he has never approached, and requires a method of thought of which he has had no experience. The very words that are used are probably beyond his range. The historical and literary allusions and illustrations have no meaning to him, and he gets only a confused suggestion of what the instructor is endeavoring to impart. It is no doubt true that even a well prepared boy will feel somewhat awkward in the new circumstances of college halls and lecture rooms. It will take him some little time to adjust himself to the unaccustomed methods, and to the greater freedom and the wider scope. But that will not last long. He will soon discover that what he has been preparing for, has also been prepared for him, and that his faculties, trained by wise discipline, take hold with ease and pleasure upon the higher thoughts and more profound subjects which now engage his attention.

Nor does the difference here indicated have only an intellectual significance. It is of immense importance not only to the culture but to the morals of the boy as well. Many a freshman is led into idle, reckless, and perhaps vicious ways, simply because he can find no interest or delight in his proper work as a collegian. The inadequate superficial character of his preparation renders him incapable of appreciating or enjoying the instruction of the class-room. He soon discovers that

he must of necessity be behind the majority of his classmates, and even behind many who are by no means his equals in natural ability, and this wounds his pride. The work is difficult and therefore distasteful to him, and so, unless he is a young man of more than ordinary strength of character, he will before long seek consolation in the society of those who are in a like fix with himself. When that time comes the best thing that can happen to him is a notice to quit. If, however, by one means or another he manages to escape that humiliation, then the wasted or worse than wasted years of his college course will hang upon him with a dead weight of regret as long as he lives.

But if it is important for those who go to college to secure the best and broadest preparation, it is even more important for those who for any reason are obliged to omit the college course and pass directly to their professional studies. In the law school, in the medical college, in the theological seminary, there will be little time or opportunity for general culture,—certainly none for laying foundations. The technical and strictly professional curriculum is narrowing rather than broadening in its tendency, and unless a man has secured some insight into liberal culture, has had awakened in his mind some desire for it, and has learned to take some conscious delight in it before he enters upon his professional studies, it is very doubtful whether he will ever get any wider outlook than is afforded by the strict limits of his professional knowledge.

Still more imperative is the need of an all-round liberal training for those whose scholastic life is to end with graduation from the secondary school. To them such a training is a necessity if they would know hereafter the pleasures of the intellectual life, or be able to hold an

equal place among cultivated and intelligent people.

If they enter upon a business career when they leave school, as they generally expect to do, they hope, of course, to be successful business men. They look forward to the acquirement of a competency if not a fortune. But that kind of success means opportunities for travel. It means the ability to buy books and works of art. It generally means social advantages and contact with educated men and women. Surely then, if they would really enjoy these things something more is needed in the way of mental discipline and preparatory instruction than learning to read and write and to do a little mathematics and book-keeping.

It is true that we all know men who had very little schooling in early life, who are yet well informed, interesting, alert, intelligent, really educated men. They have educated themselves, they have been observant and studious and thoughtful, and they have succeeded in achieving a high degree of culture. But these very men will feel and regret the loss of early opportunities more deeply than any others. Besides, such men are rare exceptions. The natural gifts of intellect combined with the strength of character which have enabled them to do this are by no means common. The vast majority require all the help and impulse and uplift they can get from the best schools to enable them in after years to make even a respectable record as educated gentlemen.

For all reasons, then, it is a foolish policy and a false economy to cut and trim and pare away the preparatory school work of any boy of ordinary intelligence. Time saved here is waste in the long run. Let the foundations be laid both deep and broad. Let a boy be prepared of such generous proportion

and of such excellent material that whatever structure Providence gives the man the opportunity to build upon it, may be firm and well balanced. Let the discipline and development of the mental powers be of course the constant aim throughout, but at the same time let there be opened up before the growing and curious mind of the young student, the various avenues of human knowledge. Let him have opportunity and encouragement to look a little way into History and Literature and the Classics and the Sciences. Let him be set forward upon these paths just far enough to enable him to form an intelligent idea of what must lie beyond

and to have awakened in him a desire to go further. Or, to change the figure, let his mind be so charged with the fundamentals of knowledge that when he goes forth into the world he will naturally attract and gather to himself the instruction with which life is always filled. Education is continuous. It is acquired from books, from nature, by conversation, by observation, by experience, by contact with the world of men and the world of things. The responsibility of the preparatory school is to so fit and outfit the boy that he shall be ready to learn the lessons of his manhood and to make the most of his opportunities.

Arthur Crosby, A. M.

Head Master Mount Tamalpais Military Academy.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE¹

AN ADDRESS TO PREPARATORY STUDENTS.



SHALL try in the present paper to set down some simple reasons why it will be worth while for everyone of you to cultivate while you are still young a taste for that magnificent literature which is enshrined for all of us in our common English tongue. Of course you will understand that I am not now going to talk to you about literary study from that I should call a professional point of view. There are many occupations and callings in which the material furnished by a generous acquaintance with the great masterpieces of English verse and prose forms part of one's regular equipment; many others in which systematic

literary study offers a necessary discipline which can be obtained in no other way. It will be quite evident to all of you that a man who seeks a career in any field of literary activity, as journalist, critic, teacher, cannot too early begin to make himself familiar with the great writers of the English-speaking world; and equally evident that in all the learned professions there is daily and hourly need for the special training which only literary culture can afford. But the questions I now want you to consider have no connection with matters such as these. I want, if I can, to help you to understand the relation of literature, not to special activities, but to general life.

Success is a hard thing in these days of ours; the struggle for existence was never keener than it is today; and of one thing you may be certain,—if you are

going to hold your place and win your way, you will do so only by virtue of attention, industry, perseverance, courage, skill. Yet I want to try and convince you that no matter what your subsequent work in the world may be,—no matter what duties you may be called upon to fulfill, and what demands may be made upon your attention and time, the treasures of our English literature are treasures which, if you are wise, you will not see fit to neglect. I want to try to make you understand that any life that holds itself aloof from the culture which literature yields, must, for all its imposing material success, fall short of human completeness. And I want, along with this, to help you to realize that now is your golden chance to cultivate a love of good books, and in so doing to lay up for yourselves in early life interests and resources which will indeed prove things of beauty and possessions forever.

A plea of this sort, in favor of the universal value of literature as a vital power in human life, is often met by a shrug of the shoulders, a look of half-concealed amusement, and perhaps a word of doubt. I have often heard it said by people whose energies are absorbed in practical concerns that literature is all very well in its way, but that to pretend that it is or can be anything more than a mere mental luxury, is altogether to overstate its claims to consideration. Sometimes the objection is over-pressure of affairs. "Oh I used to be interested in poetry and that sort of thing," people have more than once said to me, "but I am a busy man, and cannot afford the time to read books." I am quite sure that this objection is often urged, not as an idle excuse, but as a genuine reason. But others approach the matter from another side. Priding themselves on being what they call practical men, they ask, rather impatiently, of what use literature can ever be to them.

Now I dare say when you have been thinking of these things, a question of this sort has not infrequently occurred to some of you. "I am going into business, or into mining, or into law, or into the army," some of you may say to me. "What I want to do is to train myself at all points for my actual calling. Why should I bother myself to cultivate what you call a taste for Shakespeare, and Milton, and Tennyson? Of what service are Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson, likely to be to me?"

Exactly so. Questions such as these are very familiar to me, and they almost inevitably arise out of the conditions of the busy life of high pressure activity which almost all of us are forced to lead. And so it is just these questions that want to take up.

Literature, believe me, is not a diletante thing, a frivolous pastime, a mere intellectual dissipation. It is rather something that belongs to us all, that touches us all, that should enter into the innermost composition of every life, and the man who refuses to have anything to do with it, and in the fulness of his profound wisdom chooses to consider that it is no concern of his, must face the fact that existence for him will be all the narrower and poorer in consequence.

There is one thing which at the very outset ought to lead us to feel that a love of literature really brings with it its own peculiar satisfactions, and that is, that those who are best entitled to judge, give utterance upon the matter with no uncertain sound. I mean those who have had an opportunity to learn for themselves the varied possibilities of life, and who are therefore in a position to compare the pleasure and profit they have derived from literature with the pleasure and profit that has come to them from other sources. The testimony of such men is of infinite value to us in our present connection, because it is not the na-

ow or prejudiced testimony of the book-worm or the mere scholar, but the free opinion of persons who have tried life in many ways, and therefore know by individual experience where the fullest and most unsullied happiness really lies. I could read you many interesting extracts of this kind ; but one quotation shall suffice ; and this shall be from a man whose opinion, as you will all feel, is well worth attending to. This is Lord Macaulay. Now you must bear in mind that though today we remember Lord Macaulay almost wholly as a man of letters, he was in his day celebrated in many other ways. He had wealth and fame ; he had rank and power ; he was a leading statesman, a favorite in the highest society, a brilliant and popular man of the world. And yet this is the way in which Lord Macaulay writes in a very delightful letter once sent by him to a little girl friend.

I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books, for when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the arts and cakes, toys and plays and sights in the world. If any one would make me the greatest thing that ever lived, with palaces and gardens, and fine dinners and wines, and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in garret with plenty of books, than a king who did not love reading.

And now let me try to point out some of the ways in which a love of literature will enlarge and sweeten and beautify our lives. I will begin by reverting to a point already touched on. Such a love of literature will not help us to earn our daily bread, or achieve material success. What service, then, will it yield us ? What will be its value ?

Ideas of education and its aims are a great deal more practical than they used to be in the days of our fathers and grand-

fathers. We see more clearly than they did that the training of the school and college ought to be the kind of training that will help to fit a boy for the man's work which will presently confront him. A generation or two ago people had hardly begun to see these matters just in this light ; so that, looking back into the school life of, comparatively speaking, only a few years since, we are more surprised to find what was not taught than to find what was. A gentleman's education was in those days a very narrow thing. It consisted chiefly of a more or less thorough drill in the classic languages and their literature, in some acquaintance with the modern tongues, and in various accomplishments directly or indirectly connected with such pursuits.

Few people had begun then to appreciate the supreme value of science ; history was seldom treated as a subject having any bearings upon the problems of our own lives ; and the statesman himself was left to grapple as well as he could with the infinitely complicated questions of political and social affairs without the guidance that might have been yielded him by a familiarity with the principles underlying the subjects upon which he was to spend the labors of his life.

Now we have altered all that, and rightly. We have striven to make education a practical thing,—a real training for the work that the boys and girls of the present will, when their time comes, have to do in the world. And so we think it more important, now, that you should be taught the great principles of physical and social science, for example, than that you should be sent out into life with the ability to write Vergilian hexameters or Ciceronian prose; because, though such ability may be admirable as an accomplishment, scientific training is after all imperatively necessary for all of

you if you are to play your parts rightly and helpfully in your individual, your family, your social and political relationships.

It is quite right, then, I say, to lay stress on the practical side of knowledge and to maintain that education ought to be in the largest sense of the term a full and complete preparation of mind and body alike for all life's activities,—the orderly and symmetrical development of our various powers in such way that our work in the world, whatever it may be, may be done by us effectively and well.

But is that all? Is there not another side of the matter,—a side equally important in its own way, and which we are perhaps liable to leave too much out of the account? It seems to me that in our present view of education as a practical discipline,—a view widely shared by both teachers and students,—we are in danger of overlooking the fact that the work of life is not the whole of life after all. To prepare for our future work is indeed well, but is there nothing else in existence that needs attention? Is our business going to absorb our entire time and energy? Is life to have no margin? And if, as we must all admit, life will and ought to have a margin of leisure, then do we not recognize if we are wise, that preparation for this margin of leisure, this spare time that is going to be ours, is just as much a part of the functions of education, as a training for life's activities, as is preparation for our individual duties and civic responsibilities?

The importance of this point is made manifest by a moment's thought. True civilization means, or should mean, the release of larger and larger amounts of energy from the merely material struggle for existence,—or in other words the rescue of more and more time and opportunity for the carrying on of activities not immediately necessary for what we

describe as making a living. But now the question arises, what are we going to do with our leisure when we have it? How are we going to employ those hours of freedom from toil which it will be both our right and our duty to claim? Leisure time will be a blessing or the reverse to us just in proportion as we do or do not know how to use it rightly, that is, just in proportion as we do or do not know how to make it yield to us the maximum amount of happiness and profit. And so I come round to put to you this definite and supremely important question. What are you doing, now, in the days when you have chances that will never come to you again, what are you doing to prepare yourselves for the best utilization of that margin of life, small or great, which will presently be yours?

Whether you know it or not, you are already beginning to answer these questions. You are laying the foundation upon which hereafter you will have to build. You are little by little storing up the powers and resources which in future years will constitute a very large part of the available capital of your lives. So these questions are not merely theoretical questions, or questions the settlement of which you can conveniently leave to some far distant date. In accordance with the preparation you are making for life's margin now, will the leisure hours of future years make you happier, nobler, larger, truer men, or fill your days with the elements of restlessness, misery, and dissatisfaction?

Supposing there were nothing else to say about the matter, then at least there much could be said, and said without fear of contradiction:—To cultivate a taste for reading is to acquire the means of high and lasting enjoyment,—the means whereby our leisure hours may be made to yield us constant happiness and permanent profit.

And this is not a small thing,—it is indeed a much larger thing than might at first sight appear. Nothing distinguishes the truly educated man from the man who is not educated so much as the extent, variety, and quality, of his marginal interests and activities. How does a young man spend his spare hours? What are his pastimes? The answer to that question will give you all the standard you need to judge of the reality of his cultivation. The world around us is full of interest and beauty; nature's wonders everywhere meet our eyes; the accumulated treasures of literature and art offer themselves to us in almost bewildering confusion. And yet you will come across people who think that life is wearisome; who find time hangs heavy upon their hands; who complain that the lines have fallen unto them in dull and stupid places. Those people—and there are many of them everywhere—are not really educated people. It is part of the business of education to open our eyes to the wonders of nature and life,—to put us into sympathetic touch with all that the world is of beauty and interest.

You will never find a man who has learned to love books driven to despair because he has nothing to do. You will never hear from him that he wants to kill time. He will not complain of ennui, or think life a burden. Why? because he has created for himself a source of pleasure that is perennial, a field of interest that only grows with the fruits that are made upon it. The friendship of books is therefore a friendship to aid us in good stead at times when we might otherwise drift into folly or depression; and those who understand this friendship will tell you that the value of life of reading in this respect alone is easily overstated.

Business hours have their special dangers and difficulties, but the dangers

and difficulties of our waste moments are perhaps even more subtle and far-reaching; and the one way, it seems to me, for a young man to steel himself against the many seductive temptations by which, when he goes out into the world, he is certain to find himself beset, is to carry with him, along with good advice and good resolutions, a genuine counter attraction in the form of some absorbing interest or hobby. To learn to love good things is after all the best protection against bad things. Many young men make shipwreck of themselves, not because they are inherently evil in disposition; but solely on account of the fact that they have no central purpose in life to anchor themselves to, nothing to throw themselves back upon when the actual work of the day or week is over.

A man who has learned to love books will be saved by that love from many dangers into which he might otherwise fall; because the lower and the less refined forms of pleasure will make but small appeal to those who have once known the higher and the more refined forms. This alone is a matter of incalculable consequence.

In dealing with a taste for books and reading from the point of view of life's leisure, there is still one more question that has to be touched upon. As I have intimated, you will meet with numbers of men who will tell you that their lives have no margin; that business absorbs the whole of their energies, that it is therefore, quite useless to talk about the value of literature to them.

Now I know well enough that there are many persons who, using language like this, speak the entire truth. It is unfortunate that it is so, but the fact can not be denied. The pressure of life is heavy today upon hundreds of men who have to fight inch by inch for the actual means of support, and so severe, so per-

sistent, so inevitable, is the battle of existence in countless such cases, that to talk to men of this kind about the glories of art and literature seems little short of mockery. But protests of the sort I have mentioned are not always genuine. Often enough, whether the speaker is or is not aware of it, they are not genuine at all. Men who say that they have no time for anything but business frequently mean that they have no interest in anything but business. They could get the time if they tried, but having nothing to do in their spare hours, there is no reason why they should try. So they sink what might have been their margin in more work and still more work, never realizing that to turn existence in this way into a mere treadmill, and to bind themselves as slaves to the daily task, is to fall short of the privileges and the duties of human life. So persistently is the tendency of our modern American civilization in the direction of this kind of "virtuous materialism" as that shrewd observer, De Tocqueville, called it, that we need constantly to remind ourselves that there are or can be any other purposes than these, and that, as the poet puts it, not alone for these things,—

"Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears
Of angels, to the perfect state of man."

Some of you will recall the story in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress of the man with the muck-rake,—the man who spent his life moiling and grubbing in the dirt and filth, never guessing that just above his unlifted head was an angel holding towards him a crown of untold price. Bunyan has his own lesson to read out of his story, but this man with the muck-rake is sadly typical to me of many and many a life wasted and thrown away, because with all its vast material achievements, its accumulated wealth, its mag-

nificent banquets and costly raiments, has never once been thrilled by the light and beauty and radiance — the ideal glory—that may, if we wish it, lie everywhere around the daily path. I want you to understand that many of the world's so-called successful men are men who have really made very bad investments because their sacrifices have been infinitely in excess of their gain. They have bartered their purest happiness, the best opportunities, their freedom, themselves, for money, or place, or power, and that is a very foolish, a very shortsighted bargain. Medieval lore is full of legends of men who sold their souls to Satan for the wealth or fame of this world; but few of us today realize that this is precisely what is being done again and again, yearly and daily, among us. Thoreau very properly insisted that the ultimate purchasing medium was after not money but life,—that we must buy everything, even money itself, with much or so much of life; and as this is profoundly true, it stands to reason that we may often pay too dearly—that we give too much of ourselves—for a fortune.

Now I maintain that to cultivate a love of literature is one of the best methods that we can adopt if we would save ourselves from falling into that slavery to the daily task about which I have been speaking. We none of us should think that a life passed upon a single dull material plane, in the pursuit of a fortune, something that a fortune is to gain for us,—a life that knows no leisure from the stress of ceaseless toil, and no interest beyond the everlasting round of practical concerns,—we should none of us think that such a life was a perfect or a truly happy life, a life that we should care to set before us as an ideal for our imitation. "Ye are made," says Dante, speaking through the mouth of Ulysses,— "Ye are

de to live like the beasts, but to seek
tue and knowledge." And we all of
feel that to sacrifice these high pur-
ses to the achievement of the aims
which the world at large is constantly
justing upon us is to fall short of the
sibilities of our nature. For my own
part I am convinced that many men allow
emselves to become absorbed in the
tine of business, to the destruction of
ir freedom, their manhood, their happi-
ss, because they have never learned to
e anything outside of this routine,-
we never had their eyes opened to the
oyment and the inspiration that is to be
nd, for instance, in the artistic or liter-
ary masterpieces of the world. So the
per order of our being is reversed,
the man becomes the servant of his
or, whereas labor ought to be the ser-
nt of the man. So long as apart from
interests of daily business, life seems
ious and dull and wearisome, so long
this condition of things be certain to
ure.

The emotional life within us must be
rished, and cared for, and fed, day
day, and year by year ; otherwise it
l dwindle and pass from us, leaving us
tually dwarfed, and barren and poor.
The daily culture of the finer feelings is,
before, an imperative duty. When
ethe said that we should endeavor
ry day to read at least one beautiful
m, see one beautiful picture, listen to
beautiful piece of music, he laid
vn a rule of existence which so far
circumstances permit we should each
as try strenuously to follow. Only in
s way is it possible for many of us to
serve the truly healthy and noble in-
tellectual life.

o far I have been talking in a very
eral way, and the greater part of
at I have said, if not indeed the whole
t, would apply almost equally well to
study of literature and art. Now

let us for a moment or two deal with
the taste for reading from a somewhat
more special point of view, by inquiring
into the value of great books as a direct
means towards the higher culture of our
lives. Not to weary you with an elab-
orate discussion of numerous details, I
will confine myself to the consideration
of just two large aspects of the matter,
which appear to me to merit today our
more particular attention.

I want you to understand that the
essence of any true book is the person-
ality of which it is the outgrowth and
expression. Now personality is a mag-
netic thing,—an active force which can-
not be analyzed or measured or weighed,
but which none-the-less flows in as a
subtle power upon us, sweeping through
every channel of our natures, pervading
the innermost recesses of our minds.
How vast a part this generally un-
acknowledged element plays in that
growth and that expansion of our own
individualities which are the most living
and permanent results of what we call
culture, we can never perhaps even
guess ; but this much at least we know,
—that contact with a really great per-
sonality is one of the most profoundly
important and decisive educative in-
fluences that can ever be brought to bear
upon our lives. There is no disguising
the fact—unpleasant as it may perchance
sound in the statement—that in most of
us the power of personality is but very
slightly developed. In this "land of
happy monotony" as Professor Bryce
has called the country in which we live,
where the spirit of uniformity is every-
where busy, and leveling agencies of
one sort and another ceaselessly at work,
there is, as wise men have long been
warning us, a positive danger lest human
character should gradually lose more and
more of its freshness, its vigor, its
originality.

The people with whom we are called upon daily to associate must needs seem to us habitually to be lacking in personal force and vitality; many of them have learning and shrewdness, faculty and other admirable qualities, but few of them impress us with a sense of what we must call character, or native power. We realize the immense difference the moment we are brought into touch with a really large, deep, and rich human nature. In such a presence our whole being heaves responsive, as the waters answer to the moon; we are conscious of a quickening and vitalizing force that thrills and stirs us to our depths; we rise to the possibilities of a larger manhood as upon a tidal wave of thought and feeling. Happy are those who have ever been privileged, amid the narrow experiences of daily affairs, to realize thus the uplifting energy of which I speak. They will know that their intellectual and spiritual gain is to be reckoned not in terms of knowledge, but in terms of power,—to be measured not by the standard of information, but by the standard of life.

Now for myself I believe that a large part of the culture-value of literature lies in the fact that through our study of great books, we are enabled to get into close and immediate individual contact with some of the largest, freshest, and most magnetic personalities that the world has ever seen. In books, as Wordsworth phrased it, we "drink the spirit breathed from dead men to their kind," and in our own free and intimate relationship with that spirit lies their true potency and value. It is open to us to enjoy, if we will, daily and hourly association with some of the strongest and richest spirits of our race, and to turn thereby a constant current of tonic and vitalizing influence upon our lives. Genius is, at bottom, only another name

for force of personality, and it is virtue of this native human force that any book really lives. It has been well said that every great original writer "brings into the world an absolute new thing,—his own personality with its unique mode of envisaging life and nature," and his book is of fundamental interest and significance to us just in so far as, through its pages, we can each of us enter into touch with that personal and realize in our own natures something of its bracing and life-giving potencies.

All this is of course equivalent to saying that we must not go to our books as if they were dead things, or treat them simply as so many bundles of sheets of paper bound in morocco, calf or boards. We must look upon them as actually alive with a part of the spirit and genius of their creators. Otherwise their true culture-value will be slight and superficial. Swift, in his satiric fashion, speaks of libraries and cemeteries,—places for the decent interment of the dead; and this is all that a great many people, a library seems to be. But this is not the true view of books. The true view is given by the dramatist, Fletcher, when he writes:

That place that doth contain
My books, the best companions, is to me,
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers.

Only by thus treating our books as living companions—as friends in the deepest sense of the term—can they come to have their real interest and meaning for us.

In other words, we must realize that books stand for men, and that Milton was profoundly right when he tells us that they "do contain a progeny of life, as active as that soul was which begat them as progeny they are." Behind every book that is worth calling a book stands

ng personality of its author; and to
one's way to that personality is the
imate secret of all profitable literary
dy. There are men of the widest
most exact erudition to whom that
imate secret has never been revealed,
who know everything about a book
cept the life, the individuality that
es it its fundamental importance.
t those who would find in literature
true spiritual efficacy must beware of
staking the means, learning, for the
life.

The real aim of literary study (I am
eaking now you will remember of the
erial and not the special curriculum)
to make good readers; and the good
ding of a book means, not the perusal
so many printed pages, or even the
eful analysis of words and phrases
l forms of speech; but as Professor
wden says, the establishment of a
ving relation with a man, and by his
ans with the good forces of nature
l humanity which play through him.”
this final purpose, all other purposes
atsoever are subsidiary.

We are sometimes, in our over-practical
y, inclined to ask what such and such
writer has to teach us, measuring
rature, as we measure everything
e, by its narrow utilitarian applications.
e answer is, that out of association
h a great book, as out of association
h a great living personality, we may
little knowledge, but a great deal of
. None-the-less, we may indicate
very tangible gain to be achieved by
sympathetic study of the great
rary masters—a gain indeed implied
what I have just said, but which is
ortant enough to merit separate em
asis.

Every great writer, by reason of his
ong individuality, has his own unique
ition to nature and humanity, his own
tude towards the problems of exist
-

ence, his own guess at the still-
unanswered riddle of the Sphinx. His
works present us with his criticism of
life; they tell us what he thought of the
world, how he faced its stubborn facts,
what he got out of it, and whether he
turned for his inspiration and guidance,
his comfort and hope. Thus it is that in
studying literature, which is the interpre
tation of life, we come to approach
life from many sides, and to regard its
problems and its possibilities in various
lights and from different points of view,
as we take up provisionally the angle of
vision adopted now by this writer and
now by that. In this way, we create
about ourselves an atmosphere of fresh
ideas; prevent our minds from becoming
stagnant and sluggish and dull; and save
ourselves from lapsing into the narrow
sectarianism—the conventional routine
—in which too many people live. The
purpose of good reading is therefore to
broaden and freshen, to arouse and dilate
the mind by bringing it into touch with
“the best that is thought and known in
the world”; and to accomplish this is
more than to furnish “little hoards of
maxims” for the various emergencies of
existence, or to formulate prudential
codes of direction for the crises through
which we may be called upon to pass.

Of course this view of the culture
value of literature at once exposes the
fallacy of many popular ideas concerning
books and reading. Books are for men,
not men for books; they are not to dictate
to us, but to help us; not to obstruct or
encumber the free movement of our
minds, but to assist in our mental and
spiritual growth.

If reading is ever made to take the
place of individual thought, that moment
it becomes a delusion and a snare; if it
ever tempts us to blind reverence for
authority, to slavish adherence to a
person or a school, it will tend to become

a positive evil in our lives. A book is to be a friend, a teacher ; not an autocrat or dictator. Our attitude towards it must therefore be one not of unquestioning hero-worship, but of sane and simple, cheerful and trustful fraternity. We have all heard of the man who had so many books in his head that his brains could not move. Such an intellectual plethora should be no ideal of ours. There is no good purpose subserved by reading in a listless, or servile, or merely receptive spirit. Literature should make us something more than learned men ; it should help to make us wise and strong men, and it will only do this for us when we ourselves personally co-operate with our books.

We thus see how foolish it is to believe as some people seem to do, that the study of literature leads to intellectual inertia, or subjection, or servility. Equally wide of the truth is the common notion that the tendency of literary culture is to take us away from life. So far indeed is this from being the case that it is the peculiar advantage of the study of literature that we get thereby into closer relations with the great living forces of the world. I know that there are all sorts of vague and wild ideas afloat as to the meaning and purpose of this kind of culture. Many people — especially many earnest and good people — identify it with a narrow estheticism and attack it because it appears to them to lead to a dilettante view of existence, to over-fastidiousness of thought and feeling, and to a systematic alienation of the sympathies from the common interest and struggles of the world. That great and noble Englishman, John Bright, made this fatal mistake and was severely and rightly taken to task by Matthew Arnold for so doing. But the ideal of literary culture properly so-called is not that selfish and hot-house ideal which

the soul in Tennyson's Palace of labored to realize, and with such disastrous results. True culture does lead to esthetic monasticism, but to free breezy open highways of human and nature. Literature is the interpretation of life, actual and possible ; and read to live,—that we may have and to have it more abundantly.

There is still one word more I ought, I think, to be said, and that is word concerning the special value poetry. You will find a great many people in this practical age look upon poetry as a department letters altogether divorced from Like Mr. Gradgrind, they insist upon "Facts, sir, facts;" and as the does not give them what they call facts — does not in other words add to the store of positive knowledge,—they regard his work as useless, perhaps even as dangerous and enervating. It was the attitude of Bentham who distinctly summarized poetry as misrepresentation. From what we have already said it will be clear to you that we are not prepared to judge poetry and its functions in this narrow and facile way.

A clever Frenchman, an enthusiast in physical science, has prophesied that fifty years hence no one will care to write verse. What the coming man may think in these matters is, however, of less importance to us than the arrangement of our affairs ; and I want to say and say emphatically that for the true and true ordering of our lives it is most useful that we should go to the great poets and try, occasionally at least, to look at the world from their point of view. Indeed there never was a time when the study of poetry was more imperatively necessary than it is today. The progress of science, the rapid development of industrialism, the utilitarian tendencies of our Western civilization, the cons-

and alarming spread of merely material ideals, the practical spirit which is coming over more and more to dominate our educational systems, the narrowly realistic trend of our modern literature and speculation,—all these things will force us back upon poetry, if we seek, not what is currently called success, but the undying off and completion of our lives. If we are not to become simple drudges and machines, dead-souled slaves to the routine of daily existence, one-sided products of conditions which starve the spiritual nature and repress its healthy growth, then we must listen to the poet's message, and carry his music out with us in our hearts. It is his highest purpose to help us to relate the facts of experience to our loftiest hopes and our fondest aspirations; to keep flame within us the sacred passions of a higher life. Thus he comes to us in moments of deepest need; soothes us when we are petulant and restless, braces us with new courage when we groop in despair, touches with a golden shaft the very clouds which rim our horizon and obstruct our vision, and more perhaps than all, when he cannot inspire us with hope, aids us at least to bear.

Poetry is something more than an ingenious way of talking nonsense. It is a criticism of life from the point of view of the feelings, and is therefore a necessary part of a complete philosophy of existence. No one who has learned to live with the great poets of the world will accuse me of overstating the deep spiritual value of their work. Do not be misled by the practical advisers of our present day world into the belief that you can afford to set them aside as useless and unavailing in the higher cultivation of our lives. Make them your friends, your counsellors, your daily companions; you cannot yet guess how

much they will bring you of inspiration, and comfort, and strength.

And now it remains for me but to add that if literature is going to yield to you individually all that I have tried to show you that it may and will yield to those who study it aright, you cannot too soon begin to cultivate that love for the great and good books of the world which is to be your "open sesame" to the magic chambers through which it will presently be your high privilege to wander at your will. You will notice that I emphasize the need here for effort and self-discipline. Few people are in the full sense of the term born readers. In nearly all of us a taste for the high things in literature, or music, or art, has to be carefully trained and nurtured; and it is only by strenuous endeavor, by constant watchfulness, by long and patient novitiation, that we can ever rise to the level of the best. Nothing that is really worth having is to be had for nothing. You cannot slide up hill, you must climb; and the ascent is often steep and wearisome and perilous. This is as true in that part of life's training which we call culture as it is in life at large.

And so if we are going to make literature a thing of worth to us, we must overcome our fatal indolence and inertia, our natural tendency to rest contented on the plane of enjoyment which seems to be ours by right of birth. Our problem is not to live in the things which now yield us pleasure, but to train ourselves to find pleasure in the things which are large, and pure, and ennobling, and true, though these at the outset may appear infinitely above our reach. Many people get a certain amount of satisfaction out of listening to silly waltz music, looking at silly pictures, and reading silly newspaper articles. Doubtless it is easy to sink to the level of

these things, for you can slide down hill fast enough, though you cannot slide up. But if you undertake the task of self-culture in earnest, you will soon leave far below. And then how foolish, how empty, how worthless, they will come to seem.

Once learn the secret of Beethoven or Handel, once, as William Watson says, "take Schubert's songs into your brain and blood," and the jingle of the waltz music will bring you nothing but disgust; once enter into the spirit of a Millet or a Watts, and the pictures which once satisfied you will satisfy you no more; once make Shakespeare, Carlyle, Tennyson, your friends, and the foam and froth and scum of the everyday trash of the printing press will stand revealed in all their nakedness and stupendous vacuity. Never forget that such self-culture as this means the development within yourselves of the capacity for higher and truer and more lasting enjoyment. The discipline may indeed be severe, but the prize is one the value of which cannot be measured by any earthly standard. It may be hard to climb the narrow and rocky path, but think of the glorious prospect that gradually unfolds itself before you as you rise step by step into the pure air of the sunlit mountain tops.

I have spoken tonight of literature in general, but the special application of what I have said to English literature in particular may be very easily made. The noble literature of our common English tongue—the grandest, richest, most varied literature the world has ever seen—the literature of which every English-speaking man is or should be justly proud—is yours by simple right of inher-

itance. Think of the significance which that single fact may have in the development of your lives. You can have Chaucer and Fielding, Scott and Thackeray, Jane Austen, and Dickens, and Lamb, for your boon companion. Shakespeare and George Eliot, Carlyle and Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson, for your intimate friends. To the bright world of the Elizabethan drama you already hold the key. Your spirits may catch fire at the glowing pages of Shelley and Kingsley; by the wisdom of Bacon and Burke, of Arnold and Emerson, you can fertilize and enrich your minds. You may wander with Pepys about the quaint streets of old London, and listen to Johnson and Goldsmith as they chat together at their club. The pensive minor melodies of Gray and Collins and Cowper, the broad and breezy lyrism of Burns, the witching cadences of Coleridge; the massive choral harmonies of Milton; the subtle music of Spenser and Keats, Rossetti and Morris,—by these if you will you may be haunted as you walk your daily path. Nor is this more than the merest hint of the privileges which you may enjoy. These men, and an innumerable multitude of other great and strong and magnetic spirits, whose names I cannot pause even to recount, offer you their wit and wisdom, their inspiration and strength. Let nothing deter you from entering into this magnificent birthright and making it your own. How much this friendship of books will mean to you individually I cannot even guess; I only know that as the years pass on you will each one find it to be indeed its own exceeding great reward.

William H. Hudson,
Professor of English Literature in the Leland
Stanford Jr. University.

ABORIGINAL WEAPONS OF CALIFORNIA.¹

AKING the theory of the natural evolution of man from the lower animals, or the theory of special creation, in either case we see that man, having no natural weapons of defense, would naturally use such rude weapons as sticks and stones. Sharp edges of rock formed by natural causes used as knives, axes, and so on, and as advanced he would learn to imitate and improve upon the forms best suited to his needs.

In the excavations made beneath the walls of Ancient Thebes, in Egypt, the first city of which we have any known history, these flakes have been found ; similar relics are found in all parts of Europe and Mexico.

As time went on, these rough stone implements were made more efficient by fitting them to handles of wood or bone, thus forming spears, javelins, harpoons, darts, and the like, and after the evolution of the bow, the arrow eventually became the favorite weapon.

Spear and arrows were first made of flint, sharpened by fire, or by rubbing against some hard substance, and later by splitting the flakes of stone into clefts in the ends of wooden shafts ; then vegetable fiber, such as grasses, the inner bark of shrubs and trees, and still later, sinewy thongs made from the hides of animals were used to attach the flakes to handles. This commencement of the Stone Age, though in some parts of the world—in Europe, for instance—continued, as it is still subject to treatment more at length in a work ready publication entitled "Aboriginal Weapons of California,"

variously estimated, from one to sixteen thousand years previous to the Christian era, was the Paleolithic Period, or rude Stone Age, and was followed by the Neolithic or Later Stone Age, and both were gradually superseded by the Age of Bronze, when copper in the pure state or alloyed with tin took the place of stone as material for the manufacture of weapons, which gave way in turn to iron and steel. Although the material changed, the general forms of the implements were retained, and in the swords, axes, and spears of today we recognize the aboriginal forms of similar implements.

In California our studies are restricted to the Stone Age, in which the aborigines were living at the time of the advent of the white man, and beyond which they have not advanced.

There appear to be two separate and distinct periods to be considered : the first was probably anterior to the Stone Age of Europe, and the regions east of the Rocky Mountains.

The absence of history or tradition, and the lack of reliable data as to the periods of time, in years or centuries, necessary to bring about the changes which have occurred during the later geological ages, the migration of races and tribes, and the substitution or extinction of races or peoples from climatic and other causes, leave us in a state of uncertainty when we attempt to classify or distinguish the comparative age of the work of aboriginal man on this Coast. Especially is this true when we take into consideration the great changes in climate and surface media," to be illustrated by three hundred figures of characteristic weapons.

geography, which have resulted from volcanic eruptions, glacial action, earthquakes, floods, and fires. Aside from these considerations, we find that various tribes in different localities were more or less advanced in the mechanical skill necessary for the manufacture of weapons and implements; and it is probable that advancement and retrogression alternated with many of them as circumstances were favorable or unfavorable to the various communities. Heredity and constitutional differences in families or widely separated tribes would result in the development of different degrees of skill; thus, the Stone Age of one people might extend over a different era from that of others.

The importance of the study of our aboriginal relics, as illustrating the early history of California, may be understood by the interest manifested in the subject in other States and countries.

Various writers have called attention to the importance of the discovery in California of human remains and the works of man in the gravel under beds of volcanic material, where they were associated with the remains of extinct animals; and to the necessity of looking to this early race for much that is otherwise unaccountable.

It is also claimed that California has been the meeting ground of several distinct branches of the widely spread Mongoloid stock.

Figures Two and Three represent unique weapons of polished stone, found with several other implements under two hundred feet of lava in the bed of an old river channel, down which the lava had flowed at a time when, it is claimed, a large portion of our continent was covered with ice.

These weapons, found under Table Mountain, Tuolumne County, indicate that man at the time of the great volcanic

outburst had reached a more advanced stage of development than his successors had when discovered by Europeans; but whether the difference was due to a general extinction of the race or people, or to a retrogression of some of them who may have escaped the great devastation and afterward re-peopled the region, is a question, which, with the evidence available, it is impossible to determine.

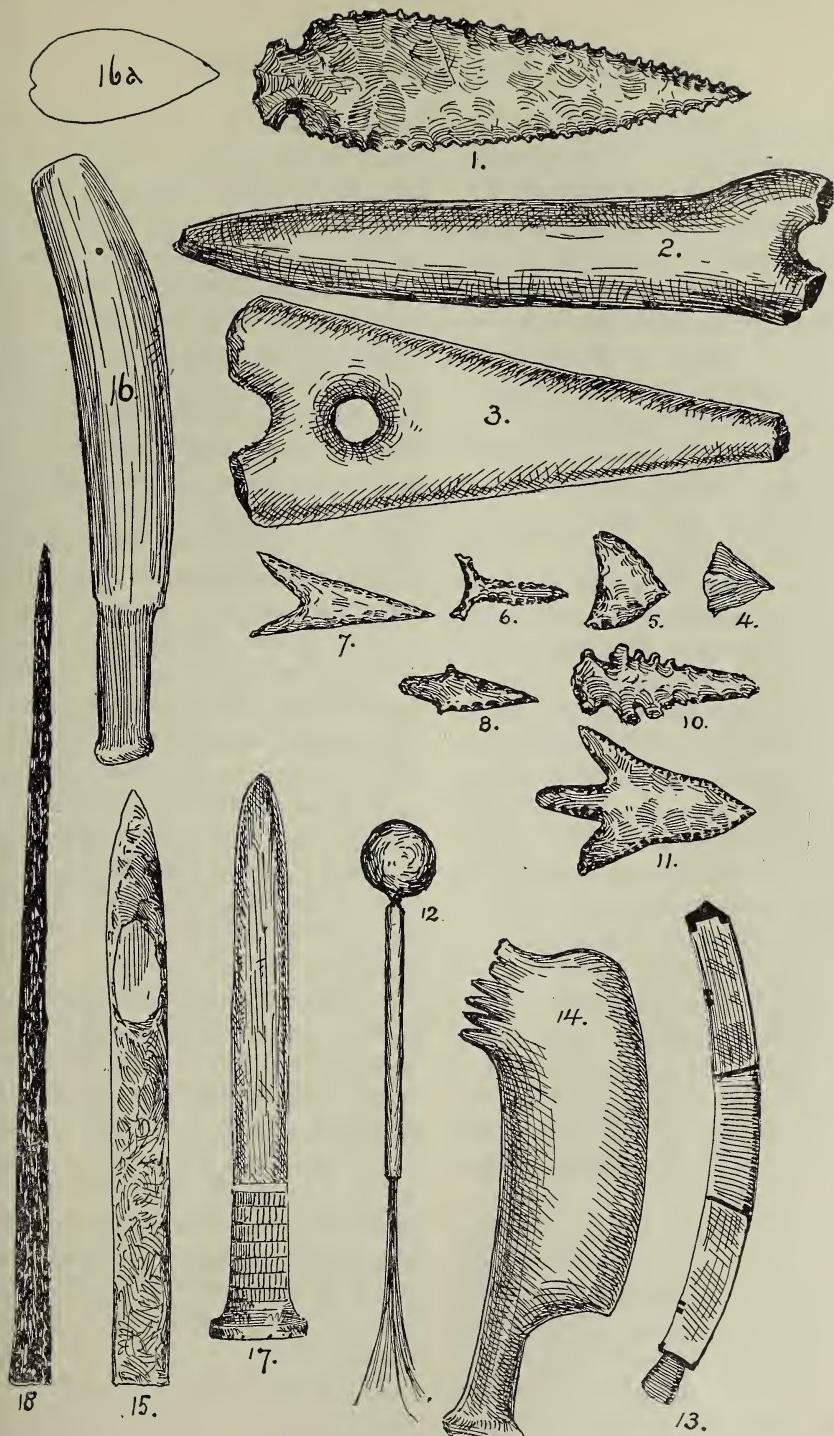
It is evident from the immense erosion in California subsequent to the lava flows that the gravel of the old river beds was deposited at a very early period in man's history, and California may safely claim the oldest relics of man's occupancy of America.

The entire topography of the region has been changed since those relics were deposited in the old river channel under Table Mountain. Where the rivers then ran, we now find mountains formed by the molten lava that filled their bed, while the former mountains that confined the ancient streams have been eroded, and their places are now occupied by deep gorges, cañons, and valleys, through which the rivers of the present find their way to the sea.

All animal and vegetable organisms in the region were destroyed by the volcanic outburst, and a long period of time must have elapsed before the country was again fitted for man's occupancy.

The people that occupied the region after the volcanic eruption used weapons and implements entirely different in form and character from those of their remote predecessors, and the implements of the older period, when found by the later habitants, were looked upon as being endowed with supernatural powers, and used as fetishes or in their ceremonial observances, and as "charm stones" in the medicine men.¹

¹See illustrated article on "Charm Stones" in Smithsonian Report, 1885, and Bulletin of the Santa Barbara Society of Natural History, No. 2, 1890.



From Sketches by L.G. Yale

18
16
17

ABORIGINAL WEAPONS.

Obsidian spear-head 1, Lake County. 2, Polished Argyllite spear-head, from Table Mountain, Tuolumne County. 4, ed trap rock spear-head, from the same place. 4 to 11, Arrow points, unpolished, of obsidian and other silicious 12, Apache war club, rawhide shrunk on a round stone. 13, Boomerang used by Southern California Indians. ne tomahawk, from Santa Rosa Island. 15, Copper knife blade, found near Santa Barbara. 16, Stone sword, from the Santa Barbara Channel Islands. 17, Wooden sword, with handle inlaid with abalone shell. 18, Spanish , found in an Indian grave, Santa Barbara.

In Europe and North America the Stone Age of man's development has, as before stated, been divided into the Paleolithic or Ancient, and Neolithic or Recent. In the former the weapons and implements were chipped or flaked, as in those represented by Figures One and Four to Eleven, and never polished; in the Recent they were polished. A glance at Figures Two and Three will serve to show that the manufacturers of our oldest known relics, belong to the more advanced Neolithic period, thus antedating in progress their contemporaries of the Atlantic Slope, who if the theories of our best geologists and ethnologists are correct, were passing through the earlier stages of the Paleolithic, and living under such unfavorable conditions that a bare existence was precarious, and were so little advanced in the mechanical arts of savage life that nothing is left to record their presence, except a few rudely chipped stones and flakes, which with the refuse of their workshops, buried in the gravel of the streams formed by the melting of the immense glaciers of the period, are their only monuments,—their movements being governed by the extension or diminution of the glacial areas.

The later discoveries seemed to indicate man's presence on the eastern portion of our continent previous to the glacial epoch.

In California, either history has been reversed, or else man has occupied the region for so long a period, that before the advent of glacial man on the eastern shores of the continent he had already reached the polished division of the Stone Age, and afterward he, or some other race that succeeded him, retrogressed to the Paleolithic, or rude chipped stone period, in which many of the tribes still remained when California was first visited by the European.

On our continent the spear was in a great measure replaced by the bow and

arrow, a material advance in savage warfare. Among those ancient weapons found under Table Mountain, that represented by Figure Two is made of argyllite; Figure Three, of close-grained hard trapean rock. These weapons were evidently highly valued by their owners, as both of them had been broken, and in Figure Three a new hole drilled to attach it to its shaft. Spears continued in use until the advent of Europeans. Figure One represents a fine obsidian spear head from Lake County, California. Many fine specimens of this weapon have been found on the Pacific Coast, but it is very probable that many of the finer weapons of this character that have been called spear heads were really used as knives or daggers, and the finest of them for ceremonial purposes exclusively, being too fragile for practical use, and requiring too much labor and skill in their manufacture to be used in the chase and warfare. They were made of obsidian or of the better quality and highly colored jaspers, and other varieties of siliceous rocks.

Various substances were used for arrow points,—any rock suited to the purpose was utilized. We find points made from translucent, milky, and other varieties of quartz, jaspers of various colors, cherts (so-called flint), moss-agate, carnelian, silicified shale, and various other mineral substances; but where the material was obtainable, obsidian (volcanic glass) seems to have been preferred, probably from the facility with which it could be manipulated.

The earliest form of the stone arrow points was very nearly the simple flake as found ready for use or rudely chipped from rock; these in time, as the mechanical skill of tribes developed, took on more appropriate and symmetrical forms, as illustrated by Figures Four to Eleven.

The arrow shafts were made of will-

or the young shoots of various other trees and shrubs. In Lower California the wood of *Tecoma stans* (a beautiful flowering shrub now grown in our gardens) was used, and in Northern California the buckeye (*Aesculus Californicus*) was largely used for the purpose.

A good bow was, and still is, highly valued by the Indians, as they are made only by certain members of the tribe, who are experts. They were made of few saplings, also of young growth of sequoia (redwood) backed with deer sinew. The sinew for the backing and bowstring was taken from the back and legs of the deer at the time of killing, and dried for future use, afterward soaked until pliable, stripped into fine cords, and laid on while the wood was green, with glue made of boiling the end of the lower jaw and nose of theurgeon, the whole held in place until dry by wrapping. The Sioux Indians made their bows from the horns of the mountain sheep (*Ovis montanus*), the horns were heated in hot ashes and drawn out, the pieces were then spliced together with bands of deer sinew.

Sharp flakes of stone, or stone knives, were used by some of our aborigines to slash the bodies of their enemies in hand-to-hand conflicts. Obsidian was the favorite material for the manufacture of knives and other weapons.¹

In the northern part of our continent

in the deposits of the stone periods of the Hill of Hisilik in Asia Minor, the late Doctor Schliemann found numerous flint knives, and at a depth of twenty-three feet found double-edged knives of obsidian "sharp as ours."

On the Admiralty Islands, of the Papuan group, we find Indian used for making knives, razors, and spears.

The New Caledonians used a flat, oval serpentine knife for carving the human body. It was about seven inches long with holes drilled in it for fastening to a wooden handle. The Fijian knife used for the same purpose, was a sharp sliver of bamboo; the Hawaiian Islanders used a wooden implement armed with sharks' teeth in war and sacrificial purposes. Some of the tribes on the Amazon use a bamboo knife in decapitating their enemies, whose heads are prepared as trophies.

bone is largely used as a material for weapons, as are also walrus tusks.

Although the sword and dagger shaped weapons were not in general use, there is sufficient evidence to show that their uses were not unknown. Figure Fifteen represents a copper weapon belonging to Mr. G. H. Gould of Santa Barbara, recently found in an Indian grave. The peculiar spot near the point represents a fragment of some material in which it was wrapped; the lower end indicates that the weapon had been inserted in a handle. It is the first copper weapon found in the graves of the California Indians, so far as I know. Figure Sixteen represents a stone sword found on one of the Channel Islands. Figure Sixteen *a* is a section, nearly full size. Figure seventeen is a wooden sword, the handle inlaid with pieces of abalone (*Haliotis*) shell. Figure Eighteen, Spanish rapier found in the grave of an Indian chief, in Santa Barbara County.

War clubs were used to some extent. Some perforated stone disks have been found on San Nicolas Island and elsewhere, which were probably used as heads for war clubs, by inserting a stick in the drilled opening. Figure Twelve represents a war club used by the Apaches, made by shrinking rawhide upon a round stone.

Tomahawks do not appear to have been used by the Indians of California. Figure Fourteen represents a unique weapon of bone found on Santa Rosa Island; its shape and material rendered it a most formidable weapon at close quarters.

Slings, by which hardened balls of clay and pebbles of suitable shape were projected, were and are still used by the Indians of the northern part of California. The Indians about Clear Lake were very skillful in their use in capturing game.

INTROSPECTION.

In Central California a weapon resembling the *bolas* of South America was effectively used in hunting; it was made by attaching two grooved rounded stones to the extremities of a cord. This was thrown among game to entangle their feet, rendering their capture certain.

Poisoned arrows were used by some of the tribes. The Southern California Indians also used a weapon resembling the boomerang of the Australians,— see Figure Thirteen. It was used principally for killing rabbits and other small game. It is difficult to determine whether these last named weapons, such as the bolas and boomerang, or throwing stick, were used by the ancient inhabitants, for the reason that the material of which they are necessarily composed is not very

durable, and has prevented their preservation.

Arrows played an important part in Indian pictograph or picture language, and weapons made of exceptionally fine and handsome material upon which much skill and labor had been expended were accredited with peculiar powers, and handed down as heirlooms from generation to generation. But such things as are left of the handiwork of a fast disappearing race of people are rapidly becoming scattered, and unless some steps are taken to preserve our antiquities for the benefit of those who come after us, our students will be obliged to visit the museums of the Eastern States and Europe in order to study the abundant material that we have so carelessly allowed to be taken from our State.

*Lorenzo G. Yates, F. L. S.
Corresponding Member Anthropological
Society of Washington.*

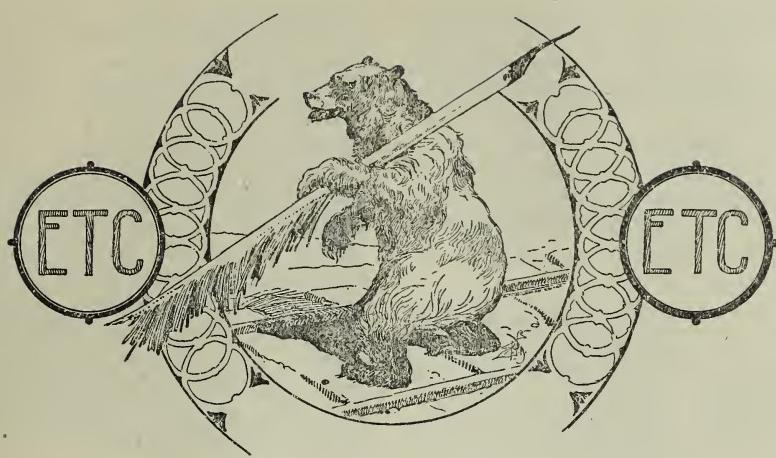
INTROSPECTION.

O HEART of mine, for shame ! to ache, and ache,
Because a few things thou' didst love are lost !
What if some treasures, yielded up, have cost
Thee dear ? — Is that a sign that thou needst break ?

Millions of hearts did ache ere thou didst feel
One stab of pain ; for *any* heart can break ;
But few can play the game of give and take,
And come out whole from under life's hard heel.

So heart, brace up, and twang thy quivering strings
Into new strength. Ask no more tears of me ;
Nor beg of me to voice thy grief for thee.
Poor heart, thou and thy kind are weakling things !

Carrie Blake Morgan



Japanese Commercial Supremacy.

MR. W. H. MILLS'S article in a late number of the *Call* on the much heralded and so-called invasion of America by commercial Japan has called for an illustrated re-

inder from Mr. John P. Young, editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. Mr. Young takes for text Mr. Mills's statement, "To declare that higher civilization has anything to fear from commercial contact with nations on a lower plane of civilized efficiency is to impeach civilization itself," and goes on to prove by the published works of numerous "globe-trotters" that Japan stands equal as a civilized power with Great Britain, the United States, France, and Germany. However numerous may be the affinities of the polite sojourners in the delightful realm of the Mikado, any one who has ever spent any time there realizes where the line may be drawn between the civilizations of the Orient and the Occident. To place the two civilizations on the same plane opens an argument on a false premise. The mere fact that labor is cheaper in Japan than in the United States is a source of weakness to the former rather than an element of strength. Cheap labor never has and never will compete with high-priced labor. It is the old contest between muscle and brain.

The mere fact that every one of the boasted manufactures of Japan can be manufactured in Birmingham or Lowell, shipped to Yokohama, and placed in the market at a price that undercuts the Japanese product, is proof enough that we have nothing to fear from our charming little allies. Nine tenths of the so-called Japanese goods that are sold in the tourist parts of that

country are made in Europe by machinery and high-priced, intelligent labor. The very kimonos, the national dress of the Japanese, are made abroad. The Japanese are no more clever imitators than the Chinese and no more intelligent, and there is nothing more to fear from the one than from the other. When the nation has developed and become broadened by contact with Western nations until the wages of its laboring class are equal to the wages of all other countries, then it may become a rival to the United States and England in the markets of the world, but cheap labor is not the one basis of commercial supremacy. For another fifty years we have nothing to fear.

Our Educational Department.

FRIENDS of the OVERLAND doubtless noted the Editorial in the last number in the matter of the Educational Department. They have also noted that in this number a beginning of such a Department is made. It will be our purpose to make the articles in that Department as interesting to the general reader as any other part of the magazine. Should it ever happen that the official appointment as State Educational Journal is given the magazine, then a separate form will doubtless be published and bound only in the edition served the schools and those interested in school matters who wish it. Meanwhile, as earnest of our intentions, we shall print educational matter in the body of the book. The present articles treat of secondary education, but it must not be feared from that that the interests of great mass of

pupils and teachers in the grammar grades of the public schools will be neglected.

This move may seem to some a departure from the purely literary character of the OVERLAND, and yet it is not really any giving up of our motto, "Devoted to the Development of the Country." It is a day, too, of departures in the magazines, and surely this is more in the line of good literary matter than the cheap picture-book style that finds adherents.

ONE phase of the South African situation, and one that should touch the pride of Americans, seems to have excited little comment and called for no Congressional action.

It is the astonishing fact that in all South Africa the United States is and has been for years practically unrepresented. Not taking into consideration the need of an American Consul to foster and report on commercial relations in time of peace, the fact cannot be overlooked that on an occasion when all the power of the government is needed to protect the lives and property of her citizens this nation has to appeal to the paid representatives of friendly powers to act in its behalf. On account of the mean, narrow policy of Congress toward the diplomatic and consular service, our great interests in South Africa are looked after or neglected, by an English broker, with the rank of Vice-Consul, at Cape Town, and an American agent for a New York machinery house at Johannesburg, without salary. And the worst phase of the situation is that the Secretary of State cannot get a capable man to accept the responsible and arduous post for the pitiful salary of one thousand five hundred dollars allowed by Congress. The only American for years who would fill the place has been an old broken-down captain of a sailing vessel. Even he was not on duty when his services were needed. The dispatches do not say what had become of him, but he no doubt had gone back to his whaler in despair. Whenever a rural Congressman wishes to make a record for himself as a "watch-dog of the Treasury," he rises up and attacks the Consular Appropriation Bill and succeeds in cutting off some African consulate or reducing some fifteen hundred dollar salary by a half. He makes the most important positions impossible, and when there is an uprising in Armenia, a massacre in China, or an imprisonment of American citizens

in South Africa, he and his constituents wonder where the American Consul is and why he does n't act,—when, it may be, there is no one that has the authority even to invest ten dollars in a cable message.

It is to be hoped that Congress will profit by the lesson of the past year and give some intelligent attention to our consular service. A Cape Town, for example, we should have a Consul-General with a salary of at least five thousand dollars a year. Then in case of need this country would have no occasion to be ashamed of its representative, or have to go scuttling about begging some man to take the duties long enough to help us out of a hole. No wonder the European powers think we are still in swaddling clothes.

**Cloverdale's
Citrus
Fair.**

IT IS a fact worthy of notice that oranges, lemons, olives and figs, can be successfully grown fifty miles north of San Francisco in the climate of the coast region where fogs are not unknown. Not only the winter tourist, but the average Californian, has been free to boast of the orange and lemon groves of Southern California, and has pointed with justifiable wonder and pride to the fact that grapes and citrus fruits flourish in the foothills of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys on the east,—but no one thought it worth while to experiment with the soil and climate within the belt.

The Citrus Fair, held during the last days of January at Cloverdale, on the northern border of Sonoma County, proves that many things are possible in the climate of our Coast Range that were not bargained for when the land was bought. The oranges, lemons, and olives, as perfect in flavor and size as those of southern counties or of Florida. The rich soil, decomposed volcanic matter, which makes the best home for grapes in the world, seems to be equally efficacious in the case of citrus fruit. The dwellers about Cloverdale realize this; within the next two or four years parts of Sonoma, Napa, and Lake counties will be given over to the profitable culture of the citrus fruit. Next year the town of Cloverdale proposes to erect a permanent exposition building for the products of the county, which will without doubt greatly encourage the planting of orchards. The exhibition this year was worthy of more attention than received from the State at large.

**A Total
Eclipse
Expedition.**

COLONEL CHARLES F. CROCKER has again offered to pay the expenses of an astronomical expedition to observe a total eclipse of the sun.

The first time was when Professor Schaeberle of the Lick Observatory was sent to Chile to take observations from a point of vantage in the Andes. The results of that expedition were of the highest scientific importance; for absolutely the best photographs of the solar corona that have ever been taken were made through a forty foot telescope. Professor Schaeberle was able to demonstrate from them the truth of his theory of the corona, a marked correction of the views then generally held, and one of the greatest contributions to science made from the Observatory. The account of that expedition has recently been published, with beautiful photographs, in the publications of the Lick Observatory. It makes up much of which is intensely interesting even to the non-scientific reader. It requires no little faith in the accuracy of calculation to go to a distant country, climb a mountain range in a desolate region, fix on a definite point, and there set securely down a forty foot telescope tube, and feel sure that at a given second the best opportunity to photograph an eclipse will be exactly in the center of the photographic negative.

The brilliant success of Professor Schaeberle in the Chilean expedition pointed to him as a man to be entrusted with the coming observations.

The eclipse will occur in August, and the chosen point for its observation is on the seashore side of one of the Japanese islands in a sparsely settled and semi-civilized region. The party will have to carry with it all its materials, provisions, and equipments. The same forty foot tube is to be used, and Professor Schaeberle will be accompanied by four assistants. The Imperial Japanese Observatory of Tokio has agreed to furnish interpreters to the party without expense. The party leaves about June 1st and expects to be gone four months.

Colonel Crocker is Chairman of the Lick Astronomical Department Committee of the Regents of the University of California, and has been one of the most liberal friends of the Observatory. He paid the expenses of the expedition that went to Guiana, if we remember it, to observe the transit of Venus, and has given the Observatory its photographic telescope and many other gifts.

It is worth while to make note of these things, for on such public-spirited actions depends largely the advance of knowledge in a community, and the permanent gains of civilization.

**A
United Silver
Party.**

IT REMAINS to be seen whether the several small parties and associations that are divided against themselves can unite on the one issue of "Free Silver." If every party and man that favors the rehabilitation of silver as money will sink all minor issues and ambitions and unite with one object in view, the cause of such a combine cannot be considered as exactly a lost one. A Populist convention and a national free-silver convention will be held in St. Louis on the same date, July 22d. It is hoped by all the friends of silver that a platform will be built on which both wings of the same party can stand.

The late silver conference at Washington demands,— "The immediate return to the constitutional standard of gold and silver, by the restoration by this Government, independent of any foreign power, of the unrestricted coinage of both gold and silver into standard money, at the ratio of sixteen to one, and upon terms of exact equality, as they existed prior to 1873; the silver coin to be a full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts and dues, public and private." It also declares for issues of legal tender by the Government only.

However, a third party will not be summoned into life until after both of the old parties have had an opportunity to refuse a plank asking for the free coinage of silver at sixteen to one.

The Populist convention was called purposely several weeks later than the other conventions, in order to afford the Republican and Democratic conventions this opportunity. The politics of a third party are for once in the history of the country in the hands of trained politicians, and they do not intend to be hurried or make a mistake. Men like Senators Stewart, Jones, and Cameron, and ex-Congressmen A. J. Warner and Pence, not taking into consideration the out and out Populists like Peffer and Kyle, or the hot-headed fighters like Tillman, have no ambition to gratify, but a principle to establish.

If the Presidency should in the popular upheaval come to Senator Stewart, no one would assert that it was the office that he was after. He believes that this country is suffering for the want of money, and if neither of the old parties

will assist him to obtain it, he will summon into life a new party whose power and influence no man can estimate. There is no question but that the West and the South want free silver, but it is a question whether for the sake of it they will throw aside all differences and march under one banner. If they will, one or the other of the old parties will be forced to insert the silver plank.

The Warrior Bold.

"IN DAYS of old, when knights were bold,"—
 'T is thus the story goes,—
 "A warrior bold, with spurs of gold,"
 Went forth to meet his foes.
 But ere he started for the field,
 He warbled forth a lay,
 Designed to please his lady love
 When he was far away.
 He paid a tribute to her eyes,
 Which, he remarked, were blue,
 He also touched upon her heart,
 Which, he declared, was true.
 She was, it seems, quite golden-haired,
 And none with her compared.
 Well, "this brave knight," you know the song,
 He screwed his courage up,
 And asked that human blood be served,
 That he might drain the cup.
 But when the blood was placed on tap,—
 As who shall say him nay,—
 This gallant knight's demise occurred,
 "His soul had passed away."
 But yet he warbled "what care I?"
 E'en on the verge of death,
 And still averred he "lived for love,"
 With his expiring breath.
 Now, had he lived in modern days,
 When knights need not be bold,
 And maiden's purses,—not their hair,—
 Must be composed of gold,
 He had not gone into the fray,
 But lived to fight another day.
 The plighted ring he wore
 Had not been wet with gore.
 There would have been no eyes of blue,
 No hair of gold, no heart so true,
 In fact, if but the truth were told,
 There would have been no "warrior bold."

J. M. R.

Church Taxation and the Constitution.

EDITOR OVERLAND: In the OVERLAND MONTHLY for February appears an article by F. D. Bovard, D. D., on the injustice of taxing pri-

vate property owned by religious associations in this State. The reverend gentleman urges an amendment to the present Constitution, exempting such property from bearing its portion of the expenses of the government of the State. It contrasts the unjust provision of the present Constitution with the liberality of that of the Constitution of 1850, in regard to the exemption of church property, contained in that model organic law.

I am willing to concede the Constitution of 1850 to be one of the best that any State of the Union ever adopted,—it was so pronounced by the ablest Senate that has convened since 1789. The judgment of Webster, Clay, Cass, Foote, Wright, Benton, Calhoun, Corwin, and the other great men of the nation, is a sure guarantee of its being all right. Congress pronounced it good when it admitted California into the Union as a State in 1850.

One of the features of the present Constitution is taken from the model Constitution of 1850. Article XI, Sec. 13 of the Constitution of 1850 reads as follows: "Taxation shall be equal and uniform throughout the State." All property in this State shall be taxed in proportion to its value to be ascertained as directed by law. The Supreme Court says: "The words 'all property in this State' mean all property which is not public; and the Legislature has no power to exempt any private property from taxation." *People vs. McCreary.* 34 Cal. 432. Also, as follows: "statute exempting private property from taxation and all parts thereof relating to such exemption are unconstitutional and must be disregarded." *People vs. Gerke.* 35 Cal. 677. "The word property . . . includes not only visible and tangible property, but also choses in action such as joint debts secured by mortgage." *People vs. Eddy.* 43 Cal. 431. *Savings and Loan vs. Austin.* 46 Cal. 415.

In 1857 the Legislature, at the importunity of men representing religious associations, secured the enactment of a law exempting the property of churches and other property used for religious purposes from taxation, in the face of the provision of the organic law of the State requiring all property except public property of the State and the United States within the State to be taxed. The people of the State at that early date, while but a small amount of church property existed, compared with what it is now, appealed from the Legislature to the courts, and the law was declared to be unconstitutional as has been shown.

In view of the fact that the church property of the State used for the promulgation of the te-

the various religious associations amounts to several million dollars, and the further fact that exemption of those millions from any of the burdens of government necessarily shifts the burden to the shoulders of productive industry, which now has imposed upon it all that it can bear, we can but commend their action.

The organizers of our system of government sought to establish a civil, not a religious government. They ordained justice, which is the organic principle of all morality. This leaves every man free to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Hence, the line of separation between Church and State is very broad,—in fact, so broad that it is dangerous to attempt to pass it. If the principle advocated by Reverend Mr. Bovard be correct, then it would be proper and right to appropriate money from the State treasury to support the clergy, the ministers, and janitors of the church. In other words, it is forcing contributions to support churches, and the principle once established would apply to the particular church which could secure the most votes, regardless of all the others. I have many times been admonished that "God loveth a cheerful giver." If so there are many very wealthy men in California whose voluntary donations to church and charitable associations will place them in the front seat in the life hereafter, not one of whom believes in exempting his church property from taxation.

The reverend gentleman's closing paragraph is:

Finally, the taxing of church property is entirely foreign to the traditions of California. It is the pride and boast of this State that it exceeded all the great West in the generous manner in which it encouraged religion. For more than forty years the Church was free from the slight insult of taxation. There was not a mining camp, however rough, in which the missionary pioneer preacher did not meet with a cordial welcome. In all the struggle of the early days there was nothing like a mean and parsimonious attitude about a Californian, whatever faults he might otherwise possess. Californians would spurned that anti-American, anti-Christian spirit which through sheer demagogic thrusts itself into the collection box and tithes the offer of self-sacrifice.

At the risk of marring the fine pulpit oratory in the preceding paragraph, a plain statement of facts is appropriate. The Constitution of 1850 is in force until 1880, thirty years. As before said, Article XI. Section 13, of the Constitution absolutely prohibited the Legislature from exempting any property, except public property, from taxation. Church property, being private property, could not under the Constitution of

1850—not can it under the Constitution of 1880—be exempted from taxation.

I believe in Christianity as an agent in holding mankind to a moral responsibility. I do not believe in any step tending to a union of State and Church. Our Federal Constitution and all State constitutions declare against any such union. If there is anything foreign to the early traditions of Americans it is the advocacy of the adoption of the customs of the priest-ridden nations of the old world.

A word more as to "demagogery," which can only refer to the action of the Court in construing the Constitution of 1850. If one were to judge of results, as shown by the statistics of criminal convictions in the State, the Courts have been quite as effective as a deterring agent in preventing the commission of crime as have the church agencies.

The reverend gentleman gives due credit to the early California generosity. It requires no stretch of the imagination to extend this credit to a later period, when the Union was engaged in a struggle for national life; then California poured millions of gold into the lap of the nation's treasury and saved its credit abroad and its national life at home. This, too, under an organic law which does not exempt church property from taxation.

Dirigo.

Rejoinder by Doctor Bovard.

EDITOR OVERLAND:—In a general way my Reviewer is laboring under the strong delusion that exempting from taxation the church edifice and the lot upon which it stands, the hymn-book, the Bible, and minister's "frock," is a long step toward union of Church and State.

I beg to remind him that the States of Webster, Clay, Cass, Foote, Wright, Benton, and Calhoun, who put their benediction on the "model organic law" of 1850, do not tax church property. California and Louisiana enjoy that distinction alone.

The absolute separation of Church and State is a figment of the imagination. The fundamental principles of both are the same. They differ in their ends. The organic structures are separate, but not independent of each other. A pure loyal Church is the strength of the nation. A righteous government protects and encourages the Church.

There is a sort of wire-edge on the criticisms of my Reviewer which betrays prejudice:

"The organizers of our system of government sought to establish a civil, not a religious gov-

ernment. They ordained justice, which is the basic principle of all morality."

Religion is not devoid of justice. The "organizers" sought to establish religion as well as a government,—that is, a government upon the Christian religion. This is reluctantly admitted by my critic at the peril of weakening his whole fabric.

"I believe in Christianity as an agent in holding mankind to a moral responsibility."

If Christianity is essential to the welfare of society, then society should encourage it, or at least not hinder it by taxation. He believes in Christianity, and at the same time does not believe in giving it any quarters. Suppose he believed in the public schools in the same way! In speaking of shifting the "burden to the shoulders of productive industry" and "forcing contribution to support churches," he has given us only a half-truth.

Observe, (1), that if productive industry has all the tax "it can bear," what can be said of the non-productive?

(2) The church member pays as much tax on his productive industry as the non-church neighbor, and as well taxes on the "millions" of church property, besides paying "millions" to support the moral education of the citizens of the State.

(3) The Church in the community adds a hundred times the commercial value to the productive property it could have without the Church.

(4) The Church not only saves the State "millions" in the way of cheapening the administration of government, but is an actual and powerful instrument of government.

We are reminded that "God loves a cheerful giver." I venture the opinion that God loves fair play and that He has no use for the man or State that oppresses righteousness.

I regret that my "pulpit oratory" made such a shining mark as to dazzle the cold, steady vision of the law. The rent in my rhetoric is sad enough, but California's *Ursus horribilis*, I think, could jump through the hole made in the law.

Let this question be asked: Did the Constitution of 1850 "absolutely prohibit" the Legislature from exempting church property from taxation? In answering this question we appeal to the legal documents and find the following facts:

(1) That in 1853 a Revenue Act was passed in which church property was exempted from taxation. *Statutes, 1853*, page 235.

(2) That in 1854, Chief Justice Murray says

that "the power of the Legislature to exempt (from taxation) the property of religious and eleemosynary corporations has not been denied." *People vs. Coleman*, 4 Cal. 46, page 55.

(3) That in 1857 the Revenue Act was amended, and the clause exempting church property from taxation was continued in force. *Stats. 1857*, sec. 2.

(4) That in 1863 Chief Justice Murray quotes the paragraph from Murray, and says "We think they are, for the reasons given in this case, a correct interpretation of the Constitution, and the omission to tax a portion of the land in the State does not render the Revenue Act of 1857 void." *Hight vs. Shoemaker*, 22 Cal. 363, page 369.

(5) That in 1868 Chief Justice Rhodes ruled the former decisions and for the first time in the history of the State churches were taxed. That in the course of that decision he admitted its injustice, and regretted the hard fate which would fall upon the churches and eleemosynary institutions of the State. *People vs. McCreery*, 34 Cal. 432.

(6) The Assessors and Tax-Collectors' records correspond to the above statements, and further show that for the most part the minimum of valuation was assessed against the church property from 1868 to 1879, because it was generally understood that the churches were victims of an unintentional injustice.

In what sense is the Constitution of 1850 responsible for the taxation of church property?

We are told, "Church property, being private property, could not under the Constitution of 1850—nor can it under the Constitution of 1880—be exempted from taxation." This is queer reasoning. First, because he tells himself that, "In 1857 the Legislature, at the instance of men representing religious associations," secured an exemption of church property from taxation, leaving the inference that church property was taxed previous to 1857; and that "the people of the State at that early date (1857), appealed from the Legislature to the courts and the law was declared unconstitutional."

In view of the fact that nothing of the kind ever took place, we fear that the Reviewer has overreached himself in a rhetorical flight. We have shown that no church property was taxed previous to 1868, and then only by accident.

Second, we are told that, "Church property is private property," and therefore cannot be exempt. But "growing crops" are private property, and yet they were exempt under the Constitution of 1850, both by legislative enactment and by judicial interpretation.

nt and construction of the Constitution, and
e expressly exempted in the Constitution of
p. They stood listed side by side with the
rches under the Constitution of 1850. It is
n to any one that the only reason the
rches were not put on the free list by the
stitutional Convention of 1879 was because
Convention itself did not want to do so.
olutions were offered and the exemption was
y expected by the religious people of this
te, but the resolutions were buried in the
mmittee on Revenue and Taxation.
he "demagogery" referred to in my first had
ing to do with the Supreme Court, but
red to the Kearneyism and hoodlum spirit
ch dominated the State from 1876 to 1884.
ink it is clear to a man with snow glasses
the genuine spirit of California never
nded to slight her churches, but in the wild
ult of those days the wonder is that a con
ution of any kind could have been framed.
t "free libraries" and "free museums"
e victims of the same hard fate has since
admitted and corrected. We have faith
California will deal fairly with her churches
exempt them from taxation.

F. D. Bovard.

Aphorisms.

ONE who accuses you of indifference is ego
tical.

Genius creates, mediocrity enjoys.

True politeness is the herald of a generous
nature.

Shakespeare has a lasting hold on posterity.
What should we do for our quotations at pink
dinners, yellow coffees, and blue luncheons, without
him?

How bravely we bear the wounds which con
sciously we inflict on ourselves; how quickly we
resent those which come from others.

We should be slow to condemn our friends for
their faults; it is often to their weakness that we
owe our supremacy to their regard.

Language is the only indestructible history of
the past, literature of the present, and inheritance
of the future.

If, as Talleyrand says, language was intended
to conceal thought, for what is silence?

One of the chief benefits of conversation is
that it crystallizes the opinions of the speaker.

Edwin Wildman.



Malay Sketches.¹

RANK A. SWETTENHAM, at present Colonial Secretary of the Straits Settlement and for many years Resident, or Governor, of Perak, of the native states of the Malay Peninsula, published his observations and researches of Malay manners and customs in a series of sketches and stories. Of all the hundreds of Malay Sketches. By R. A. Swettenham. New York: Illian & Co.: 1895. \$2.00.

English officials who have for the past half century lived in this little known part of the world only one other, Major McNair, has been able to preserve in print the home and public life of this strange people. His sketches have to do with the interior Malay rather than with the Malay of the Johore court—with their passions, motives, characteristics, and peculiarities. He opens up a vista of half savage life that both enchant and astonish the reader. It is a new

and little appreciated field for literary and scientific research, and the present reviewer, speaking as one who knows something of the life that Mr. Swettenham depicts so charmingly, is quick to recognize and congratulate him on the faithfulness and sympathy with which he has introduced it to the world. Other than from an ethnological point of view the sketches are delightful stories, so the general reader may feel no hesitancy in dipping into them. They picture the Malay as he is, not as the world has long regarded him—a pirate and a blood-thirsty tiger. The work deserves a large sale and a careful reading, and it is to be hoped that others on the same subject from the same pen will follow. It is handsomely bound and printed.

The Columbian Novels.

MR. JOHN R. MUSICK takes for the subject of his second volume of the "Columbian Historical Novels," the period of the New World that might properly be known as the age of conquest and lust,—the age of Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Cordova, Cortez, Magellan, Narvaez, Pizarro, Cabrillo, and De Soto.

In *Estevan*¹ the author has full scope for his powers of description and word painting. With the older Estevan, the companion of Columbus, the reader became acquainted in the former novel, "Columbia," in this story the hero is his son Christopher, who is the lieutenant of Pizarro and De Soto. The history of this wild time does not need any addition of fiction to make it of the most intense interest to young and old. The author has done his work well and the old captains of the time become living characters. Professor Musick has made history interesting and in so doing has placed under a debt of gratitude every parent and teacher in the country. The entire set should be in every one of our school libraries. It is handsomely bound and illustrated.

The Three Musketeers.²

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY have very properly prefaced their handsome new edition of Dumas's most famous novel with a striking etching of the celebrated author. No book in all literature has been more honestly loved and thoroughly read than *The Three Musketeers*. The valorous D'Artagnan, the mighty Porthos, the noble Athos, and the crafty Aramis, are all characters that are known and loved in every

¹Estevan. By John R. Musick. New York. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

²The Three Musketeers. By Alexandre Dumas. Boston: Little, Brown & Company: 2 vols.

language. Beyond and above the glorious pict the book, contains of the Court of Louis XI of Anne of Austria, the great Cardinal Richelieu, the courtly Duke of Buckingham, and intrepid de Tréville, there is an atmosphere the times and the day that makes one live life of the Musketeers as actors and not as mere onlookers. It is Thackeray who longed for "whole day in bed" with "the Chevalier D'Artagnan to tell me stories from dawn to night." The edition under review leaves nothing to be asked for. It is carefully and sympathetically translated, handsomely bound, illustrated by F. T. Stuart and E. H. Garrison. The two volumes are uniform with the entire edition by the same house.

Balzac's The Magic Skin.³

The Magic Skin appeals to two classes of readers, the students of philosophy and the readers of stories. It is in fact two books in one. As a pure novel nothing could be more exciting than the tragic rehearsal of Raphael's struggle, first with poverty and society and then with the horrible power of the Magic Skin. As a philosophical study it is the old battle between thought and will. The Magic Skin which gratifies every wish of its owner, but in so doing shrinks, thereby shortening the wisher's life, is nothing more than an allegory of certain phases of modern life. The undisciplined desire for power and indulgence exhausts life and breaks down all that is pure and holy in existence. There is something so strong, so vivid and horrible, in the story, that one feels that only a master hand could carry it through and keep the interest and reality from first to last. Mrs. Wormeley has wasted none of this force in her translation. The book is printed and bound uniformly with the previous volumes revised.

The Life of Nancy.⁴

NO SWEETER stories of New England life have ever been told than the ten short tales collected under the title of the first. They are filled with sympathetic tenderness, and humor and pathos that all students of the Yankee seen can find in their lives.

It is useless to relate the stories of her students here, for the mere mention of the fact that Mrs. Jewett has published another volume of New England sketches is enough to arrest the attention.

³The Magic Skin. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895. \$1.25

⁴The Life of Nancy. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895. \$1.25

of her vast audience in this country. But whether the reader cares for the New England one and the New England character or not, will be amply repaid for the time devoted to this little book. There is a tear and a smile on every page.

Briefer Notice.

THE "Little Prudy" books were read with pleasure by past generations of children, and may new generations may read with equal pleasure *Kyrie Dunlee*¹, the brightest, frankest, liveliest narrative that one could ask. Sophie May is a prolific writer of children's books. The stories deal so affectionately, so reasonably with child-growth that the character of each little one comes out like a flower in spring time and touches all who read, suggesting to many a means of obtaining their children's pleasure through love, instead of through fear.

*Savage of Civilization*² is a story of hate, love, revenge, and anarchy. John Robarts, a young man of good character and ability, is living at home with his mother, whom he believes to be a widow, when he suddenly learns of his illegitimacy, through a scapegrace uncle. Having obtained the name of his father, he leaves his home and starts to wreak his vengeance on his uncle, a wealthy manufacturer in a distant city. The young man obtains his revenge, and meets death during the riots at the works. The story hardly up to the usual publications of the well-known house.

Bulletin No. 6 of the State Mining Bureau³ of the reduction of gold ores by the mill-process, according to the most approved methods practised in California, specifying the various processes in detail, from the ore in bulk to the final production of the gold bar; the whole process being the result of the experience of forty-five years in milling ores. It also furnishes in detail full specifications for building the improved stamp-mill of today, with illustrations of mill and machinery complete. It is a clear and comprehensive text-book of practical value to the working mill man.

THE famous firm of Raphael Tuck & Sons brought out a charmingly printed and illustrated edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,⁴ illustrations, both marginal pen drawings by Sophie May. Lee & Shepard: Boston: 1895.

Savage of Civilization. J. Selwin Tait & Sons: New York: \$1.00.

California Gold Mill Practises. By Ed. B. Preston, M. E. Ford, State Mineralogist: 1895.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. By Shakspere. New York, London, and Paris: Raphael Tuck & Sons.

and full page washes in colors, are by J. Fenimore and F. L. Emanuel. The book is edited by Edric Vredenburg. It is just the edition for a birthday or holiday present.

Mariposilla,⁵ the latest addition to the long array of strictly California literature, is a hard novel to classify. It cannot be laid aside with a contemptuous short notice, nor is it at all clear that it is one of the novels that has come to stay. There is a vein of gossip that runs through the book, albeit well written, that savors of the back stairs and the kitchen, and there is a certain element in the author's treatment of the irrepressible and not uninteresting Mrs. Sanderson that breathes malevolence. The descriptive parts are well done.

The "Middle Ten",⁶ is the title of a work directed against the upper and lower "tens," or the extreme classes of society. The author shows, by the well worn arguments, that the middle class, are the people who really possess the intelligence, industry, and genius, of the world. He justly stigmatizes the men of trusts and monopolies, the "upper ten," as modern pirates, and the uncouth, ignorant "lower ten" as equally dangerous.

On The Point,⁷ by Nathan Haskell Dole, is a cleverly written account of the summer outing of an interesting family on the Massachusetts coast. While the plot and love interest is small, the narrative of the every day events, is brightly told and made sufficiently captivating to hold the reader's attention from first to last. The book is one to be read and enjoyed by the many families who have gone out of a big city for a like summer sojourn. It is tastefully bound, handsomely printed and illustrated.

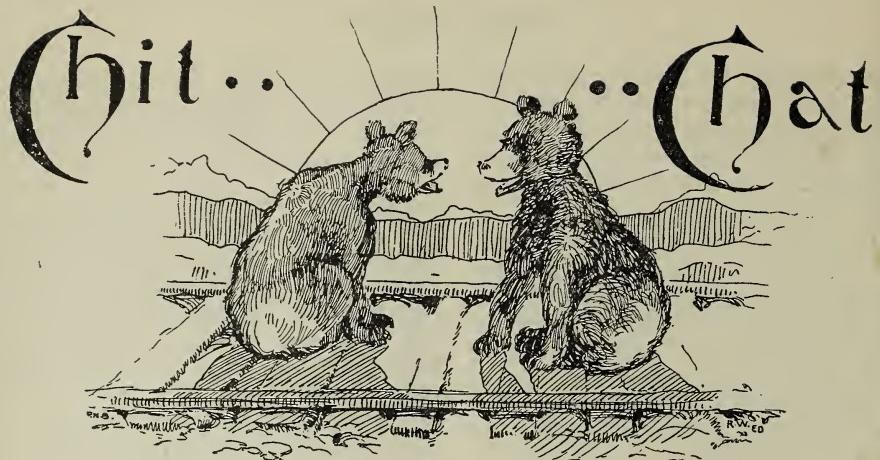
A White Baby,⁸ by James Walsh, is one of those stories for publishing which there is no excuse, and for which it is hard to see how there can be any demand. It is a negro story of life in the marsh flats of South Carolina. The white baby is a half breed child that is put in the bed of the black wife of the negro preacher. Its discovery brings about a scandal that fairly upsets the four hundred of Negrodome. In the end the rightful mother claims its own and sails out to sea in an open boat. The last heard from them is among the icebergs of the North Pole.

⁵ *Mariposilla*. By Mrs. Charles Stewart Daggett. Rand, McNally & Company: Chicago: 1895.

⁶ *The "Middle Ten."* By F. F. Murray. World Publishing Company: Titusville, Pa.

⁷ *On the Point*. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Joseph Knight Company: 1895.

⁸ *The White Baby*. By James Walsh. New York and London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.: 1895.



F. TENNYSON NEELY, of New York, has is sued a paper bound edition of Charles Warren Stoddard's charming "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes," under the general title of *Hawaiian Life*. Readers of the old OVERLAND will remember these letters, as they first appeared in its pages, and be glad of an opportunity of possessing them in book form.

THE recent numbers of the *Nidologist*, the exponent of American Ornithology and Oölogy, is illustrated, and contain much practical and scientific information. A new cover design, consisting of ornamental lettering surrounding two nestling baby robins, lends it an air of attractiveness it did not possess before. Henry Reed Taylor is the capable editor and publisher.

THERE being a universal demand for something more elaborate in the way of pictures of the California Missions than has heretofore appeared, the famous firm of L. Prang & Co., of Boston, Massachusetts, was induced to send the noted artist, Mr. Louis K. Harlow, to the Pacific Coast last spring to make the sketches which have now been reproduced. They appear not only in the portfolio, but in mats and on marginal mounts for framing as well, and will be followed by other subjects in the near future. Joseph H. Dorety, of East Oakland, has the West Coast agency.

THE Centenary of the birth of Thomas Carlyle was celebrated on December 4. A meeting was held at Chelsea, England, when the Carlyle house in Cheyne Row, which was bought with money subscribed in England and America, was formally handed over to the trustees, and a loan collection of portraits, pictures, manuscripts, and other memorials associated with the Carlysles was opened. An account of this interesting house, fully illustrated, has just been published by Macmillan.

THE selection of the OVERLAND MONTHLY by the school boards of the Pacific Coast State and Territories as the most appropriate magazine for their school libraries is an evidence of the wisdom of the school boards, and a mark of merited appreciation of that magazine. The remarkable advancement of the OVERLAND within the past two years, since Mr. Wildman undertook the editorship, has broadened its former extensive influence to a degree almost beyond the anticipation of its editors. The constant successful effort to present magazine features entirely new and original attracts the watchful attention of old readers and gains additional friends every month.—*The Evening Post*, San Francisco.

ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN delivered a lecture before the "Geographical Society of California, February 18th, on "Borneo and Rajah Brooke. The lecture was illustrated with one hundred rare views that Mr. Wildman collected while U. S. Consul at Singapore.

THE cover of the OVERLAND this month was designed by Pierre N. Boeringer, and is a representation of the ceremonial of the Sia tribe of Indians, the ritual of the Snake Society of Indian Freemasonry. The figure on the left of the cover represents the Vice Ho'-no-ai-te, or president, the black and white work under the OVERLAND shield representing the sand painting customed to the rites of the association, usually placed before the altar, which is shown in the background. The ceremonial vase is shown in the foreground. The cover is ethnologically correct, and taken altogether is a startling innovation in the line of cover designs.

(See the account by Anna Coxe Stevenson in the Eleventh Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology.)



The Cough Which Lingers

because of a run-down condition of the system, and is not affected by ordinary cough medicines, will yield readily to Scott's Emulsion because it gives strength to the weakened body and enables it to throw off disease.

50 cents and \$1.00
At all druggists

SCOTT & BOWNE
Manufacturing Chemists, New York

THE NEW CROWN VIOLET.

The
Latest
and
Finest
Violet



A
Charming
Gift
Perfume

Distilled from the natural flowers of the Riviera. No chemicals used. The finest Violet made, and the success of the day in London and Paris. Price, in a beautiful carton, \$1.50 per bottle.

For Sale by CASWELL, MASSEY & CO., New York; MELVIN & BADGER, T. METCALF & CO., Boston; GEORGE B. EVANS, Philadelphia; WILMOT J. HALL & CO., Cincinnati; LELAND MILLER, St. Louis; W. C. SCUPHAM, Chicago; and ALL LEADING DEALERS.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR CROWN VIOLET.

SPECIAL PRODUCTION OF THE **CROWN PERFUMERY CO.** 177 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

Makers of the universal favorites, Crab-Apple Blossoms and Matsukita Perfumes and the Crown Lavender Salts asked for all over the world.

"Gold Seal" Mackintoshes
FOR
MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN



GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.

R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager

577 & 579 Market St. - - - San Francisco, Cal.
73 & 75 First Street - - - Portland, Or.

A Complete Life of Napoleon FREE.

For the regular price of subscription we will send a NEW subscriber for one year, PUBLIC OPINION and a beautifully cloth-bound copy of Miss Tarbell's Life of Napoleon; or for six months' subscription we will send the same book in ornamental paper covers.

The subscription price of PUBLIC OPINION is \$2.00 per year, \$1.25 for six months.

The publisher's price of the biography is \$1.00 for cloth and 50 cents for paper-bound copies.

This Life of Napoleon has been appearing in McLeans Magazine for some months past and has called for a great deal of favorable comment. The book contains 250 illustrations, including nearly all of the Hubbard collection, as well as those secured abroad. It is printed on the finest coated paper and is a handsome volume in respect, as well as a thoroughly reliable history.

THE PUBLIC OPINION CO.

Sample Copies sent on Request.

13 ASTOR PLACE
New York

(If not satisfactory the book may be returned at our expense and the amount paid will be refunded.)

Royal Exchange Assurance
ESTABLISHED A. D. 1720

Cash Assets,	\$ 20,000
Losses Paid,	180,000

ROBT. DICKSON, Manager

NATHAN & KINGSTON, AGENTS
401 Montgomery Street.



tians who have made the Skin the study of their lives, agree that the injurious effects traceable to the use of Toilet soaps, are due to the fact that they do not contain enough Fat to counteract the Alkali, if they do, the Fat becomes rancid, and the soap an abomination.

Skin Soap is a successful attempt to obviate these objections by the reproduction of a super-fatted soap, so compounded as to heal and smooth, and soften—always remaining fragrant, pure and wholesome—the most beneficial as well as the most delightful.

0c. in stamps for complete set of samples to

THE PALISADE M'F'G CO., Yonkers, N. Y.



IP VAN WINKLE went into a sleep that lasted forty years, and at first sight appears to have beaten the record; but any such conclusion can only be reached by a superficial view. Living fossils are not hard and that have been asleep twice as long as he. The world of men and things is in rapid flight. Not a day passes but records its advance at point; sometimes this is on all the lines; to note them and take notice of whatever may be good is the work of wisdom, to be exercised by those who are awake.

The entire tribe of Rip Van Winkles is taking it easy; "don't want new things; old fashioned ways and methods suit well enough." All such, in whatever association or walk in life you find them, "get

It may be in the learned professions or in those allied to them one wants the services of a Rip Van Winkle. In journalism it is the full "early bird" that "makes the scoop." In railroading it is the "Sunset Limited" that does it. San Francisco to New Orleans in three

Every Tuesday and Saturday evening at 10 o'clock.

THE MODERN OXYGEN CURE FOR DISEASE

Electropoise

Pacific Coast Agents

WATSON & CO.

124 Market St., San Francisco

Send for Book



12 Years Cured:
MRS. J. E. SINCLAIR,
3 Boynton St., Worcester, Mass.

11 Years Cured:
MRS. J. L. MUNROE,
Rutland, Mass.

10 Years Cured:
REV. G. O. W. FITCH,
Fruitvale, Cal.

10 Years Cured:
W. H. WHITCOMB,
Poynette, Wis.

10 Years Cured:
GEO. BALMAIN,
40 Chili Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

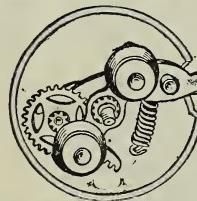
TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

WE OFFER

A CURE THAT STAYS

Our constitutional treatment not only gives relief, but eradicates the cause of the disease and cures to stay cure. Particulars and blank for free examination on application.

DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.



They Have a Tone

That's All Their Own.

This cut illustrates the mechanism of one of our Bicycle Bells. Very simple, perfect, and cannot get out of order. Only one of 16 different styles. Standard of excellence the world over. Send postal for bookletto New Departure Bell Company, Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.

ELECTRICAL INSTRUCTION AND INFORMATION
on any branch of the science.
Memberships \$1.00 and upwards. Valuable Book of Electrical
Facts FREE. ELECTRIC DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO.

TOURS

Shorthand

for note-taking in a few HOURS;
reporting in a few WEEKS. No
shading, no position. Exclusive
WORLD'S FAIR AWARD. Leading everywhere. FREE lesson
and circulars. Write H. M. FERNIN, Author, Detroit, Mich.

SELECT PARTIES—Europe,
Orient, etc. UNEQUALLED
ADVANTAGES. Steamship and
Circular R. R. Tickets. Est. 1879.
A. De Potter, 1466 B'way, N.Y.

Acres and

Acres

Of Violets at Menlo Park, California. Their fragrance held in the new perfume—"Menlo Violet." To bring it near you, we'll mail a one-ounce bottle, in safe mailing case, for 50 cents.

SMITHS' CASH STORE

That Busy Big Department Store

414, 416, 418 Front St.
San Francisco, Calif.

ARNICA TOOT SOAP
Delicious-Cleansing—
OTHERS IMITATE!—NONE EQUIVALENT!

25c. All druggists or by mail. C. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAGO.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray
Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORMS.
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Makes walking easy. 10cts. at Druggists.

Blair's Pills

Great English Remedy for
GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.
Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.

HYPNOTISM My original method \$2. 100 page
10c. One on Personal Magnetism
Prof. Anderson. O.M.8. Masonic Temple, Chi-

RUBBER GOODS of every description. See
particulars. Gem Rubber Co., Kansas City, Mo.

PLAYS

DIALOGUES, SPEAKERS, for School
Club and Parlor. Catalogue free.
T. S. Denison, Publisher, Chicago.

PAUL P. BERNHARD & CO.
P. O. Box 214,

RUBBER STAMPS

STENCILS AND SEALS

434 MONTGOMERY STREET



Board of Education of Shasta county has
d the OVERLAND MONTHLY MAGAZINE on
st of publications which are to be placed in
ublic school libraries of the county, a move
e very glad to note. The OVERLAND is one
best publications in the United States, and
especial value to the people of the Pacific
ies. For information it is worth a whole library
h works as are usually found in the school
ies.—*Fall River Tidings*, Shasta Co., Cal.

—o—
OVERLAND MONTHLY, the only distinctly
y magazine published on this coast, has been
ed by the Kings County Board of Education
e in the school libraries. This might have
done before to our profit in place of much
which has found its way into the district
es. Even bound back volumes would be
valuable for their historical information
uch of the so-called literature that we have.
nal, Hanford.

—o—
“Did you notice that the flowers the bride
l were faded?”
(jealous): “Well, they matched the bride.”
Echoes, Elmira, N. Y.

ers and packers invariably select the ROYAL
G POWDER in preparing their outfits; as
more than any other, know the value of a
rticle in making bread,—that being their
apple article of food; their judgment of an
of so much importance to them, should be
ue to others in the selection of Baking
r.

—o—
ast amount of pleasure and considerable
can be had by the Incubator process of rais-
ickens. Suppose you send to the JUBILEE
ATOR Co., Orange, Cal., for illustrated cata-
and study the matter up. Ladies find the
ment intensely interesting; especially as the
are pretty sure to furnish pin money the
und.

—o—
most attractive novelty of the age, CROWN
MED SALTS, can be obtained from any first-
ruggist or perfumer. The genuine article
he trade mark of the Crown.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Mending his pneumatic tire;
His features grew black
When he pulled out a tack
And he said—

“Mommer! I want one of them Hartford tires
that aint a gettin’ punctured all the time.

—o—
Columbia Bicycles are fitted with Hartford tires.

—o—
ONE of the most remarkable practical experiments in the modern idea of profit sharing is that of the Procter & Gamble Company, makers of the well known Ivory Soap. We acknowledge an invitation to their Seventeenth Profit Sharing Semi-Annual Dividend Meeting at Ivorydale, Ohio, held Feb 3, 1896. This making each employee directly interested in the success of the establishment, doubtless, has much to do with that incessant watchfulness in all the processes of making, that gives the Ivory Soap its uniform excellence. It would have been a pleasure to hear Doctor Washington Gladden and Hon. Benjamin Butterworth's addresses on this occasion.

—o—
“Are n’t you afraid of losing your sight?” asked
the listener.
“Why?” asked the man who was telling the
story.
“You use your I’s so much.”

Echoes, Elmira, N. Y.

—o—
We learn that the Board of Education of Ventura county has placed the OVERLAND MONTHLY on the list of its publications. The OVERLAND is a California production and in fact is the only first-class publication of its class on this coast. It is printed in San Francisco and ought to be supported by all Californians.—*Chronicle*, Santa Paula, Cal.

—o—
All those interested in Bicycles should send for latest quotations on prices of BICYCLE SUNDRIES of every description to the OVERMAN WHEEL CO., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

"*The best is the cheapest,*" applies particularly to the S. H. & M. SKIRT BRAID, for the reason that its wearing qualities are superior to those of any other made; it outlasts the skirt and saves a lot of trouble in repairs, thus accomplishing the purpose of its manufacturers.

—o—
The OVERLAND MONTHLY is chuck full of readable and interesting articles. We note also that county school boards all over the State are adopting the OVERLAND MONTHLY on lists of publications to be placed in school libraries. It is a first-class publication in every respect, and has the additional recommendation of being a Pacific coast enterprise, and a pioneer at that.—*Inyo Register*, Bishop, Cal.

—o—
Irate person: See here; did you call me an "old celibate" in your paper yesterday?

Editor: No; I called you "an old reprobate."
Irate person: Oh, that's very different.—*Echoes*, Elmira, N. Y.

—o—
The Most Convenient Desk in the market is the ROLLER TOP DESK made by the GEO. H. FULLER DESK COMPANY, 640 MISSION STREET.

They are made in a variety of styles suitable for Bank or office and have all the conveniences that ingenuity can devise.

The Firm make a specialty of Desk Manufacture, using only the best materials and employing skilled labor.

—o—
"Do you put an 'e' in whisky here?" asked a new reporter of a Kentucky paper.

"No," replied the editor, who was slightly deaf; "we put nothing in whisky here. We take it straight."—*Echoes*, Elmira, N. Y.

—o—
The OVERLAND MONTHLY is a perfect treasure house of California lore. This magazine aims to be a typically western book, and each year sees it nearer the realization of its object.—*Gazette*, Mariposa, Cal.

—o—
The Electropoise proves by the success it has achieved, that to oxygenize the blood, and consequently to thoroughly vitalize it, is all that is required to eradicate disease from the system.

Watson & Co., are the Pacific Coast Agents, 124 Market St.

—o—
Bound copies of the 26th volume of the OVERLAND MONTHLY are now ready. A file of these books is the best encyclopedia of Pacific Coast history and resources extant.

WALTER BAKER'S CHOCOLATE is standard a the world over. None can be better.

—o—
SPONGE CREPON has displaced all other materia for giving that peculiarly stylish lightness ar shapeliness to ladies' skirts and sleeves. It keeps its form better, is lighter, and gives the utmo satisfaction.

—o—
SMITH'S CASH STORE has contracted for a s story building on Market St., near Battery. Th will make clear to all what has long been known to shrewd buyers, that it is the best general sto in San Francisco to trade at.

—o—
MME. ALMA E. KEITH, whose millinery establisments at 24 Kearny street and 808 Market street have for years been the leading milline establishments in San Francisco, is making great preparations for the EASTER TRADE. Her display will be the most notable ever shown in this city both in variety, stylishness, and real beauty. Mme. Keith's success has been attained by her exquisite taste regarding her dainty wares, by keeping in touch with the very latest developments of fashion, and by untiring attention to the tastes and desires of her patrons. Among these are the most prominent society women of San Francisco.

—o—
TABER'S new EMBOSSED or raised photographs are the latest and most pronounced success in art photographic.

—o—
FOR that spring fever feeling take a trip to Hawaii. The WILDER STEAMSHIP COMPANY excursions about the islands will do you a world of good.

—o—
We must tell our readers of a wonderful proposition that we are informed is now being made, one of the oldest and most reliable Piano manufacturers in this country. MESSRS. CORNISH & CO., Washington, N. J., who, having conducted a conservative and unusually successful business over 30 years, seem determined by their liberal to keep out of reach of all competition.

The actual distribution of such princely gift a cost of thousands of dollars to themselves, a wonderful undertaking, possible only to broad minded liberal men of large means, and may cause surprise. At your request they will send at their own expense a beautifully illustrated souvenir, printed in 10 colors, that will tell many interesting facts about Pianos and Organs, and also, which is more important, how to select one of these veritable prizes for your own home.



The American ..

The Leading Exponent
of Bimetallism and . . .
Protection in the . . .
United States.

WHARTON BARKER, EDITOR

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

month.....10	Six months.....\$1.00
months. . . .50	One year..... 200

In Clubs of five or more, \$1.00

Sample Copies free One Month, 10c.

THE AMERICAN
P. O. BOX 1202, PHILADELPHIA

600 SECOND-HAND BICYCLES

All MAKES and MODELS, must be closed out.
Agents wanted. Send for descriptive bargain lists.

A. P. MEAD CYCLE CO., 287 Wabash-Av., CHICAGO.

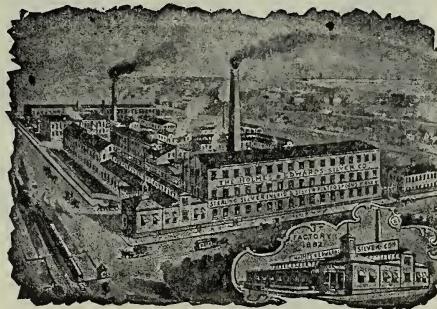
Something interesting about

. costs
you
nothing

It will start the conversation at your dinner table and add to its pleasantness — contains instructive facts. This interesting booklet will be sent free to your address if you send us the name of your jeweler.

The Holmes & Edwards
Silver Co., Dept. F
Bridgeport, Conn.

Spoons and Forks



SEND FOR
••• 1896 •••
CATALOGUE



“NATIONAL” AND “DEERE” BICYCLES

DEERE IMPLEMENT CO., 305 Market St., S. F.

WITH
••• NEW •••
IDEAS



The Stearns Bicycle

is handsome, light, durable. Such grace of design as is embodied in this "fast, easy-running, much-talked-about" mount can only be secured by the most approved methods, finest material and skilled workmanship.

The '96 Stearns is the best bicycle it is possible to produce. Finished at your option in orange or black.

Address now for beautiful new catalogue.

"The Yellow Fellow."

E. C. STEARNS & CO., Makers,
SYRACUSE, N. Y. BUFFALO, N. Y. TORONTO, ONT.
San Francisco Branch, 304-306 Post St.

MADE BY THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
HARTFORD
SINGLE TUBE
TIRES
IS A GOOD GUARANTEE.

TWO years ago 80 per cent. of bicycle tires were double tube. But we were making Single-Tube Tires. Experts soon found out how good they were. To-day 80 per cent. of bicycle tires are Single-Tubes. Best of all—easiest of all to repair—are Hartford Single-Tube Tires.

The Standard Tires

You can have them on any bicycle if you ask.

The Hartford Rubber Works Co.
HARTFORD, CONN.

Branches—100 Chambers Street, New York.
335 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
18-24 Main Street, San Francisco.

ERIE

A...

Bicycle

which is built on latest lines and advanced principles. No better made for any price. Sells for

\$75 Worth \$100.

Send for Catalogue.

QUEEN CITY CYCLE CO.
Buffalo, N. Y.

10 times out of 10

The New York Journal recently offered ten bicycles to the ten winners in a guessing contest, leaving the choice of machine to each.

ALL OF THEM CHOSE

Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

Nine immediately, and one after he had looked at others. And the Journal bought Ten Columbias. Paid \$100 each for them, too.

On even terms a Columbia will be chosen

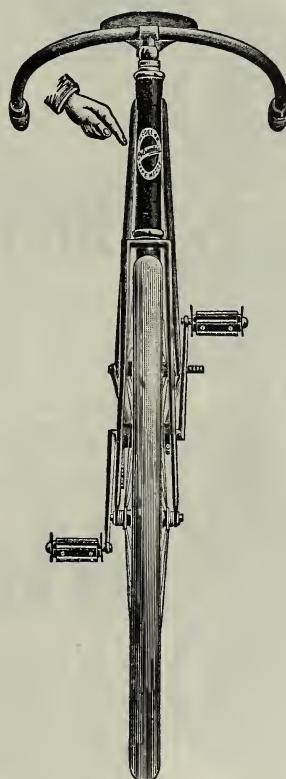
TEN times out of TEN.

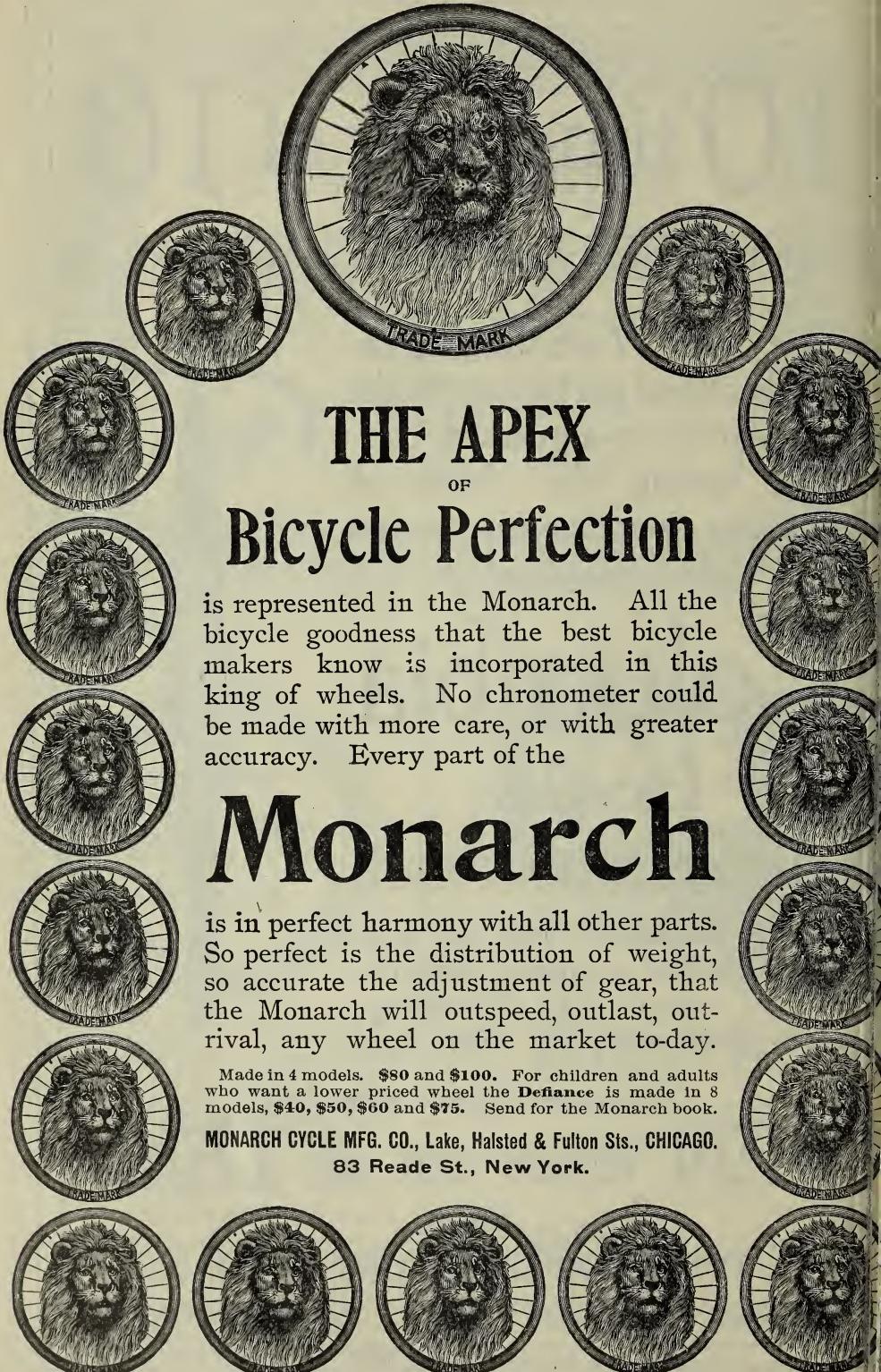


POPE MANUFACTURING CO.

1896 Art Catalogue free from the Columbia agent; by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

HARTFORD, CONN.





THE APEX OF Bicycle Perfection

is represented in the Monarch. All the bicycle goodness that the best bicycle makers know is incorporated in this king of wheels. No chronometer could be made with more care, or with greater accuracy. Every part of the

Monarch

is in perfect harmony with all other parts. So perfect is the distribution of weight, so accurate the adjustment of gear, that the Monarch will outspeed, outlast, out-rival, any wheel on the market to-day.

Made in 4 models. \$80 and \$100. For children and adults who want a lower priced wheel the **Defiance** is made in 8 models, \$40, \$50, \$60 and \$75. Send for the Monarch book.

**MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO., Lake, Halsted & Fulton Sts., CHICAGO.
83 Reade St., New York.**

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE, 3 & 5 FRONT ST.

SEE THAT CURVE

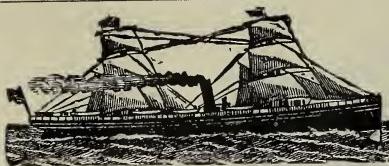


 "365 DAYS AHEAD OF THEM ALL"

BI-CY-CLE
STRENGTH-EN-ERS

KEATING
WHEEL
CO.
HOLYOKE
MASS.

.....ORIGINATORS OF LIGHT BICYCLES, THEY
HAVE SHOWN THE WORLD HOW TO SCIEN-
TIFICALLY PLACE THE STRENGTH OF A 60 LB.
MACHINE IN THE 19 LB. KEATING ROADSTER



Oregon Railway and Navigation Co.



MAGNIFICENT
SHORT SEA TRIP

BETWEEN

SAN FRANCISCO and ASTORIA and PORTLAND,
For All Points North and East.

No Traveler Should miss a ride on the beautiful
Columbia River. * *

Tickets at Lowest Rates at

19 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

W. H. HURLBURT,

General Passenger Agent,
PORTLAND, OR.

F. F. CONNOR, General Agent.

EAST!

The best route from the Coast is over the **SOUTHERN PACIFIC** to the City of New Orleans and from there Northward over the scenic and historic ground covered by the superb vestibule palace trains of the

Queen and Crescent Route

Be sure your tickets
always read

QUEEN AND CRESCENT ROUTE

A. M. BARNUM, Pacific Coast Passenger Agent,
646 Market Street, San Francisco, Ca.

Chicago Limited

VIA

Santa Fe Route



Pullman's Newest Sleeping Cars, Vestibule Reception Chair Cars and Dining Cars, through without change every day, Los Angeles to Chicago and Kansas City with annex cars on sharp connection for Denver St. Louis.

27 HOURS QUICKER THAN THE QUICKEST COMPETING TRAIN

Ticket Office in San Francisco is 644 Market St., Chronicle Building, and in Los Angeles No. 129 North Spring St.

Sketches
OF
Wonderland

OUR

TOURIST . . .

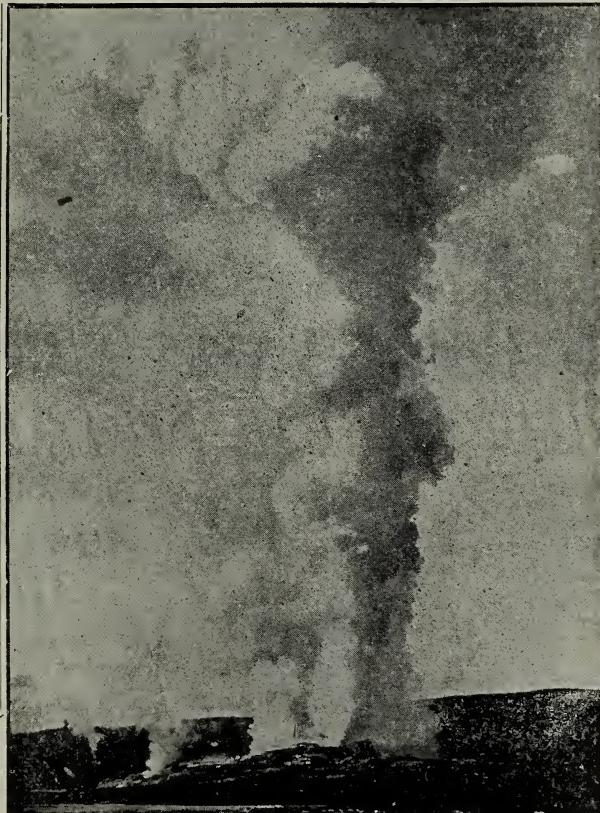
. BOOK

FOR

1896

TELLS ALL ABOUT THIS REGION

"To see GIANT GEYSER in eruption is one of the grandest sights in YELLOWSTONE PARK. A vast accumulation of hot water and steam sailing into the air to the height of 250 feet, with a retching and growling ominous to those near by, it is a



IN

sight that a pen picture cannot describe, and must be seen to be appreciated. The displays of this wonderful geyser are undoubtedly the finest, the most stupendous and awful, of anything of similar character in the world."

YELLOWSTONE

PARK

REACHED BY

THE
Northern *

Pacific * *

Rail *

Road *

SEND SIX CENTS IN STAMPS FOR OUR TOURIST BOOK, TO
CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.,
or T. K. STATELER, General Agent
638 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

SAMUEL BROS. & CO.

132-134 FIRST STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Fine Old Bourbon Whiskies

CONTROLLERS

Home Comfort Diamond Bee
Golden Pheasant Club

OWNERS OF

CARMELITA AND

MT. DIABLO VINEYARDS

KOLB & DENHARD

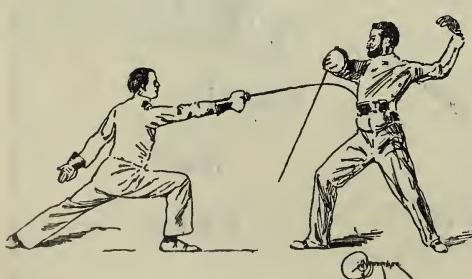
CALIFORNIA
WINES AND
BRANDIES

Fine Old Nonpareil
Rye & Bourbon
WHISKIES



Office and Vaults,

420-426 Montgomery Street, San Francisco



FENCING ACADEMY

PROF. H. ANSOT,

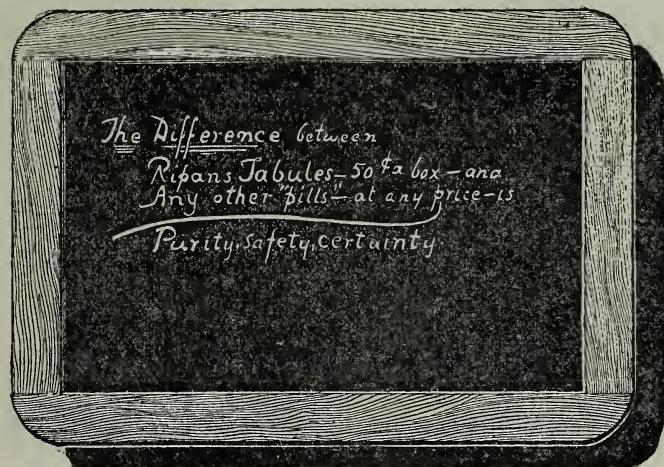
Fencing, Broadswords, Single Sticks, Box

HEADQUARTERS, CALIFORNIA FENCERS' CLUB.

PHYSICAL CULTURE. Private Classes for Ladies

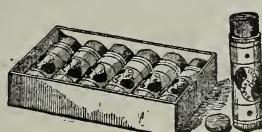
LURLINE BATH BUILDING,

Cor. Bush and Larkin Sts.



Only the purest, selected remedies, carefully prepared by an experienced physician, are used in Ripans Tabules. They contain no acrid, irritating substance; nothing that can injure the sensitive tissues of the stomach and bowels. The most delicate child can take them with perfect safety and positive benefit. Their action is mild and natural. ... They have no "coating." A coated pill may take hours to digest, or may not digest at all, but Ripans Tabules dissolve easily and quickly in the stomach, giving immediate relief.

Ripans Tabules are a regular prescription and not a mysterious nostrum. Physicians everywhere, every day, prescribe Rhubarb, Ipecac, Peppermint, Aloes, Nux Vomica, and Soda. Those are what R.I.P.A.N.S stands for. What they do is very simple: They correct a disordered stomach, and gently stimulate the liver and bowels to healthy action, thus reaching the source of headaches, dullness, dizziness, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, feminine irregularities, catarrh, and skin eruptions; and preventing more serious illness. These Tabules are especially beneficial to people of sedentary ways—business and professional men, and particularly to women. Druggists—filling single prescriptions—cannot afford to prepare these ingredients in so convenient a shape, nor at any such price as Ripans Tabules; which are put up in little air-tight west-pocket vials preserving their qualities fresh for years. Six vials in a box—36 Tabules in all; 50 cents a box. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, on receipt of price, by THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.





The bright ones
in life's battle use **SAPOLIO**



(Pussy knows what's good.)

Flaccus Bros.
Catsup

Is better
than all others.

It's made of fine, ripe, Red Apple tomatoes, flavored with finest spices. If your grocer hasn't it send us his name and address and we will mail you an elegant embossed calendar for 1896 free.

Flaccus Bros.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

DURKEE'S SPICES & MUSTARD

Guaranteed
Absolutely Pure
Highest Strength
Richest Flavors
Finer Goods
Cannot be Made

E. R. DURKEE & CO.
NEW YORK

Your Grocer Keeps Them

APRIL 1896

Overland Monthly

EDITED BY:
ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN



P. N. Boeringer 1896

CALIFORNIA AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION,

NATIONAL BIMETALLISM,

DEFENDERS OF THE UNION,

ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY SAN FRANCISCO PAINTERS,

Hon. J. A. Filcher

John J. Valentine

Frank Elliott Myers

Pierre N. Boeringer

Overland Monthly Publishing Company

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Three Dollars a Year

Single Copy 25 Cents

**A Development
not an Experiment**



Lots of experiments are on the market for the public to test. The

**NUMBER SIX MODEL
REMINGTON STANDARD
TYPEWRITER**

Offers Results—Already tested

G. G. WICKSON & CO.

3 & 5 Front St., San Francisco, Cal.

111 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CAL.
249 STARK STREET, PORTLAND, OR

**Goodyear Brands
OF
RUBBER HOSE**

"Gold Seal" brand
The Best Made.

"Badger" brand
Excellent Quality.

"Conqueror" brand
Fine Quality.

"Elk" brand
Good Quality.

"Pioneer" brand
Medium Quality.

"Anvil" brand
Fair Quality.

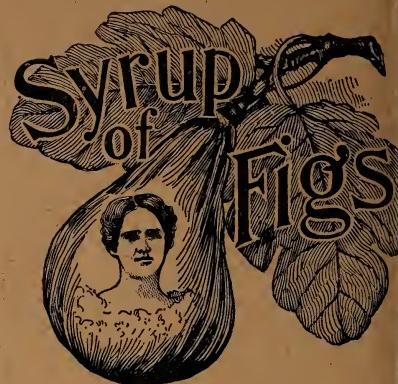
GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.

R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager

577 & 579 Market St. - - - San Francisco, Cal.
73 & 75 First Street - - - Portland, Or.

One of the Greatest Factors

in producing a clear, clean skin and therefore a perfect complexion, is the use



Agreeable

preventives taken in season are much surer than be drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver, Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Head-Racking Colds or Fevers. Syrup of Figs is

Mild and Sure,

pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable stances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have it invaluable. Taken regularly in small doses its will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

Manufactured by

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP COMPANY

For Sale by all Druggists.

DRINK NAPA SODA

WHY

Because it is
Healthful,
Refreshing,
Palatable and
Invigorating
Beverage.

Because it
MAKES
THE BIG
LEMON
ON EACH

Because it is
unexcelled a
Table Water.

Because it aids Digestion and cures
Dyspepsia and Rheumatism.

IT APPEALS TO YOU

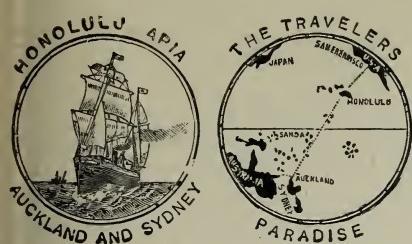
AND I want to be taken into your Household

SAYS I want to be taken in your Classified Advertisements

TO I want to be taken in the morning news

FAMILIES I want to be taken in a Lemonade Stand

Delivered in Boxes containing 2 Dozen Quart Bottles
from Office, 619 HOWARD ST., S. F.



The Wonderlands of the Great Pacific

Hawaii,

Samoa,

New Zealand and

Australia

ARRIVED REACHED ONLY

BY THE

splendid American Steamers
OF THE

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

petual Spring. Rarest Tropical Luxuriance
A Traveler's Paradise.

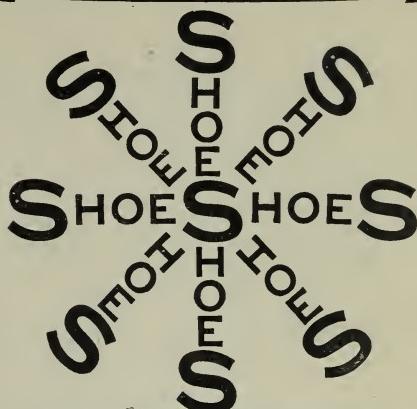
Kilanea, on Hawaii, the largest active Volcano in the World.
round trip tickets to Honolulu at \$125.00. Through
ets to Auckland or Sydney allow stop-overs at Sand-
Islands and Samoa. Send 10 cents in Postage
ips for "Kilauea," a pamphlet of exquisite photo-
vures. Address:

J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.

GENERAL AGENTS,

4 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

The Largest Shoe House on this Coast



San Francisco Shoe House

931 & 933 MARKET STREET, (OPPOSITE MASON)

WITH BRANCH FOR

MEN'S AND BOYS' SHOES

AT 906 MARKET STREET

"The Oakland" Shoe House

1059 & 1061 Washington Street
Oakland, Cal.

With its branches at Berkeley and Alameda, are all first
class Shoe Houses — up-to-date in every particular, with
Fine Footwear at Moderate Prices.

G. E. FAIRCHILD, President & Manager

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVII.

No. 160.

SECOND SERIES.

FRONTISPICE.—By Balboa's Sea.....	353
FRONTISPICE.—Nevada. Alice Gray Cowan.....	354
Pen Sketch by Boeringer.	
FRONTISPICE.—"Lily.".....	355
Painting by Henry Raschen.	
FRONTISPICE.—A Samoan Village "Tapo".....	356
Painting by J. D. Strong.	
LET TALKED IN THE SANCTUM. By the Editor.....	357
ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY SAN FRANCISCO PAINTERS. II.—HENRY RASCHEN.	
Pierre N. Boeringer.....	361
Pictures by Raschen, Pen Sketches by Tebbs and Lewis.	
RUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST. XI.—UNCLE ROCHE'S WILL. James H. Lawrence.....	369
Illustrated by Boeringer.	
TOWN'S BRIDE. E. A. Robinson.....	374
Sketches by Dixon.	
CALIFORNIA'S EXHIBIT AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION. J. A. Filcher.....	387
Illustrated from Photos.	
DEATH BEFORE MATURITY. Francis E. Sheldon.....	401

(Continued on next page.)

CONTENTS—CONTINUED.

A WAYSIDE HARVEST. <i>L. B. Bridgman</i>	<i>Sketches by Boeringer.</i>
THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS. Book II, x-xi. <i>Horace Annesley Vachell</i>	
BUTTE COUNTY AND THE NORTHERN CITRUS BELT. <i>S. G. Wilson</i>	
INTERNATIONAL BIMETALLISM. <i>John J. Valentine</i>	
THE STUDY OF HISTORY. <i>Thomas R. Bacon</i>	
PIGRAMS. <i>Charles P. Nettleton</i>	
DEFENDERS OF THE UNION. <i>Frank Elliott Myers</i>	
Illustrated from Photos.	
ETC.....	
BOOK REVIEWS	

Overland Monthly Publishing Company

San Francisco: Pacific Mutual Life Building

The Pacific Coast: San Francisco News Co.
New York and Chicago: The American News Co.

Eastern Advertising Agent, Frank E. Morrison, { 500 Temple Court, New York
514 Boyce Building, Chicago

[Entered at San Francisco Post-office as Second-class Matter.]

Illustrated Lecture FOR 1896

BY ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN, M. L.

Member of the Royal Asiatic Society; late U. S. Consul at Singapore and Barmen, Germany; late Worlds' Fair
missioner for the Straits Settlements and Borneo; Ex-Commissioner of the Smithsonian
Institution, and Editor OVERLAND MONTHLY.

SUBJECTS: 1. "MALAYA AND THE SULTAN OF JOHORE."
2. "BORNEO, AND RAJAH BROOKE."

(Each illustrated by 100 recent views.)

Address for Terms

MANAGER, OVERLAND MONTHLY,
508 MONTGOMERY ST., SAN FRANCIS

ED. E. HILL, President.

CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, 1st Vice-President.

WM. CORBIN, Sec'y and Gen'l

CONTINENTAL

Incorporated under the laws of the State of California.

California Title Insurance and Trust Co., Trustee,
Holding Securities and Funds of the Association.

Building and Loan Ass

HOME OFFICE, CALIFORNIA AND SAN SIMEON STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

An investment in our "Mutual Savings Installment Deposit Shares" is the safest, st
and most profitable investment known to modern finance.

Our Money is loaned as fast as received. Write to the Association for full particulars.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

Of the volumes recommended by the California State Board of Education for use in the Fifth and Sixth Reader Grade, the following are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

- GROUP I** WHITTIER'S MABEL MARTIN, AND OTHER POEMS. Riverside Literature Series, No. 5, paper, 15 cents.
 HOLMES'S GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE, AND OTHER POEMS. Riverside Literature Series No. 6, paper, 15 cents.
 BURROUGHS'S BIRDS AND BEES. Riverside Literature Series No. 28, paper, 15 cents.
 HANS ANDERSEN'S STORIES. Riverside Literature Series Nos. 49 and 50; each number, paper, 15 cents; the two numbers, together in linen, 40 cents.
GROUP II MILLER'S BIRD-LOVER IN THE WEST. Teachers' price, \$1.06.
 TORREY'S BIRDS IN THE BUSH. Teachers' price, \$1.06.
 LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE. Riverside Literature Series No. 1, paper, 15 cents; linen, 25 cents.
 WHITTIER'S SNOW-BOUND, AMONG THE HILLS, SONGS OF LABOR, AND OTHER POEMS. Riverside Literature Series No. 4, paper, 15 cents; linen, 25 cents.
 WARNER'S A-HUNTING OF THE DEER, AND OTHER PAPERS. Riverside Literature Series No. 37, paper, 15 cents; linen, 25 cents.
 LONGFELLOW'S COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH; ELIZABETH. Riverside Literature Series No. 2, paper, 15 cents; linen, 25 cents.
GROUP III LOWELL'S VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL, AND OTHER POEMS. Riverside Literature Series No. 30, paper, 15 cents.
 WEBSTER'S FIRST BUNKER HILL ORATION, AND ADAMS AND JEFFERSON. Riverside Literature Series No. 58, paper, 15 cents.
 DICKENS'S CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. Riverside Literature Series No. 58, paper, 15 cents.

Circulars, giving a complete list of the complementary reading books, and selections, referred to in the New California State Reading Books, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will be sent on application.

A descriptive circular, giving the table of contents and price of each number of the Riverside Literature Series, will be sent to any address on application.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

4 Park Street, Boston; 11 E. Seventeenth Street, New York; 158 Adams Street, Chicago.

ANY TWELVE CONSECUTIVE ISSUES OF THE OVERLAND MONTHLY will give more general information about matters pertaining to life and history on the Pacific Coast, illustrated and descriptive, than any other publication in America.

"Distinctly a clever book."
—Chicago Tribune.



"Few works of the day contain more that is worth reading."
—Chicago Record.



"Interesting and clever."
—The Argonaut.



"Unfalteringly entertaining."
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

As a Special
inducement
this volume
will be
sent with a
three months
subscription
to . . .
THE ECHO
for \$1.00

The Echo is the
foremost humorous
and artistic
fortnightly in
America, and con-
tains regularly
4 or more pages of
Jester-Lore

The Hit of the Season

A Novel of
To-Day, by
Percival Pollard,

CAPE OF STORMS

WITH COVER design (in red, white and black) by WILLIAM H. BRADLEY and title page by JOHN SLOAN. A limited edition on hand-made paper

The most artistically finished volume ever presented at so popular a price: 75 cents.

The right to advance this price is reserved.

THE ECHO, Chicago.

THE GREAT MAGAZINE

A FEW good things:

Well Worn Trails.¹

By Rounsevelle Wildman, M. L., being a series of outdoor articles on the State in which we live.

"Santa Barbara," "Capay Valley," "The Geysers," "The Redwoods," "Santa Monica and Mt. Lowe," "Del Monte and Monterey," and "The Petrified Forest," which have already appeared, will be followed by

"Los Angeles," "Mendocino," "The Yosemite," "Castle Crags," "Lake Tahoe." "Santa Cruz."

The Fear of Japanese Competition.

By W. H. Mills, Esq.

A powerful arraignment of the calamity-howlers who are making political capital out of the threat of a Japanese commercial competition.

Overland Monthly August 1895.

COPIES OF THIS POSTER MAY BE HAD FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

explored Regions of the Higher Sierra.

1. The Sources of the San Joaquin.
2. The Sources of King's River.
3. The Grand Cañon of the Tuolumne,
etc., etc.

This series of eight papers will cover a section of the State never before explored, and will contain photographs and surveys made by the OVERLAND'S author-explorer. Mr. Solomons has done for the Higher Sierra between Yosemite and King's River Cañon what John Muir and Clarence King accomplished for Yosemite and King's River Cañon.

Ripple Creek and the New Gold Fields.

By Staff Writers.

Two of the OVERLAND'S Staff are now in this wonderful Colorado Gold Field preparing the most complete and trustworthy account ever published.

historic Sonoma.

By Charles S. Greene.

A beautifully illustrated review and description of Sonoma County and its charming cities—Santa Rosa, Cloverdale, Healdsburg, and Petaluma. The coming trus region of the Coast.

ducational Articles.

By Presidents Kellogg and Jordan, Professors Branner, Brown, Bacon, Pierce, Pennell, Crosby, and Hudson.

This series of articles is in line with the OVERLAND'S great circulation among Public Schools of the State, and will be made of the greatest helpfulness to others, as well as interest to the public.

he Study of the Classics.

By Prof. Edw. B. Clapp, Ph. D.

Pioneer School—San Francisco College.

By Arthur Inkersley LL. B.

Essays, Stories, and Poems, by Irving M. Scott, Wm. H. Mills, Senator Wm. M. Wart, Horace Annesley Vachell, Batterman Lindsay, Rounsevelle Wildman, John P. Irish, Gen. Lucius H. Foote, Joaquin Miller, Herbert Bashford, Charles Warren Stoddard, John J. Valentine, Charles S. Greene, and others.

¹ (Back numbers containing these articles can be had on application.)

OF THE PACIFIC COAST

THE LIVING METHOD FOR LEARNING

How to Think in French.

The most successful means yet devised for learning and teaching how to speak French.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.00.

"I am sure the book will accomplish precisely what is set to be its purpose." — Prof. James W. Bright, Johns Hopkins University.

"You have done a great and beautiful work in the publication of your manuals." — Bishop John H. Vincent, Chancellor of Chautauqua.

How to Think in German.

Sent, post-paid,
on receipt of
\$1.50.

"As a practical book to aid in quickly acquiring the power of correct and fluent speaking of the German language, this work has no equal." — Scientific American, Nov. 11, 1893, p. 316.

How to Think in Spanish.

Sent, post-paid,
on receipt of
\$1.50

"The learner is not obliged to think of rules or of English words when he wishes to speak Spanish." — N. Y. School Journal.

Prof. C. F. KROEH, Author & Publisher

Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J.

THE POSTER CRAZE

• •

THE limited edition, artist-signed posters published by the OVERLAND MONTHLY may be had at the following prices :

1895—L. Maynard Dixon, the Haleakala, June, or Hawaiian Poster (out of print) is quoted at.....	\$
November Poster (Dixon)	
December " (Dixon)	
The October (Boeringer)	
1896—January (Dixon)	
February (Boeringer)	

Posters will be furnished Poster Collectors (not subscribers) during month of issue at ten cents each, in tube, postage prepaid. To collectors who are subscribers the posters will be sent each month for 25c extra per year to postage, if requested when subscribi

Next to the OVERLAND

The Midland Monthly Is Your Home Magazine

The Pacific States are filled with men and women from the Middle-Western States. Midland Monthly Magazine pictures the old middle-western life so familiar to all such, life in the New Middle-West, with its astonishing growth and development.

Its Descriptive Papers, Stories, Poetry, Midland War Sketches, Representative Men Series, Home Themes, Literary, Economic and Educational Papers, Cash Prizes for Stories, Poems, Etc., —with its splendid typography and profuse illustrations—all together make a magazine every way representative of the Middle-West, and one which, as such, is finding many delighted readers both in the far East and in the far West.

Send 10 cents postage for a late copy. Price, \$1.50 a Year. Address

JOHNSON BRIGHAM, Publisher

The Midland Monthly, DES MOINES, IOWA

OUR NEW SPECIALTIES

IRIDIUM PHOTOGRAPHS

PLATINUM PHOTOGRAPHS

BAS-RELIEF PHOTOGRAPHS

The only gallery in the world making Iridium and Bas-Relief Photographs. The highest achievement in photography.

A RAISED PHOTOGRAPH

Bringing out the prominent features of the person. A most marvelous result. The picture stands in relief like the living person.

Taber

121 Post St., Bet. Kearny St. and Grant Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

Webster's International Dictionary



Invaluable in Office, School, and Home.

Send a Postal
for Specimen Pages, etc.

Standard of the U. S. Supreme Court, all the State Supreme Courts, the U. S. Gov't Printing Office, and of nearly all Schoolbooks. Warmly commended by every State Superintendent of Schools.

THE BEST FOR PRACTICAL PURPOSES, BECAUSE

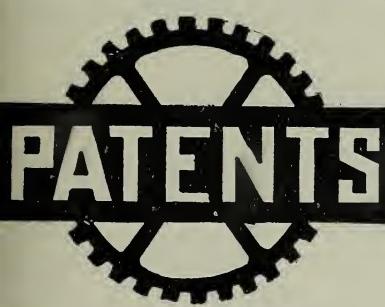
It is easy to find the word wanted.—Words are given their correct alphabetical places, each one beginning a paragraph.

It is easy to ascertain the pronunciation.—The pronunciation is indicated by the ordinary dia-critically marked letters used in the schoolbooks.

It is easy to trace the growth of a word.—The etymologies are full, and the different meanings are given in the order of their development.

It is easy to learn what a word means.—The definitions are clear, explicit, and full, and each is contained in a separate paragraph.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.



BOONE & MURDOCK,

214 Pine Street, San Francisco.

PATENTS FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent is obtained. Write for *Inventor's Guide*.

LAWYERS' DIRECTORY

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. W. FOOTE

310 PINE STREET

HENRY H. DAVIS

420 CALIFORNIA STREET

J. J. LERMEN AND JULIUS KAHN

310 PINE STREET

T. C. COOGAN

310 PINE STREET

WM. H. H. HART

ROOMS 149-152 CROCKER BUILDING

G. A. DANZIGER

21 CROCKER BUILDING

PAUL P. BERNHARD & CO.

P. O. Box 214,

UBBER STAMPS

STENCILS AND SEALS

134 MONTGOMERY STREET



ESTABLISHED 1850

TELEPHONE NO. 43

N. GRAY & CO.

UNDERTAKERS

641-643-645 SACRAMENTO STREET, corner Webb

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY

SAN FRANCISCO

ONE DOLLAR IS ALL IT COSTS PER YEAR,

FOR THE NEW MAGAZINE-REVIEW,

"TO-DAY," THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS REVIEW AT A LOW PRICE

WE WILL SEND "TO-DAY" TWO MONTHS ON TRIAL

FOR TEN CENTS. Frederick A. Bisbee, Pub.,
1628 MASTER ST., PHILA., PA.

53RD SEMI-ANNUAL
STATEMENT OF

THE UNION SAVINGS BANK OF OAKLAND, CAL.

(SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL BANK)

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DECEMBER 31, 1895.

Capital Fully Paid	\$300,000	Surplus	\$90,000
Deposits to December 31, 1895			\$3,002,693.19

J. WEST MARTIN, President

WM. G. HENSHAW, Vice-President

A. E. H. CRAMER, C.

—BOARD OF DIRECTORS—

J. WEST MARTIN	WM. G. HENSHAW	THOS. PRATHER	S. HUFF	R. S. FARRELLY
A. A. MOORE	HIRAM TUBBS	C. E. PALMER	H. W. MEEK	HERMAN A. TUBBS
				THOMAS CR.

Rates Paid on all Savings Deposits, $4\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. per Annum.

This Bank has added a Commercial Department to its former business and is now transacting a general banking business as a Savings and Commercial Bank.

The Anglo-Californian Bank

(LIMITED.)

LONDON OFFICE,	3 ANGEL COURT
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE,	N. E. COR. SANSCOME AND PINE STREETS

Authorized Capital Stock,	\$6,000,000
Subscribed,	3,000,000
Paid in,	1,500,000
Surplus,	700,000

REMAINDER SUBJECT TO CALL.

DIRECTORS IN LONDON

RIGHT HON. H. H. FOWLER, M. P.,	E. H. LUSHINGTON,	ISAAC SELIGMAN,
JOSEPH SEBAG,	J. SIMON,	
J. SIMON, Managing Director, London.		

BILLS OF EXCHANGE, COMMERCIAL and TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT Issued, Collections made, and Stocks, Bonds and Bullion Bought and Sold on most favorable terms.

MANAGERS IN SAN FRANCISCO

IGNATZ STEINHART	P. N. LILIENTHAL
A. L. SELIGMAN, Assistant Cashier	

Expert . . .
Accountant *

RICHARD H. GREY

ROOM 19

References: Mexican Central Railroad Co., Mexico; I. S. Van & Co., S. F.; Don Alejandro Norrell, Guatemala; Don Antonio F. S. F.; A. Arnold, Esq., Sec. Hawley Bros. Hardware Co. S. F.

At $\frac{1}{4}$ Price

Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Buggies, Harness, Farm & Blacksmith Tools, Engines, Boilers Mills, Scales of all Varieties and 1000 other Articles. Lists Free. CHICAGO SCALE CO. Chicago, Ill.

Royal Exchange Assurance

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1720

Cash Assets,	\$ 20,000
Losses Paid,	180,000

ROBT. DICKSON, Manager

NATHAN & KINGSTON, AGENTS
401 Montgomery Street.

:: BANK SAFES ::

Diebold Safe and Lock Co.

LATEST IMPROVED

AUTOMATIC BOLT WORK,

C. B. PARCELLS, SOLE AGENT

No. 6 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO

Second-hand Safes taken in exchange, and Safes repaired.

Standard Scales. Bicycles and Repairs.

Lurline Salt Water Bath

CORNER LARKIN AND BUSH STREETS
SAN FRANCISCO

THE GREAT PLUNGE
...Emptied Every Night...

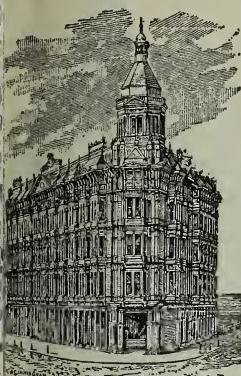
Private Tub Baths

Russian Steam

HOTEL FAIRMOUNT

BEN F. TRUE, Proprietor

Union Market, Fell, and Polk Sts. San Francisco, Cal.



First-Class Family
and Commercial
Hotel



Newly Furnished with
all Modern Im-
provements



Elevator, Electric Bells,
Fire Alarms, Etc.

Rooms \$1.50 per day and upwards. Special rates by the
th or week. Telephone, South 677.



D \$2.00 for 100
OU "DOMINOES"
TOKE? The Finest
fragrant, absolutely pure tobacco, no artificial flavors.
Prepaid anywhere in U. S.
anteed satisfactory.
to box (12), postpaid, 30 cts. EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., Wheeling, W. Va.

MILLARD HOTEL,
OMAHA, NEB.

J. E. MARKEL & SON, Proprietors.

First-Class in all its Appointments. Centrally located
RATES, \$3.00 to \$5.00 PER DAY.

 HE delicious mountain air and water;
and the grand scenery of the Sierra,
with every comfort for tourist and
invalid are found in perfection, at

FREEMAN'S HOTEL, Auburn, Placer Co., Cal.**ST. JAMES HOTEL,**
SAN JOSE, CAL.

225 Rooms, Single or En Suite
ELEVATOR

American Plan. Rates, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day. Parlors
and rooms with bath extra.

Coach and Carriage at depot on arrival of all trains

Stage Office to LICK OBSERVATORY**Brushes**

For Barbers, Bakers, Boot-blacks, Bath-houses, Billiard Tables, Brewers, Bookbinders, Canners, Candy-makers, Dyers, Flour Mills, Foundries, Laundries, Paper-Hangers, Printers, Painters, Shoe Factories, Stablemen, Tarn-roofers, Tanners, Tailors, etc. BUCHANAN BROTHERS Brush Manufacturers, 609 Sacramento Street.

GRAND HOTEL**THE BEST HOTEL IN UKIAH CITY, CAL.**

* All Stages Arrive at and Depart from this House *

**BAGGAGE OF GUESTS CONVEYED FREE OF CHARGE TO AND FROM TRAINS****B. S. HIRSCH, PROPRIETOR****Louis Roederer Champagne***Three Kinds, all of Equal Excellence***BRUT, an Extra Dry Wine****GRAND VIN SEC, a Dry Wine****CARTE BLANCHE, a Rich Wine****THE HIGHEST GRADE****IN THE WORLD**

Used by all the leading clubs, hotels and restaurants,
and may be had of all first-class grocers and wine merchants.

Macondray Bros. & Lockard

124 SANOME ST.

SOLE AGENTS PACIFIC COAST

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

**Security
Liberal Terms
Profitable Returns**

ASSURED BY THE "UP-TO-DATE"
POLICIES OF

**The Pacific Mutual
Life Insurance Co.**



The Only California Company

Best and Safest Legal Organization
for Policy Holders

**ORGANIZED 1868
CLAIMS PAID OVER \$7,000,000**

LIFE POLICIES—Combining protection with investment

ENDOWMENT BONDS—Producing specified returns

ANNUITIES

ACCIDENT POLICIES—Superior in benefits and conditions

KILGARIF & BEAVER, General Agents Life Department for California
F. W. VOOGT & BRO., Pacific Coast General Agents, Accident Department

PACIFIC MUTUAL BUILDING

**N. E. Cor. Montgomery and Sacramento Streets
SAN FRANCISCO**

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

or the Best Value in
HATS or CAPS, go to

C. HERRMANN & CO. THE HATTERS

328

Bearny Street

NEAR PINE

Entire Building)



The ONLY Manufactur-
ing Retailers on
the Coast.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue,
mailed free.

REMOVED
DOMESTIC
THE LIGHT RUNNING
ing Machines and Paper Patterns
FROM POST STREET
TO
21 MARKET STREET
Between 6th and 7th Streets.

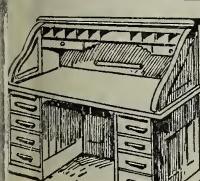


best Sanitary Appliances
Fine Plumbing Material

WM. F. WILSON
PLUMBER

TELEPHONE No. 5531

FINE . AND . SANITARY . PLUMBING
204 STOCKTON ST. OPPOSITE UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

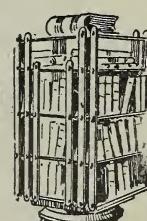


Geo. H. Fuller
Desk Company

MANUFACTURERS

638 & 640 MISSION STREET

San Francisco
Cal.





NOW IT ONLY TAKES ONE MAN

Well dressed and up to date to convince you that H. S. Bridge & Co. are the best Tailors in San Francisco.

IN OLDEN TIMES

You will remember that it was said and currently believed to be true that

IT TOOK NINE TAILORS TO MAKE A MAN

In matters of dress H. S. Bridge & Co. do not need this amount of assistance, but will make a man of you on short notice without outside help.

SHIRTS TO ORDER a specialty

622 Market Street,
UP STAIRS.

California Enterprise.

Factory: Novato, Marin Co. California.
WESTERN AMERICAN BRANDS SAN FRANCISCO

Main Office:
No. 330 Pine Street
San Francisco.

Manufacturers of the Finest Quality of

Sweetened and Unsweetened
Condensed Milk

Bear in Mind

ARE YOU USING WELLINGTON'S IMPROVED EGG FOOD FOR POULTRY?



IF NOT,
WHY NOT? SEEDS { Alfalfa Grass
Clover, Vegetable
Fruit and Every
Variety of

Every Grocer,
Every Druggist
Sells It. B. F. WELLINGT
425 Washington St., San Francisco



BYRON MAUZY, 308-314 Post SAN FRANCISCO

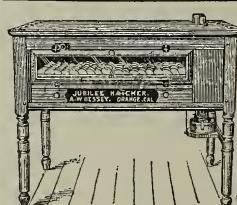
WHICH CATALOGUE SHALL SEND

Mandolins, Violins, Violin Music
Violin Cases, Violin Bows, Banjo
Banjo Music, Guitars, Guitar Music
Flutes, Flute Music, Cornets, Cornet Music, Harmonicas

O. C. STORY, 26 Central Street, Boston, Mass.



GERMEA
The Monarch of Breakfast Foods
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO. Sole Agent



JUBILEE INCUBATORS AND BROODERS

Are acknowledged to be the most reliable on the market. Don't buy till you have investigated this wonderful machine. Catalogues Address

JUBILEE INCUBATOR ORANGE

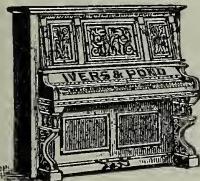
COMPARISON INVITED.

We Unhesitatingly Assert that **CHICKERING PIANOS** as Now Constructed are Superior to all other Pianos manufactured, and absolutely **CONQUER ALL COMPETITION.**

We call special attention to our Grands as the Finest Examples of the Piano Makers' Art.

CHICKERING & SONS,
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. 791 Tremont St., BOSTON.

IT WILL PAY YOU



KOHLER & CHASE

28 & 30 O'Farrell Street

IF YOU WANT A

ANO OR AN ORGAN

Or any other MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

Mention that you saw Ad in Overland



aimes Bros.' Piano

PATTI'S PREFERENCE

ALSO RENOWNED

ush & Gerts Piano

L. BANCROFT & CO., 324 Post St., S. F.

SHEET MUSIC.

20,000 PIECES Sheet Music, one cent a copy. Bargains in new and second hand Pianos. Agents for the celebrated

HARDMAN & LA GRASSA
PIANO

STATHAM & CO.

106 McAllister St., S. F.

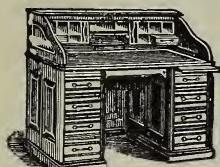
WE WANT TO SEND YOU OUR
PIANO BOOK
•FREE•

A NEW SOUVENIR

work of art illustrated in Ten Colors, Worth its Weight in Gold. We pay charges and send it **FREE**, all you have to do is to ask for it to-day please. Remember this is the old established house of CORNISH & CO., the only firm in the world selling exclusively from Factory to Family direct. A single instrument at wholesale price. We save you from \$25 to \$250. Write at once to **CORNISH & CO.**, (Estab. 30 yrs.) Box A, Washington, New Jersey.

OFFICE, BANK and SCHOOL FURNITURE

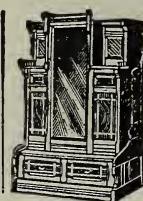
76 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.



FINE BANK, OFFICE AND LIBRARY FITTINGS, DESKS, CHAIRS, ETC.

MANUFACTURED BY
A. H. ANDREWS & CO.

215 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.



Upright Cabinet
FOLDING

* * * BED.

Numerous Styles.

Adjustable Cable Suspension Spring.
Guaranteed not to Sag.



SCHOOL SEATS
OF ALL DESIGNS

OPERA AND CHURCH SEATS

—* Send for Illustrated Catalogues. —*

C. F. WEBER & CO.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
PACIFIC COAST.

UNION CLUB BUILDING,

AND

Cor. Post & Stockton Sts. 229 SECOND STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PORTLAND, OR.

BONESTELL & CO.

PAPER

WAREHOUSE

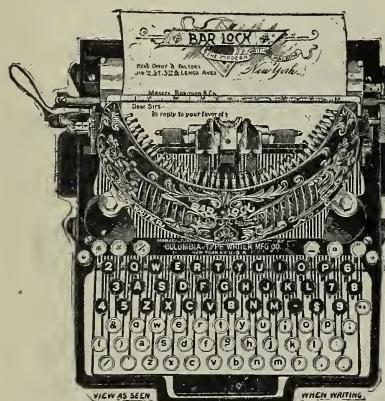
All kinds of Printing and Wrapping Paper
401 & 403 Sansome Street San Francisco

MRS. H. M. CASTILLAR,

Book and Pamphlet Binders

605 MONTGOMERY ST.

Work Promptly Done at Low Prices.



THE BAR-LOCK TYPEWRITER

The New Nos. 6 and

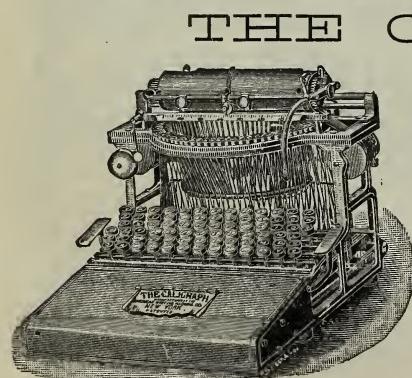
Will do more work in a given time than any other Type writer.
Will do more work for a longer period than any other Type writer.
Will do more work automatically than any other Type writer.
Will do more manifolds with less effort than any other Type writer.
Will do more kinds of work accurately than any other Type writer.

THE COLUMBIA TYPEWRITER MANUFACTURERS

Head Office and Factory

116th St., 5th and Lenox Avs., New York, U. S.

SCOTT & BANNAN, Pacific Coast Agents
321 Montgomery Street San Francisco



THE CALIGRAPH

TIME HAS PROVED

That for honest, reliable and absolutely satisfactory work under all circumstances, CALIGRAPH stands at the head.

“It Outlasts them all”

For descriptive Catalogue, prices and terms, address
AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO.
237 Broadway, New York

OR

UNITED TYPEWRITER & SUPPLIES
AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST,
413 Montgomery Street San Francisco

EDUCATIONAL

Summer School for Boys

MOUNT TAMALPAIS MILITARY ACADEMY

Summer Session at Blue Lakes,
Lake County, Calif.

EIGHT WEEKS—June 10th to August 4, 1896.

—For the entertainment and care of boys.
—For the Instruction of those who wish to make up back
work, or to prepare for Fall examinations.
charge for the session will be \$85; for a shorter period \$12
ek. Payable in advance. Instruction fifty cents per hour.

ARTHUR CROSBY, A. M.
Headmaster.

ael.



TEACH BY MAIL

rayon, Pastel, India Ink, Water
color and Oil Portrait Painting by
new copyrighted method. I give diploma
each student and secure paying situation
all graduates. Does not require special
talent; a child can learn. **My terms and**
prices are within reach of all. If you
wish to learn a good profession by which you
can make money at any place and at any time,
if you wish to make money in spare time, or
parents want children to learn a profession,
send me a postal to-day; it will bring
instruction by return mail; also, terms
parties wishing to come to my school,
have been established in this city since 1882.
Offer, by permission, to any bank, commercial
agency, or mayor of this city, and to my
agents.

H. A. GRIPP, German Artist,
is owner of Gripp's Art School, Tyrone, Blair Co., Pa.

MISS DANA'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

Morristown, New Jersey, prepares for any College.
Resident native French and German teachers. Advanced
courses in Music and Art. Nearness to New York affords
special advantages. Certificate admits to Smith, Wellesley,
and Baltimore Colleges. Terms, boarding pupils, \$700.

OGONTZ SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,

established in 1850, removed in 1883 from Chestnut
Street, Philadelphia, to Ogontz, the spacious country seat
of Jay Cooke. For circulars apply to Principals, Ogontz
School P. O., Ogontz, Montgomery County, Pa.

VAN NESS YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY

1849 Jackson St., San Francisco, under the ownership
and direction of Dr. S. H. WILLEY, aided by a corps
of twelve teachers. Numbers in the family limited to
twenty-five.

Santa Barbara Business College, Santa Barbara, Cal.

A high class English and Commercial Training School,
with department of Modern Languages. Skilled teachers
and specialists. Write for illustrated catalogue giving
particulars. E. B. HOOVER, Principal.

THE LEADING CONSERVATORY OF AMERICA.

CARL FAELTEN, Director.

Founded by E. Tourjée
in 1853.

New England Conservatory
Franklin Sq., of MUSIC. Boston, Mass.

Send for Prospectus
giving full information.

FRANK W. HALE, General Manager.

OLD BOOK STORE

Books, Magazines and Pamphlets BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special attention given to Literature published on and
relating to the Pacific Coast.

206 POWELL STREET, S. F.

A. A. DALY.

H. L. CURRAN.

RARE BOOKS. CURIOUS BOOKS.

BOOKS OLD. BOOKS NEW.

A choice assortment of *Valuable Books* for libraries to be
had at reasonable prices. Call and make your selections.

H. H. MOORE,

542 California Street.

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.

Our entire stock of Books, comprising all
branches of Literature, at greatly reduced prices.
Send us your list of wants.

KING'S OLD BOOK STORE

15 FOURTH ST., S. F.

IRVING INSTITUTE

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Nineteenth year. Twenty-five Teachers. Seminary College
preparatory and Normal courses.

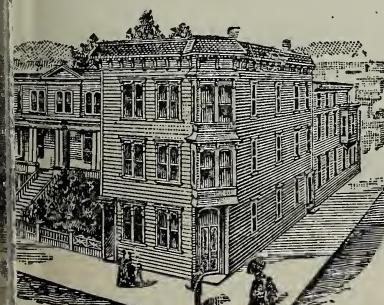
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, with Eleven Professors,
and complete courses for Voice and Instruments.

Primary and Kindergarten department for children
Carriage will call.

For Illustrated Catalogue Address:

REV. Ed. B. CHURCH, A. M., - Principal

1036 VALENCIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO



FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE

ONE OF THE MOST
RELIABLE INSURANCE
COMPANIES IN THE WORLD
LOSSES PAID MORE
THAN \$15,000,000.00
A PROMPT AND
PROGRESSIVE
COMPANY

ASSETS, \$3,200,000.00.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.00.

FIREMAN'S FUND INS. CO.
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA.

ORGANIZED
1863

D. J. STAFF
President
WM. J. DUTTON
Vice-President
BERNARD PAYMONY, P. & S.
J. B. LEVISON,
Marine Secretary
LOUIS WEINMANN,
Ass't Secretary
STEPHEN D. IVES,
Gen. Agent.

**Sponge
Crépon**

If you
want

to know *why* this interlining
is so light and yet keeps stiff
as long as there is a piece
of it, just try to tear off a
bit. It won't tear, but you'll
see the Linen Net Interior
and *that's* the whole secret.
It guarantees the skirt
against sagging, creasing
in the folds or crushing.

Ask for the "Red Sel-
vedge" brand.

Sponge Cloth Mfg Co., Makers
Lockport, N. Y.
Gilbert Mfg. Co.
Sole Agents,
514-516 Broadway,
New York.



The St. Deni

Broadway and Eleventh Street

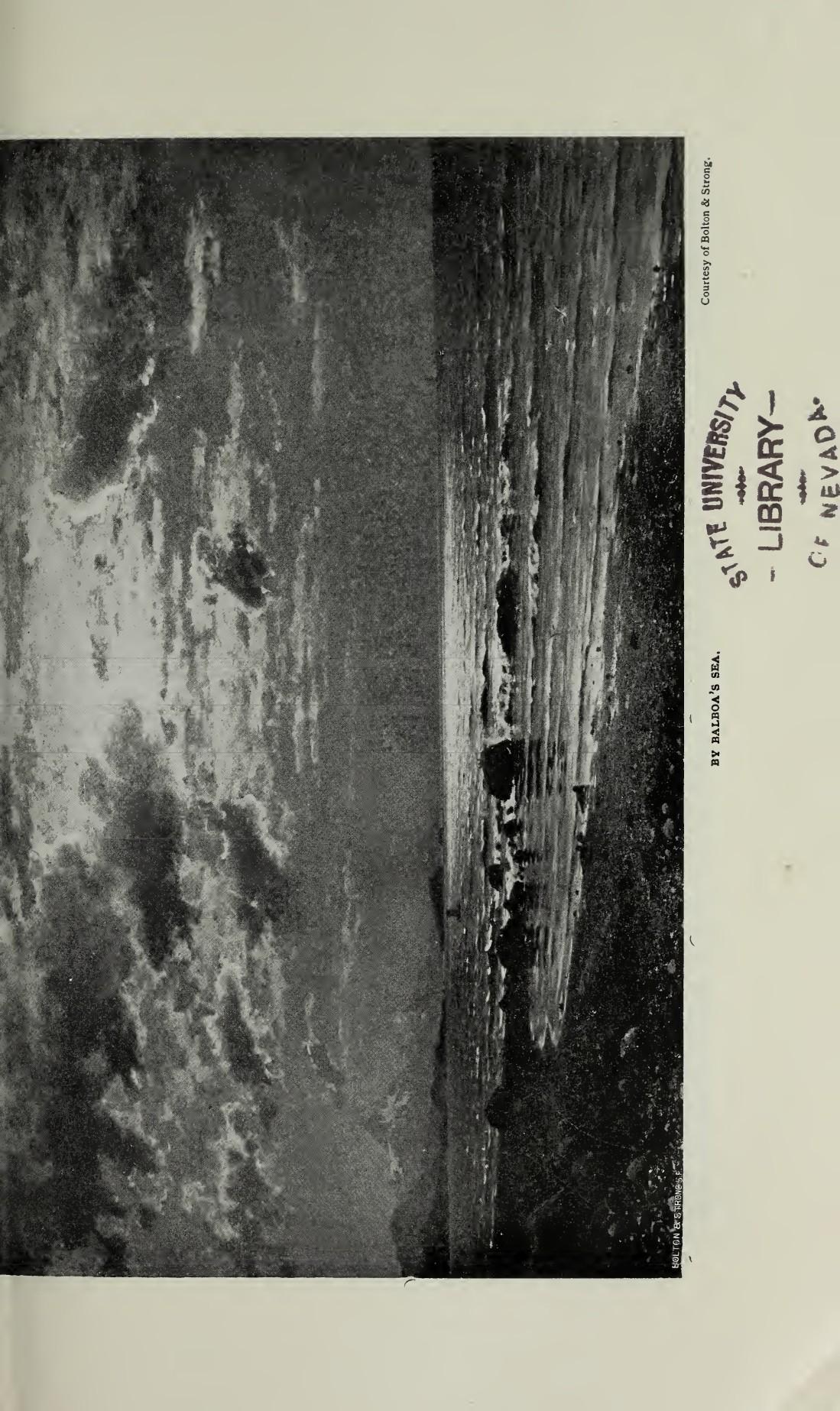
NEW YORK

(Opposite Grace Church)

EUROPEAN PLAN

The great popularity the
Denis has acquired can re-
ily be traced to its uni-
location, its homelike at-
mosphere, the peculiar excelle-
of its cuisine, and its very
moderate prices

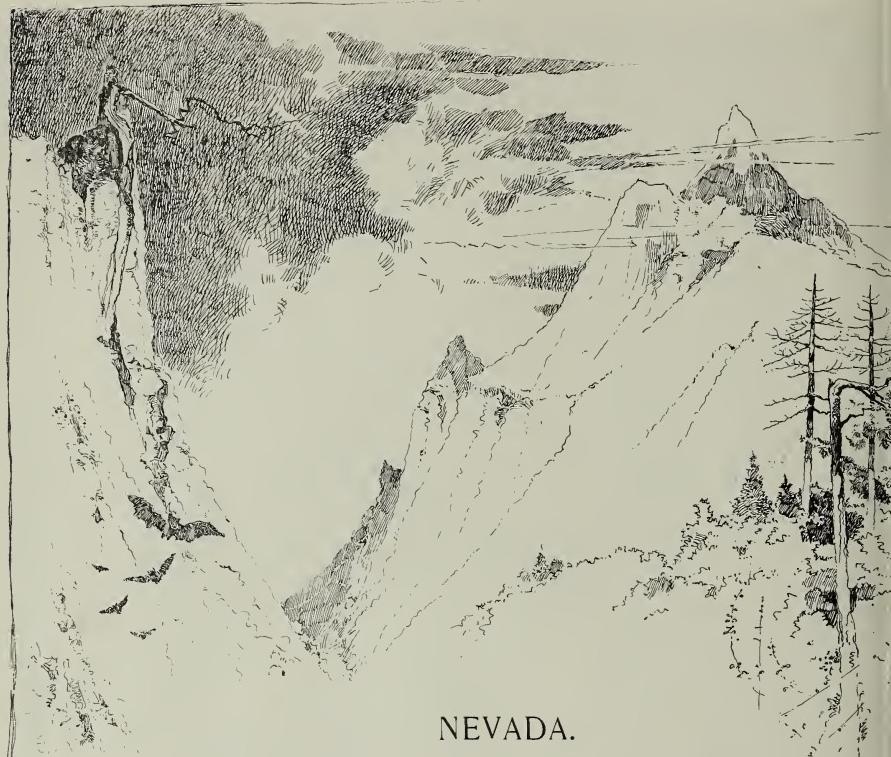
WILLIAM TAYLOR & SONS



Courtesy of Bolton & Strong.

BY BALBOA'S SEA.

STATE UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY—
Cf NEVADA



NEVADA.

*A WEIRD, far-reaching waste of sage and sand,
Unchanging, mute, beneath the varying sky.
Mysterious realm, vast treasures in thee lie :
Snow-crownèd mountains, wrinkled, Sphinx-like,
grand,
Holding thy secrets awful, round thee stand.
Above thy desolation storm clouds fly,
And giant forms in spectral majesty,
Trail their white robes across the dusty land.
In those dark shadows fairest flowers grow ;
Leaping adown thy slopes, the joyous streams
Among the willows of the valley flow, —
In the broad meadows lo ! the water gleams,
And lonely ranches like oases glow,
Gemming with beauty this dull home of dreams.*

ALICE GRAY COWAN.





nted by Henry Raschen.

"LILY."

From "Original Sketches by San Francisco Artists."



Painted by J. D. Strong.

See

A SAMOAN VILLAGE "TAPO."

"I LONG for a palm thatch cover,
Where chattering parrots hover,
I hate these dreary fields and folk,
And sigh for a South Sea lover."

*Charles Warren Stoddard, from "South Sea Bubbles,"
OVERLAND, April, 1872.*

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVII. (Second Series.)—April, 1896.—No. 160.

AS TALKED IN THE SANCTUM.

BY THE EDITOR

“I HAVE been thinking,” remarked the Contributor, as he carefully dusted the leather cushion of his accustomed chair, “that there are many points in common between what we call primeval barbarism and nineteenth century civilization.”

The Artist rather encouraged the Contributor, the Parson, and the Occasional Visitor, in their daily monologues. They did not interfere with his work. But there were times

when they were deemed impertinences by the Editor and the Reader.

“Yes?” remarked the Artist encouragingly.

“Yes,” echoed the Contributor, his eyes glowing with a big idea.

Washington’s Birthday fell on Saturday this year, making two holidays in succession. The Contributor had taken advantage of the summer-like February days in Mount Tamalpais.

The Contributor. “With Adam and Eve or with the islanders of the South, life is made up of a series of gorgeous holidays,—legal holidays with the sun closed,—”

The Artist. “Pardon me one moment,—would you mind raising your arm? I want to get the position of your fingers,—so. Now, go ahead.”

The Poet.

“If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.”

The Contributor. “As we emerge from barbarism, life becomes serious and tragic, and days set apart for pure enjoyment are unknown. Early Christianity

made the Sabbath a day of penance and prayer. As civilization progressed mankind became gentle, an excuse was found for certain lapses from the rigid rules of the fathers. The Puritans would not celebrate their first goodly crops and the peace with the Indians with ungodly Olympian games. They were not fully civilized. They appointed a day of solemn, mirthless feasting. It was a holiday nevertheless. It was a step in the right direction, one that made Thanksgiving foot possible two hundred years later. I thought it all out as I sat on the top of Tam-pais and looked through the golden mists across the Golden Gate toward the great city that was being glad that George Washington lived if for no other reason than that he gave it another holiday."

The Artist. "You can lower your arm. Thanks. Now turn your head trifle. I want to catch the curve of your neck,—good."

The Contributor. "The fierce heat of August and the warm haze of September that ripened the crop of Puritan corn called forth one holiday; the grim, bitter frosts of Valley Forge and the blood of half-starved patriots at Saratoga and Yorktown gave birth to another. Thanksgiving, Fourth of July, Washington's Birthday, Christmas, New Years, Easter, Labor Day, all mark the advance of the race toward the millennium, or if you choose, denote a relapse for a few brief hours into the life when man lived not by the sweat of his brow."

The Occasional Visitor. "You neglect to include the Bohemian High Season in the redwoods. Ah! those glorious holidays in Camp Bohemia among vast red monarchs, where men become boys and the banker unbends to his humble debtor. It would be well if all men for a little space could "take to the woods" like we Bohemians do, and know the delights of getting close to nature and to the hearts of our fellows. Yet it may be possible that it needs trees three hundred feet high and eighteen feet in diameter and many of them, to house four hundred men for a fortnight. And such perfect days, when streamers of light fresco and enamel the woods' leafy roof, or when the fog creeps in from the Pacific and fills all the high arches with a clinging, fleecy mist like clouds of incense. Ah me, Ah me!"

The Poet.

"Who first invented work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down?"

The Contributor. "No one ever accused me of being an Anglo-maniac, but I would that we took in exchange for that slice of Venezuela that Britain covets, Bank Holidays, and shut our banks on Easter Monday, Monday in Whitsun week, first Monday in August, Good Friday, and first Monday in May. Who would be the loser? Not the laborer, who dons his Sunday best, takes his care worn help and family of half grown children off the streets out on the warm sands below Cliff House or among the roses and green things of Golden Gate Park. The sun shine that never enters their damp, cheerless alley finds its way into his heart as he renews his honeymoon and gets in touch with the hunger in his little ones' bellies. His work the next day means something. He has resolved that Tommy and I shall have more holidays than have fallen to his bare lot. Not the Banker, but he discovers that there is other music in life that is as sweet to his ears as the music of the gold that pours over his counter.

"The Parson agrees that the Sabbath is a day of rest — pure and simple — not a day of self mortification. I have had two glorious holidays, Washington

hday and Sunday. I thank the Bible and the statute book for them, and now I ready and willing to go to work."

The Reader. "Then, if the Artist has finished with your neck, possibly you'd not object to holding copy for an hour or so."

HE Contributor ignored the invitation, and we fell to thinking of the holidays of long ago,—of the chain of fadeless Saturdays that began with our first pants and ended on the very threshold of manhood. It is too bad that the Saturday holiday not go on through life. I am sure the longevity of the human race would benefit. Five days a week are enough for schools, why should not they be enough he banks?

Possibly it was the incense of the winter oranges that floated into the open door from the wagon below that brought back the perfume of those autumn holidays in black berrying time. Just for a moment I grasped the taste of the almost rotten fruit that grew so luscious among the blackened logs under the scarlet oaks. We were small epicures, every one of us. The ordinary berries were put in patent-pails, but the big ones—large as thimbles and sweet and watery as onions—they were our reward. We knew the art of eating them—little end first, firmly, the lips tightly pressed together, the rich wine, cool and pure, slipping readily down our throats. The Contributor's lips trembled reminiscently as I recited it all.

CK and above the grand-paternal homestead towered the "Pinnacle," its dome shorn of trees, only protected from sun and rain by a stunted growth of oak and beech.

Just below its summit, on the further side, in a "slashing" through which the wind had swept years before, grew the biggest and sweetest berries in all Independence Township.

We did not start until the morning sun had absorbed the heavy dews, for our legs and round-about were thin, and our feet bare, and berrying time only lacked two weeks of nutting time and the frosts. With shouts and hellos we were up the steep hill, charging the dozy cattle from their nests and warming our blue toes where we had slept. The little valley with its shimmering creek and Whitesville lay prettily below and Uncle Tob's mill pond, whose fringe of willow and beech cast reflections like the scrawls in our Spencerian copy books. For a moment we rested to catch our breaths, then to loosen a great moss-coated boulder and send it down the log fence and brush heap into the lawnlike meadow, to dull some unfortunate's knee. The Pinnacle did not quite reach the sky, but it came nearer to it as memory holds, than Diablo or Tamalpais.

Into the wild, lonesome patches of windfall and fallow we disappeared. The trees reached above our heads and their gray green thorns found the very spot where our tanned legs left their short pants. There were paths in and about the many black logs that the cows had followed since the great fire when grandfather had his hair singed close to his head in a vain fight to save his buckwheat in the tick lot." They were mysterious, winding paths, matted deep with ash gray grasses, and they led down toward the sugar-bush. When our pails were full,—and as always a surprise how they got so,—we would follow the paths. Sometimes

I was De Soto or again Jack was Hawk Eye. "Hist!"—Hawk Eye would pause his tracks with head lowered and finger raised. A partridge was drumming on a log—"It is a vile Huron! Look to your priming."

Among the resinous needles under a blasted pine we ate our noon-day lunch. The shadow lay close to the foot of the pine, so we knew it was time. As we munched the thick slices of salt-rising bread heavily crusted with shaven maple sugar, we built castles in Spain,—castles of which we were never to possess title-deeds, but castles that were filled with hopes and aspirations that had their silent influence in shaping our young lives. A gray squirrel ran down the limb of a white birch and marked with bright, greedy eyes the spot where each crumb fell.

"When I get to be a man," said Jack, as he softly answered the call of a bird.

Such was our dreaming. The world has been the loser because of the impossibility of his not being able to fulfill that day-dream. Somehow I always pictured him as he would be and not as he is. It is the holiday—free from care or thought—that brings out the beauty and best in man.

So the short autumn day passed. The hot sun overhead only made itself known by a few mesh-like streamers that reached the leaves at our feet. Then as it set itself below the Pinnacle far down the valley of the Cryder, we followed the lengthening shadows along the mountain side, driving the cows with us as we went. The shrill, happy "Whey Boss," and "Coe Boss," woke the echoes across the pastures in the darkening "drafts" beyond.

The Parson. "I feel that I am equal to as many holidays as the law permits, but as a public man I am not allowed to spend them as I choose. I am willing to have the Fourth of July set apart as a distinct political holiday,—with harangues, powder, and brass bands; with Union League and Iroquois Club banquets at night, with noise and fireworks,—but I do object to having every other legal holiday devoted to the same object. Why not hold Washington's Birthday sacred to memory? Make it the school children's holiday, and for once put aside all political antagonisms and class wars. Washington was neither a Republican, Democrat, Populist; he did not belong to the A. P. A.'s or the Y. M. I.'s. He stands as the greatest moral memory in the republic, the conscience of the American people. If we are to have parades, let them be devoid of "Little Red School Houses" and rotten egg throwing. Let them be sweet, quiet reminders of the noble Father of the whole country."

The Office boy had been listening. He took off his spectacles and dusted them carefully.

The Office Boy. "Please, sir, my cousin is visiting me from San Luis. May I have a holiday tomorrow? We want to go to a picnic in the redwoods at Valley."

The Office Boy's petition was timely and it was granted without a dissenting voice.

The Office Boy. "Proof."



AN INDIAN CAMP BY THE WAYSIDE.

ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY SAN FRANCISCO PAINTERS.

II. HENRY RASCHEN.

HENRY RASCHEN was born in Oldenburg, Germany, and as a small boy, emigrated with his parents to Fort Ross, California. He obtained his early education in San Francisco, obtaining his first ideas in the section of painting at the old San Francisco Art Association, and afterwards with the gifted Charles Nahl. Realizing the impossibility of perfecting his art in San Francisco, early in 1875 he decided to go to Munich. There for many years

he was associated with Dannat, Duveneck, William Chase, Walter McEwen, Walter Shirlaw, and Reginald Birch, the artist who illustrated Twain's "Yankee at King Arthur's Court." All these names have since become famous. His teachers were Streihuber, Barth, Loefftz, and Dietz. After finishing these earlier studies, he strolled by easy stages through Italy and France, and returning in course of time, settled in San Francisco.

After eight years' stay in California,



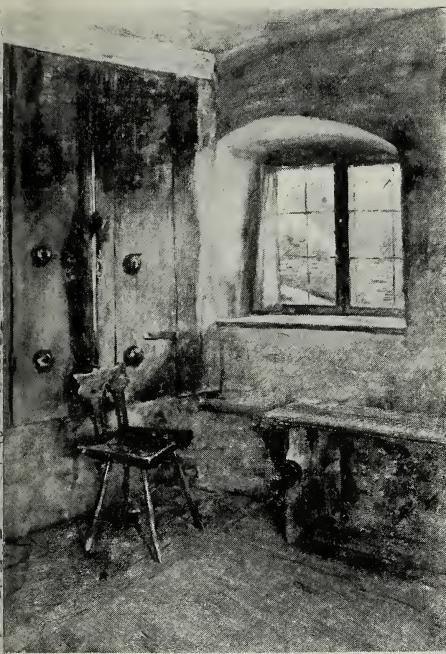
he made his second trip to Munich and Europe generally. Mr. Frank J. Currier was his companion and associate in this trip. Upon his arrival at Munich, Ras-

chen opened a studio, where he met with unqualified success. After obtaining the means by teaching and the sale of his pictures, he spent one year in Naples, three months in Rome, and five months in Florence. Returning thence to Munich, he and five other congenial souls settled in the small village of Etzenhausen, near Dachau. This was an ideal Bohemian existence, and one that was filled with such memories.

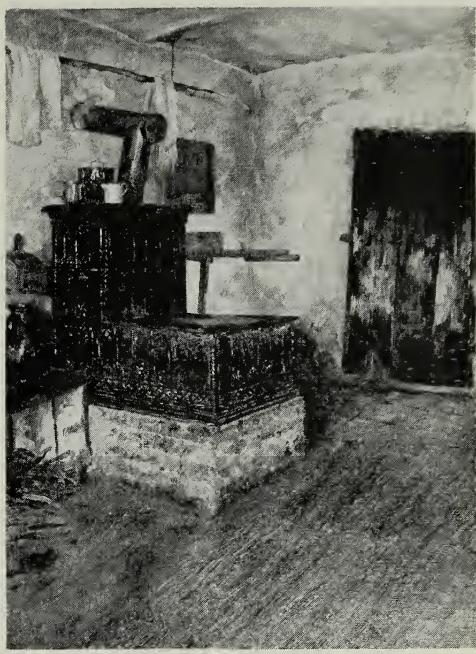
In the landscapes seen from the Dutch windows, the winding streams of the Etzenhausen meadows reached into dim perspectives, and the air was full of the scent of sweet flowers. By common consent Raschen was elected cook of the artist settlement. Smoking haunches of deer and the best "brau" of the neighborhood made life worth living. The yearning for home and America broke up the party after a stay in this ideal spot of nearly seven months. Between his first and second trips to the conti-



STUDY HEADS IN CHARCOAL.



OZY CORNER IN THE OLD STUDIO AT ETZENHAUSEN.



THE OLD OVEN AT ETZENHAUSEN.

Raschen spent most of his time among the California Indians, and all of his studies in this direction show remarkable faithfulness to nature.

C. Von Perbrandt, the landscape painter, accompanied him on all his excursions, and the two were the best known as artists of the early California Indians.

Mr. Raschen's pictures are scattered all over the world. A. K. P. Harmon of Oakland, Tiburcio and Luis Parrott, Doctor Sylvester, and Andrew McFarland Davis, are among his patrons. Mrs. Phoebe Harriet, with her customary generosity, has substantially assisted in placing Mr. Raschen's name in the temple of art.

One of the most remarkable paintings in Mr. Raschen's possession is a por-

trait of Tiburcio Parrott. It is said to be the only painting ever sat for by Mr. Parrott, and by his friends is recognized as a remarkable likeness.

In the picture of "Lily" there is a fine study of sunlight and foliage. The old oven at Etzenhausen is suggestive of



A WELL REMEMBERED SPOT.



STUDY HEAD IN OIL.



CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

pleasant memories, and its companion piece, a corner in the old house, with the slant of sunshine through the old Dutch windows, will throw into rapture



A STUDIO CHUM.



CORINNE, THE ARTIST'S MODEL.



Pen Sketch by Tebbs.

HENRY RASCHEN.

Caricature by Lewis.



A BIT OF STILL LIFE.



ONE OF GRUETZNER'S MONKS.

ver of "bits" of the antique. Every one who has an eye for art has, perhaps, a soul picture of his own, some picture in which his spirit dwells, and where he finds or would find himself particularly at home. One will forget his res while gazing at one of Robinson's a-scapes or one of his inimitable Yosemite landscapes. Another will stand th rapt attention before a Keith; but e simple truthfulness of Raschen's less

elaborate compositions will appeal to more hearts, perhaps, than either of the others mentioned, because of the homeliness and every day sweetness of this work. There are no grand compositions, no great conceptions,—every thing is done with an exactness and truthfulness that is pleasing. There is nothing theatrical, nothing forced. One of the most striking pictures ever painted by Mr. Raschen is now in the possession of Mr.



SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

Rounseville Wildman. Three Fort Ross Indians are grouped around a fire, and in the gloom may be seen the outlines of a wick-i-up. The fire lights the strongly marked faces of the Indians, and the smoke is lost in the general background. It is a weird conception and one that will hold the imagination after picture itself is out of view.

Mr. Raschen's charcoal heads of which we give the monk, the old women, and the other studies, are master-pieces in their way, and illustrate the methods used by Mr. Raschen before committing his ideas to canvas. The old women are especially good studies,—there is none of the usual smoothing and rejuvenating methods used by painters with their subjects. Mr. Raschen is one of the few painters,—Robinson is also one of them,—who has never followed fads or sensa-

tions, he has never attempted a picture because it was fashionable or profitable but simply because it was good and he liked it. There is nothing in his nature that is not akin to what is best and sweetest in life, and while a Bohemian, it is the scenes and faces of home, sweet home, and the pure atmosphere of California's primitive life that appeals to his genius and his brush.

Mr. Raschen is a noted personality, and might himself sit for a Rembrandt or a Van Dyke. A jovial, good-natured face is lighted up by a bright blue eye and garnished by a flowing mustache that would put to shame the hirsute appendages of Rubens. Mr. Tebbs has succeeded in giving us in his pen sketch an admirable portrait of the artist. The expression which is a familiar one to all who know Raschen, is best expressed by the French

d—*goguenard*. Popular among Bohemians, he lives an easy life, happy in the present and caring little for the future. He has the uncommon faculty of being really good at almost any line of the masters' art, his portraits are as well as his landscapes. He is especially busy, perhaps, in catching the effect of California's golden sunshine and pur-

ple shadows. Some of his paintings breathe the very essence of life and the creeping things of earth, the vibrating exhalations of plowed fields, the sentient softness of still landscapes, when buggy wheels have the Sunday squeak and the gray smoke curls lazily from the chimneys and loses itself in the blue sky above.

Pierre N. Boeringer.

TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST. XI.

UNCLE ROCHE'S WILL.



T WAS at Coulterville, Mariposa County, California, one evening in the month of May, 1859, that I first saw Uncle Roche. No great effort of memory is required in reproducing his picture. A tall, gaunt, but sinewy old man reclined in an arm chair on the porch of the City Hotel. The rich tints of sunlight illuminated his strongly marked features and classical head, and with his long straggling locks of gray hair. "There was the look even upon his face that limners to the beloved disciple." It bore aed expression of benevolence, sin-, simplicity, and the entire cata- of Christian virtues.

ere is a picture, by Angelico, which rly hung in the Convent San Marco rence. The subject is "The Cor- n." At the foot of the dais, in a rcle, are the figures of six holy kneeling in a devotional attitude. eads are exceptionally fine and the es expressive of the artist's ideal ristian faith and purity. The most y face in the group would suffer by

comparison with that grand old piece of living statuary embodied in Uncle Roche. A man who could look at him without thinking of the martyrs, saints, and patriarchs, that figure in the history of Christian progress, has a hole in his head where the organ of reverence is located. I involuntarily raised my hat and he gracefully responded. This was our introduction.

Later in the season business again led me to visit the Sierra foothills. It was a midsummer month, and the temperature from early morn till near sunset, at points along the trail between Coulterville and Bear Valley, is a red-hot memory. There is a steep mountain to climb after crossing the Merced, and westerly is a rugged cañon known as "Hell's Hollow." Any man who strikes this locality during the summer months, between ten A. M. and five P. M. will see at once that the name is faintly suggestive of the temperature. Hence it was that my start homeward was made before daylight. There was no moon. The trail down White Gulch to Split Rock Ferry is rough and ugly,—distance, seven miles. About half way to the river it crosses the mouth of a precipitous cañon where the abrupt, naked ledges on each

side overhang the tiny stream with a forbidding, cavernous appearance suggestive of a robber's roost, ambuscades, and all sorts of unpleasant experiences. I was riding a fiery, skittish little California mare. She suddenly reared, snorted, and whirled, giving a jump or two before I could rein her up. Travelers, at that date, carried revolvers. Mine was out and cocked by the time I had my animal headed right. By the uncertain starlight I discerned a man's figure rising and gradually straightening up till it seemed to me to be about eight feet in height.

"Who are you?" I hailed.

"A friend," was the response, in a smooth baritone voice with a touch of brogue. "Me name is Alexander Roche. The b'yes call me Uncle Roche. By ye're spache I take ye to be the gentleman who makes newspapers over in Mariposa."

This settled matters. I dismounted.

"Be quiet, Flora." This to my nervous little mare, who had no relish for meeting strangers on a lonely trail.

We drank together at a cool, clear spring close at hand. Then explanations followed. It appeared that he was tramping it all the way to Mariposa—twenty-five miles—to attend mass. A priest from Sonora made monthly appointments for that purpose with Uncle Roche. It required all my persuasive powers to wring from the old man his consent to mount my little mare.

"That's a foine little animal ye're ridin'. I noticed her whin ye were over a mather of two months back. She ought to run a good bit. It's Flora ye call her. It's a beautiful name, and a game little baste."

He patted her neck and she rubbed her nose against him in a friendly way.

"Now, Uncle Roche, allow me to let out the stirrups to fit your case and then you can mount,—only be careful, for she

has a habit of jumping from under a and leaving him in the road."

"Niver fear that. I've rode man the steeple chase in the ould court and was in Harney's Dragoons in Florida War and later agin in Me Jist hould this little taste of schtict whiles I'm ridin'."

As his foot pressed the stirrup, gave a spring, but the old man lig in the saddle with the grace of a si equestrian, and despite her antics, his seat.

"Be aisly now, Flora,—ye're a d—so ye are."

Then we did the "ride and tie" till we reached our destination.

Four years elapsed. During th terim I had spent a year at journalis new pastures, but after divers vi tudes, swung around the circle and in 1863 established the *Free Press* at old home. It was close to the Christ holidays of that year when I next my friend, Uncle Roche.

The infirmities of old age had beg tell on him. His stature seemed to shrunken. The lines on his face brow had deepened, his eyes were and the ghastly pallor of his compl indicated that the end was not far off. He seemed to be fully aware of his dition, and while seated by my ed table, conversed cheerfully as to the ing event.

"God's will be done," he added

Then he confided to me someth his plans for the immediate future needed good nursing, nourishing foo rest. There were two families in where he could find shelter and the forts of a home.

"I'm thinkin'," he remarked, "will stop at the Union Hotel wi friend, Mrs. Mello. She's a foine —indade she is,—and so kind-hearte attintive to me whin I'm ailin'."



"WHO ARE YOU?"

wid God's blessin' she'll be none
ser by it. Shure, I knew her fam-
ack in Ireland. She's a Murphy,
the Murphys of County Wexford,
e I have an estate, the ould home-
No finer schtock of people in the
ld."

so it came about that Uncle Roche
d at the Union Hotel, and despite
antic efforts of rival claimants for
nors of hospitality, the kind-hearted
ss of the house,—“kin to the Mur-
of County Wexford,”—carried off
rize. It may be mentioned here
he old man had confided to two or
of his lady friends, under a solemn
e of secrecy, something regarding
worldly possessions, and as a natural
quence, the whole town in a quiet
was discussing Uncle Roche's great

wealth. I was boarding at the hotel and it was one of our evening's entertainments to sit out on the porch and chat with Uncle Roche.

Sometime in the midwinter months he took to his bed. The kind-hearted landlady was unremitting in her attentions. Spring chickens were ruthlessly slaughtered and served up in artistic style. She fed him nourishing soups and quail on toast. Milk punches, egg nogs, fine old port wine, and all the little delicacies procurable, were subject to his order. But all too late. He kept sinking. The machinery was worn out. Then the good woman tried the efficacy of prayer. Many a time and often did she kneel by his bed-side and fervently address the Throne of Grace in behalf of the body and soul of Uncle Roche, who counted

his beads, devoutly crossed himself, and made the conventional responses. Then she wept over him. They were real, genuine tears,—copious floods of them,—but, save in a spiritual sense, the prayers and tears availed nothing. On the 6th day of March, 1864, his lamp of life gently flickered out, while the grief-stricken landlady ("kin to the Murphys of Wexford") knelt by his earthly tabernacle and sobbed as if her heart would break.

The mortal remains of Uncle Roche were laid to rest in consecrated ground. His last will and testament, as will be seen by the sequel to this unembellished story, is an important factor in the case. The following is an authentic copy of this extraordinary document, on file among the probate records of Mariposa County.

IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN:—

I, Alexander Roche, of the Town of Mariposa, County of Mariposa, and State of California, being weak in body but of sound, disposing mind, do make, publish, and declare, this my last will and testament in manner following, that is to say:

1st. I give, devise, and bequeath, to my Executrix, hereinafter named, all and singular my property, real and personal, wheresoever situated, and all money belonging to me of which I may be possessed, in trust nevertheless and to and for the following uses and purposes, to wit:—

2d. I direct that all my just debts and funeral expenses be paid.

3d. I give and bequeath to my son, Thomas Roche, in Ireland, the old homestead with its stock, improvements, etc., situate in Coolnchorra, County Wexford, Ireland.

4th. I give and bequeath to the children of my son, Thomas Roche, \$5,000, to be equally divided from the money belonging to me in the Provincial Bank of Eniscorthy.

5th. I give and bequeath to my friend, Mary A. Mello, of Mariposa, State of California, all moneys remaining in the Provincial Bank of Eniscorthy after paying the bequest of \$5,000 heretofore mentioned to the children of my son Thomas; also all moneys belonging to me in the National Bank of Wexford, Ireland; also my Skerry Welch property, now in the hands of Dennis O'Neil of Dublin, Ireland. I also give and bequeath to the said Mary A. Mello all my

real estate and money in bank in New Orleans with the back rents and profits now in the possession of John Neville or his representatives; also my property in Mariposa and Tuolumne Counties, consisting of quartz and placer mine, town lot in Coulterville; also my house and lots and all the rents and profits situate in Tuolumne, Town and County, State of California, and all and every description of property in California belonging to me, or any property to which I may hereafter become the legal heir at law.

I nominate and appoint as Executrix of my last will and testament, my friend Mrs. Mary A. Mello, wife of F. W. Mello of Mariposa, California. It is also my request and desire that my death fifty masses be said for my soul by the Holy Catholic Church, and that my body be buried at or in consecrated ground, and a neat tombstone be placed at my grave, with a desire to be enclosed by an iron railing. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 20th day of February, A. D. 1864.

(Signed) ALEXANDER ROCHE. [SEAL]

Two reputable citizens of Mariposa witnessed the signing of the instrument to which was attached this "Codicil."

It is my wish and desire that my Executrix, Mrs. Mary A. Mello, wife of F. W. Mello, be said, serve without the necessity of bonds.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 5th day of March, 1864.

HIS
ALEXANDER + ROCHE
mark

This will was duly probated before Honorable L. F. Jones (recently deceased) then County Judge, and Mary A. Mello appointed Executrix on the 28th day of March, 1864.

Honorable J. M. Corcoran, now Superior Judge of Mariposa County, selected by the Executrix as her attorney. The rival lawyers of the village were green with envy and indulged in biting comments on "Corcoran's luck." The female members of the family, who were unsuccessful rivals for the pleasure of feeding and nursing Uncle Roche during his last hours, shied away when they passed the fortunate Mello, pointed their noses in anger.

tion, and partially lifted their skirts, other demonstrations of silent contempt that are the acme of voiceless eloquence in a woman that earnestly proposes to snub and crush another woman. Corcoran was an able, industrious, and staking attorney, and took hold of the case with a vim. He set all the requisite machinery of law in operation the lines of investigation. Skilled experts and searchers of records were engaged; powers of attorney and deposits in blank form transmitted, and during the ensuing year the correspondence between Mariposa and those points named in the will was somewhat unprecedented. The net result be briefly summarized.

Uncle Roche never owned any "old stead and stock, improvements, etc., Cullinahorra, County Wexford, Ireland." He did not have \$5,000, nor any sum of money in the "Provincial of Eniscorthy." He never had a cent, nor any other sum in the "National Bank of Wexford, Ireland." His "Ferry Welch" property was the base-fabric of a dream. His "real estate money in bank in New Orleans" faded into thin air before Corcoran's searchlight. His town lot in Coulommiers and mining interests in that neighborhood failed to pan out anything but a fractional portion of a quartz with a shady title. His "Houses lots in Monterey" with their continuing "Rents and profits" were *nil*. This was my beatific vision of saintly Uncle, which I had enshrined in a sacred niche away up among the apostles and martyrs, rudely hurled from its pedestal, its halo of glory in which that face was beamed, with its heavenly luster beaming unfeigned innocence and holiness, dissipated,—brushed aside by the elastic hand of an attorney wielding resistless weapons, facts and fig-

ures, and revealing a cunningly devised practical business scheme. This aged sinner in saintly guise had effectively played the trump card of godliness, the stakes being spring chickens, quail on toast, good nursing and medical attendance, with prayers and tears and fifty masses thrown in. The masses were all fixed. Mrs. Mello ("kin to the Murphys of Wexford") attended to that business, but the impression prevails that the monument and iron railing never materialized.

When the legal fraternity at last understood the real financial status of Uncle Roche's estate, they ceased their sarcastic criticisms on "Corcoran's luck," and with that Satanic disregard of the amenities which characterizes the disciples of Blackstone, changed front and guyed him unmercifully for being taken in by a fraud.

The Judge was kind enough to say that I was the only man who realized any profit from the transaction. He referred to the publication of the legal notices connected with the probate business. The Executrix did make me a tender of the coin for the bill,—the published rates for legal ads being "\$3 a square first insertion and \$1.50 for each subsequent insertion—invariably in advance." The money was declined, but the sum total was placed to the credit of the *Free Press* and my recollection is that it canceled about six weeks of a board bill. When I was in town I never missed a meal. But this failed to compensate me for that dazed and lacerated feeling which followed my misplaced confidence. No man that has not been there can realize the keen anguish experienced by a vain mortal who imagines he is a judge of human nature and an all round physiognomist and gets this kind of a knock-out.

My bitter experience was a lesson which profited me for about three months:

then it faded out, my normal condition returned, and again I was a confiding idiot, ready for self-immolation. Possibly this is better than skulking through the world in a cold-blooded detective fashion, unjustly suspicious of our fellow men.

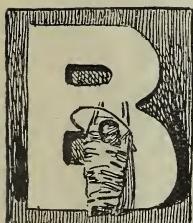
The ministering angel ("kin to the Murphys of County Wexford"), who smoothed the pathway of Uncle Roche from this vale of tears to the shadowy realm of the "Great Hereafter," never fully comprehended the scope of this col-

lapse in his worldly possessions. many months after the true condi were revealed she changed her reside to San Francisco, where she put away serenely, leaving no sign of appointment, except that in a recita her experiences, in a confidential to a favorite boarder who was i with rare patience, she invariably d with this epigrammatic sentence: " is a cold world, Mr. Fitzhugh, a world."

James H. Lawrence

JIMTOWN'S BRIDE.

I.

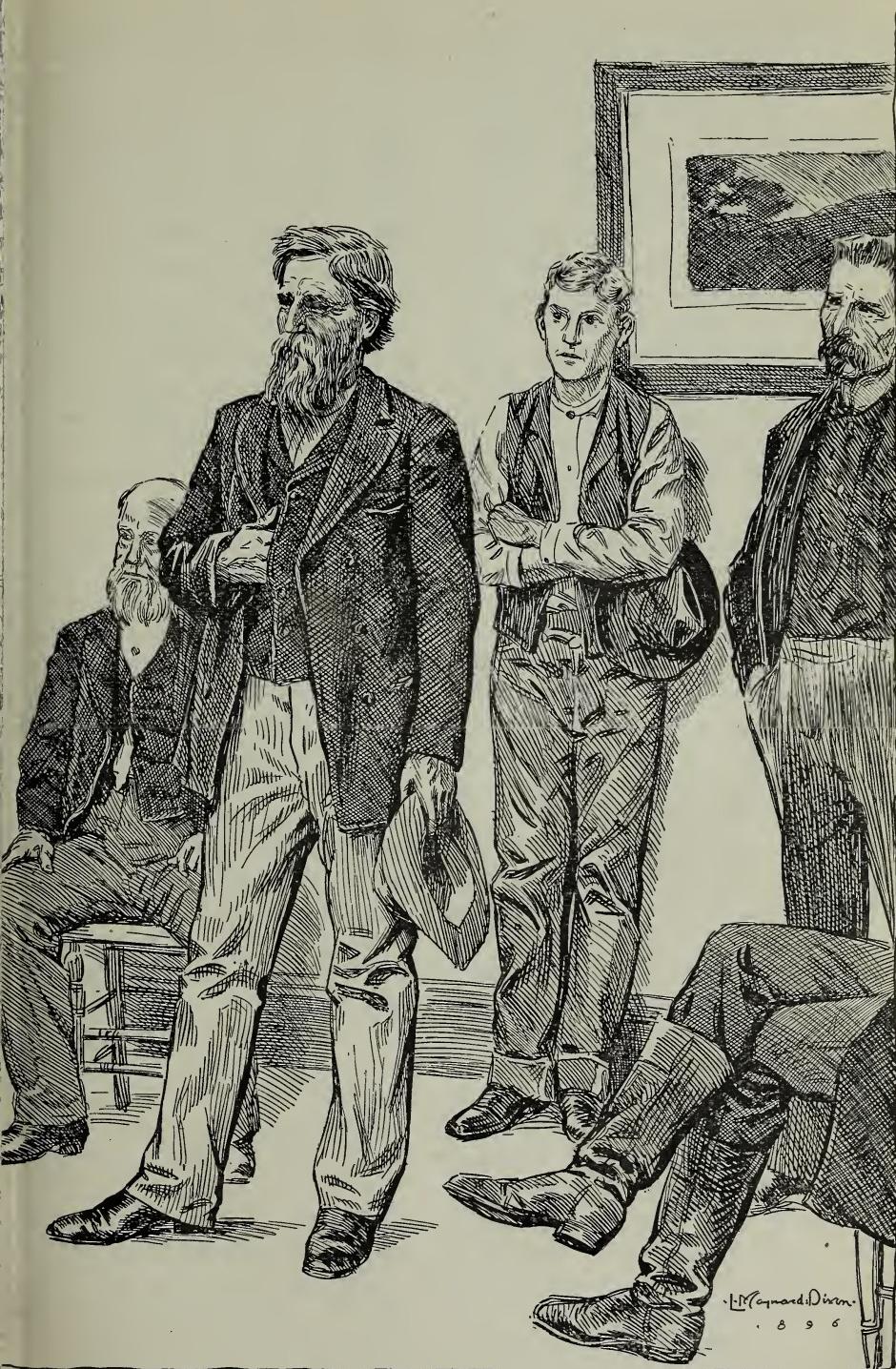


URSTS of revelry pervaded Jimtown; revelry so abnormal, so abandoned, and withal, so untiring, that even that turmoil-inured settlement stood aghast. McHale's was ablaze with three additional kerosene burners, with the further lumination of recently polished chimneys, radiating from sundry bashful wicks the light they had considerably and assiduously concealed for no knowing how many months. At the bar clinked goblets and decanters of cut glass, imported from San Francisco in honor of the occasion; and what was, perhaps, the most notable departure, in the midst of all this splendor congregated men in boiled shirts and creased pantaloons. Next door, Brennan's, and across the street, Jack Doolan's, flashed and scintillated likewise in rival luminosity.

One all important topic of conversation engrossed the attention of the various companies that crowded around the bars, and pressed through the doorways, or gathered, with less assiduity, upon the

street corners and at the entrances of occasional provision stores. It cent in the house on the hill, a house strikingly distinct from the other strures that served as abodes for the zens of Jimtown, that it appeared to risen from the earth, with the eleva that supported it, more like a pe freak of nature than an artificial pation of man. Not alone was a skill shown in the style of its archtecture, but fresh paint, glittering in the light of smoking torch and Chines lantern, proclaimed it the product not ly of an ambitious intellect, but one customized to the refining touches of civilization.

Within this house stood Jimt bride, the new wife of Jimtown's iarly elected mayor, and the wo whom all Jimtown took credit for eshing in their midst. By her side the fortunate man who, in winning political precedence of ambitious Jim had won along with it the sw woman in the State of New York according to Jimtown's notion. Com ing the happy pair was the rather rous committee, headed by Jim M



"JIMTOWN'S ALLFIRED PROUD OF HERSELF."

the proprietor of Jimtown's most popular resort and the founder of Jimtown itself, that had been appointed to do the honors of the occasion. Smilingly, graciously, Jack Claycomb's bride lent the charms of her personality to the incongruous company that surrounded her.

"I'll tell yer what 't is, Ma'am," began Bill Morrison bravely,—"I'll tell yer what 't is. Jimtown's all fired proud o' herself tonight. Mebbe you don't know it, but, by Jinks, we boys sort o' think we wuz the means o' gittin' you here. O' course Jack there, hed somethin' ter say 'bout who she'd be, but we hed it all reckoned up afore we ever hearn o' you thet a woman wuz a goin' ter be imported inter Jimtown; not the sort we've got here already, you sabe, but a lady, the genuine article and no mistake. Jim here," with a significant nudge in McHale's direction and a wicked wink at the rest of the committee, "wuz a prospectin' a little on his own account, and calklated she might hev some cousins er sisters, er some old school friends, seein' gals do sometimes, thet would be comin' ter see her once 'n a while, and might, after meetin' Jim sort er accidental, you know, kinder conclude they'd like ter stay in Jimtown. Well, we didn't know jest how we wuz goin' ter produce her, but we sorter calklated on Jack there, helpin' us out. So one night, after we'd appointed him mayor o' Jimtown, we rose in a body and informed him thet it wuz the opinion o' the votin' fraternity o' this ere community, thet a lady wuz needed in Jimtown, and the desire o' this ere town wuz thet he settle the bizness by gittin' spliced forthwith. He said thet he wuz inclined ter the same opinion himself, and wuz willin' ter accede ter the wishes o' Jimtown in this ez in all other questions. So we rushed this ere house up in great shape,—perty house, ain't it?—and then we hustled him off ter New York after you."

In the height of Bill's protracted debery, a door leading into the hall from t side of the reception parlor opened shly, timidly, and as if with great re tance, and in the crack appeared a fa pallid, tear-stained, desperate. It the face of neither child nor woman, t with a strange blending of both, ea seemed to be lost; a woman's expres on a child's features, a child's timi combined with a woman's abandon. A other instant, and the face had dis peared and the door closed quietly. Ju Claycomb turned a startled face to his wife. She was smiling serenely, a sorbed in Morrison's labored oratory. glance around the room showed him like indifference on the faces of his guests. Apparently, by a strange fati, he had been the only observer. B with the sense of relief that came vi that knowledge, he felt rising within him an awful fear that the scene might be enacted. Nervously he turned to the door. It was merely closed, not latched.

"It's a mighty cool day when Jimt gits left on her chice o' a woman, e Boss?" And Claycomb was aroused by a heavy slap on his shoulder.

He joined weakly in the laugh that followed; then with an effort turned quicly to his wife, "You will pardon me to leave you a moment, dear?"

With the faintest surprise in her eyes she assented and placidly renewed conversation with Morrison. Bowing apologetically to the questioning look of his company, Claycomb hurriedly left the room.

Crouching in the hall, close to the door she had just opened, sobbing, listing between the sobs, was the ch woman; and in her arms an infant tiny as to gain its individuality only by the heavy rolls that encircled it. Claycomb grasped her almost roughly by the arm, and with an unmistakable sign of silence, urged her through the hall to

entrance. Secure for the moment, turned to her sternly, "Why are you e?"

O, Jack, you ain't married, be you? I me you ain't married. That woman here's your sister, ain't she? She t, O, she can't be your wife!" And unengaged hand caught his arm and hunted, despairing eyes glared up in- is own.

You are mistaken. She is my wife." n with a momentary twinge of sym- ny, " You did wrong, Mabe, to come e tonight. My wife might have seen ,," and with that recurring thought again grew cold and stern. " You t go. Go now." And he flung open door. " Go, and don't ever come again or speak to me in my wife's ence."

But, Jack, I ain't got no place to go
Dad turned me out. He told me to e here. He said you wuz comin' e tonight, but he did n't tell me about

O, he did n't, er I would n't 'a' e. I'd 'a' died first! O what shall , what shall I do! Don't you love any more, Jack?—and the baby, you t even looked at the baby, Jack. s such a little feller," a tender, mater- smile curved the childish lips, " and sick, Jack, and it's cold out doors, O, I ain't no place ter go!" A pit- wail stopped the flow of words.

ack Claycomb was not without feel- but the motive of self-preservation, perhaps, the preservation of one er to him than self, urged on by a vicious sound from the front of the se, dispelled the impulse toward re- ing. Thrusting his well filled purse her hand, he pushed her gently ugh the door, with a hurried promise rovide for her on the morrow. Then, king off all appearance of agitation, calmly returned to the parlor. His umption of indifference was quite un-

necessary. He found the room deserted. Startled, at first, by the quiet of the apartment, he stopped on the threshold and gazed amazedly into the room. But it immediately occurred to him that Jim- town's citizens were inclined to hasty departures, and that his wife had, no doubt, gone to her room. Relieved, he threw himself on a sofa and tried to think.

Claycomb's inference was in part cor- rect. The reception committee, finding itself deserted by its host, and doubting its ability to furnish suitable entertain- ment for its host's bride, alone and un- aided, was suddenly afflicted with a pain- ful embarrassment and an excruciating desire to escape. An agonizing silence fell upon the company and all of Mrs. Claycomb's efforts to dissipate it proved futile. Finally, with a desperate effort, Jim McHale advanced and offered his hand awkwardly to the bride.

" I reckon it's about time I wuz goin'. I agreed to see a man down town at eight o'clock. Jest tell Jack how 't was. Sorry to leave so early." And Jim dropped the hand he had been holding carefully, as he would have held one of his new cut glass decanters, and without any adieu to the company, made a bee line for the door. With numerous brisk nods and an occasional stiff hand shake, the remainder of Jimtown's reception committee bolted.

Maud Claycomb stood a moment in puzzled silence; then the humorous aspect of the affair overcame her, and she laughed merrily. The next instant her face grew grave. She remembered that Jack had been absent some minutes and she thought she had noticed a pallor about his lips when he left her. Could he be ill? She stepped hastily into the hall and started in search of him. She was not familiar with the house and wandered at random through several deserted rooms. Suddenly she heard a voice that was un-

mistakably Jack's, but the tones sounded harsh and unnatural. Then a woman's sobs. Then Jack's voice again and this time she caught the words.

The door slammed and she heard her husband's step as he passed back through the hall. Stunned, almost petrified by the unavoidable inference she drew from his words, she stood leaning against the wall, immovable. A shudder, awful in its intensity, passed through her frame. Then the life flowed back, and thought, and determination. She felt cool and calm and capable as never before. As she passed through the hall to the door Claycomb had closed upon the woman's cries she snatched her long traveling cloak from its hook and wrapped it about her thin dress.

Down the hill, through rows of Chinese lanterns and smoking torches, which Jimtown's committee had forgotten to take with them, into the narrow, crooked, dimly lighted street she sped, her eyes fixed on the one feminine figure that traversed the highway. It was such a slight figure, Maud wondered if she were not mistaken, until suddenly it turned and sat down on a door-step. Then she saw the burden it carried, and no longer doubted. Almost immediately a group of loungers crowded around. They were evidently recruits from Jimtown's bridal procession, as they had not yet laid aside the brilliant regalia which had distinguished them earlier in the evening. Maud hesitated. She could not enter that drunken mob to speak to the woman. The men were talking, but the voices were at first so low she could not catch the words. Suddenly a piercing shriek rent the air and Maud started forward. She could see the woman now. She had risen and was struggling desperately with one of the hoodlums.

"Gentlemen."

The crowd fell back at the courteous quiet voice.

"Your intentions may be for the best, but I will remove all responsibility for you for tonight. I will take care of the child and its mother."

Instantly recognizing the calm, determined face that confronted them, the men, one by one, slunk off until Maud was left alone with their victim. Maud's face turned to a deathly pallor, a swaying, she clutched Maud's arm for support.

"Come, you are ill. We must have ten." And half leading, half dragging the fainting girl, Maud hurried up the steps. They were nearly at the door when Maud stopped, apparently realizing for the first time her deliverer's intention.

"Not there. I can't go there."

Discarding the support she had permitted while ascending the hill, she staggered and the next instant was lying on the woman's feet, unconscious.

Mrs. Claycomb entered the house quietly, and without any trace of excitement, addressed the man who had been engaged by Jimtown as butler for the evening.

"A woman has fainted just outside the door. Please come and carry her in. No, don't disturb my husband. I will call him directly if she does not immediately recover."

Jack Claycomb tried to think. At the end of an hour he had evidently succeeded, for, rising with a satisfied smile on his face, he passed from the parlor to the chamber he had elegantly furnished for the reception of his bride. The door stood slightly ajar. Rapt lightly, he pushed it open and went in. A rosy effulgence from a deep shaded lamp filled the room. He stopped, bewildered. The richly embroidered

counterpane was slightly raised, showing the lines of a delicate form, and on the snowy pillows lay a woman's face. But it was not the beautiful, ivory white countenance, with its crown of gold and eyes shining up out of azure depths, that he had imagined as lying there. He could see but a dim outline of that face as it leaned over the pillows. Surpassing its rightful place was a little, yellow-skinned, black-eyed creature, writhing and twisting in delirium.

For a moment his presence was unnoticed. Maud, if she had heard him at all, had mistaken him for one of the servants. Turning to take up a glass of medicine from an adjoining table, she saw her husband standing like a statue in the doorway. She drew herself to her full height. To the piercing question she read in Claycomb's eyes she responded quietly, though with an evidence of repression that was far more forceful than any avowed condemnation could have been.

"I will join you in the parlor as soon as he is better. I cannot leave her now." Jack started forward, about to grasp her hands and implore her forgiveness, or explain away in some fashion that icy look from her countenance; but she thrust her hands behind her. "Not now. Later. In the parlor." And he knew her dismissal was final.

Hazily, as if still drowsy from last night's revelry, the big red sun struggled up over Jimtown. His first rays crept around the dark shades and put to shame the tipsy lights, still burning in the house on the hill. Yet the man who sat quietly leaning over a table, his head resting in his hands, took no notice. He had sat there all night, thinking, thinking, one awful consciousness brooding like a nightmare over his soul. He was a disreputable man, from a man's

point of view, but somehow his judgment had veered round and had compelled him to look at himself from an entirely different standpoint. It was Maud Claycomb's conscience that was berating him, not his own. Six years before, when they had pledged their troth in the little New York village and he had left her for the West, their principles of life had not been dissimilar. She had kept the trust he placed in her hands that day. What had he done? Judged by Jimtown's standard—nothing. But Jimtown was no longer his judge. Instead, a woman, strong and inflexible in her very purity, looked down on his writhing soul. And his sentence. He had read it in the one long, cold look she had turned upon him eight hours before: the loss of her love which was more to him than love of self, the loss of her respect which was more to him than self-respect. Would she never forgive? Yes, from the very nature of the woman he knew she would think it wrong to refuse forgiveness. But he was also just as certain that she would never forget. The knowledge she had that night gained of him would stand forever between them, a greater barrier by far than the thousands of miles that had for the last six years held them apart. He tried to form some line of future action, some mitigating circumstance that would serve as a partial excuse. He could think of nothing that she would countenance for a moment.

Once he thought of putting on a bold front and charging her with ignorance of the world and of making a mountain out of a molehill; then, with dignity and some show of condescension, offering her sympathy and condolence for the sudden shock, that had she lived out in the world more, would never have come to her. But there was something in Maud's character that made him discard that project

in its incipiency ; a knowledge, perhaps, that it would only bring fresh contempt on his head and remove her still farther from him. While dreading her coming, it still seemed to him that she would never come. Several times he started to go to her, feeling that he could endure the suspense no longer ; but he always sat down again.

The room was gray with the morning light, sifted through the thick shades, when the door opened softly, and Maud entered. Jack raised his head from his hands and looked at her. Perhaps it was the gray light in the room, perhaps the long night of watching, but he felt as he looked into her face that she, too, had suffered. In her arms she carried a bundle of soft, white woolens, and from its folds peeped a tiny, serious, blinking representative of humanity.

For one long minute the husband and wife gazed into each others' eyes. Then Maud glided to his side and tenderly, silently, laid her burden in his arms. His face flushed, but there was nothing of revenge or of anger in her eyes as they met his fierce glance. A faint smile, sweet as it was pitiful, hovered around her lips as she said, almost in a whisper, "Our baby," and a moment later added, "She died at sunrise."

And as she turned to leave the room, Jack Claycomb knew, beyond all question, what she had meant him to understand.

II.

THROUGH the long hours of enforced mourning, when the house on the hill drew behind its closed shutters and hung its head under the rusty crape that told the world its sorrow, Claycomb watched his wife narrowly. If he had expected any dramatic display of emotion, he was disappointed. They scarcely met except at meals and then he had no reason to com-

plain. Her voice, as she addressed him, was as low and sweet in tones as it had ever been ; her manner as gracious and thoughtful of his comfort. Her very absence of fault irritated him. If she had only denounced him, loudly and harshly, and given him a chance for reply ; or if she had even sulked and refused to speak to him, he would have been happier. But this complete ignoring of the frightful gulf that yawned at their feet drove him frantic.

When the modest funeral, with its one chief mourner — Old Solomon — was over, the household settled down to a quiet, natural routine. Jimtown was somewhat exercised over the announcement that the mayor's wife "meant to keep Old Solomon's gal's kid," but Jimtown, while enthusiastic over her "chic of a woman," was not inclined to disturb the peace of the house on the hill. For the present she was content with the knowledge that she possessed the "genuine article," and with the casual glimpses of her prize obtained when Mr. Claycomb had occasion to appear on the street.

The illustrious reception committee, after an exaggerated description of the bride's charms, lapsed into stubborn reticence, and of the anticipated account of McHale's eloquent speech, and the glorious victory of Jimtown's oratory over the woman from the East, Jimtown was left in painful ignorance.

Two weeks dragged by, with no perceptible change in Jimtown's bride. Her hours were largely occupied in the room, from whence Mabe Solomon's spirit had taken its flight, caring for the infant which Fate that night gave birth to her. Had it been her own child, it could not have received more devoted, more loving attention. Into this room Jack Claycomb never came ; and seldom, except to go to her meals, did his wife leave it.

There were times, usually after the use had grown still at night and Claycomb was convinced of his wife's unconsciousness in sleep, that he sought the per hall and indulged himself in the misery of standing at her door, and tending for her quiet breathing, and longing, longing, longing to enter and take her in his arms and implore her forgiveness. But he always went away, as quietly and stealthily as he came.

One night, as he stood leaning against the door casing, lost in suffering, he was startled by the sound of sobbing, suppressed at first, then less restrained. He turned around him. No, he was not staken. It came from the other side the panels. He pressed his head ainst the door and listened; then, with great impulse of sympathy that overcame all pride and all fear of condemnation, he turned the knob and went in. The lights were burning low, and a soft shade barred their rays from the little bed, where slept the innocent life that had crept between this man and this woman. By the bed, on her knees, her face buried in the coverings, sobbing as only a woman can sob, Jack Claycomb saw his wife.

"Darling."

Maud sprang to her feet, her face quivering with long repressed anguish.

"Maud, my wife, my darling," and Claycomb would have taken her in his arms. But Maud turned away, hopeless as one dying of hunger when offered a stone.

"Maud, won't you listen to me, won't you believe me when I tell you that I love you, love you with all the strength of my nature, and that I have never wavered one instant in that love? Darling, can't you see what misery you are using? Don't you care? Don't you care even enough to forgive?"

"You don't understand, Jack. Care?

I would give my life for one short half hour of such faith, and love, and happiness, as you robbed me of on that awful night two weeks ago. But it's gone, gone, gone. You can't give it back. O, my God! if I could but have died then, died in ignorance!"

Like most strong, self-sustained, undemonstrative natures that, once liberated, fly to an extreme almost beyond conception, Maud passed into a frenzy of grief too abandoned for words. Recovering, after a time, she went on, "Don't think, Jack, that it is because I want to hurt you, to hurt you because you hurt me,—I have been afraid you would think that. And it is n't that, at all. I do forgive you. I think I even forgave you that night. But, Jack, I lost my husband then, lost him forever. You are not the man I married, not the man I loved and trusted and married, for that man never existed, except in my imagination. You represented him, and I thought I was marrying a reality; a man strong, and noble, and good, a man who would raise me up to a true and lovely life,—my ideal of manhood. And then that awful night came and I learned I had married the wrong man; I had married you instead of the man I worshiped. Don't you see how worthless my forgiveness is?—how little it counts? Forgiveness will not bring back my faith in you, will not bring back my love."

"You are cruel, Maud."

"I don't want to be, Jack. I would spare you if I could, but, feeling as I do, you could not help but learn it, sometime."

"Then it is all over?"

"I am afraid it is. Oh, why could you not have been what I thought you?—what you led me to believe you were!"

"Let me be that, yet, Maud. Give me a chance to prove to you that you did not marry the wrong man."

"It's too late, Jack. Trust once abused, never recovers. I would be always suspecting you. It would take years, at least, to convince me that you were even honest in your intentions. It is not that I do not want to believe in you, but I can't."

"And is there no hope? Do not tell me it must always be like this."

"O, I don't know. I don't know. I can see no other way. I wish I could."

A silence fell upon them, a silence deep through exhaustion of words. A half hour may have passed, when Jack turned to go. Part way to the door, he stopped and came back.

"Say you forgive me again, Maud, before I go. Forgive me all this suffering that I am now powerless to prevent."

"I do forgive you, Jack, if that is any comfort," and Maud placed her strong white hands in his.

Claycomb raised them to his lips and kissed them passionately. Then he turned and went quickly from the room.

One day, when the infant Maud Claycomb had established in her home had grown to be a toddling, lisping little interrogation point, with great wondering brown eyes, and a question always hanging on his baby lips, he strayed into a room that opened up a new world to him. Seated in a great revolving chair, by a desk strewn with papers, was a man of whom he had a very limited range of knowledge. He had occasionally met the gentleman coming up the steps as he descended them, preparatory to his regular morning ride, and he had frequently caught glimpses of the same dignified personage, moving about the halls of his mamma's house, but he had never been honored with an introduction. The time had evidently arrived for him to make the stranger's acquaintance. He toddled

up to the knees of the very big man, and laying his hands familiarly on the long fingers, that were doubtless placed there for the purpose, he looked up into the astonished eyes of the other, and smiled. The advance was not encouraged. He must explain a little.

"Mamma gone down town. Me 'ore some. Me don't 'ike James. Me 'an to 'tay here. Don't oo 'ike 'ittle boys. Oo're my papa, ain't oo? James sez is."

Claycomb was dumbfounded. He had always regarded the child with an indifference that amounted almost to dislike. Since that first morning when Maud had placed the infant in his arms, she had never intruded on his privacy with the baby. In accepting her decision as to their future relations, he had not accepted the child; and Maud, as the months went by, had come to feel that he never would. Now here was the child settling the matter himself, by claiming a relationship he had silently denied. It was preposterous, but at the same time a little amusing.

The boy was growing impatient. Clutching the big man's sleeve, he pulled and tugged himself up to a level where he could look him straight in the eyes. Something he saw there pleased him, so with a little, gurgling laugh, he laid his soft, warm cheek against the stranger's face, stole his chubby arms about the stranger's neck, and said confidently, "Oo do 'ike me, Papa."

Was it pity for the lonesome little fellow, or the gratification of a heart aching for some demonstration of affection, that it was the paternal instinct, roused for the first time, that dropped the great teardrop on the silky curls and caused this strong immovable man to fold the baby form his breast and press passionate kisses on the plump little cheeks? Whatever it was, it satisfied the boy.

After that, "Teddy," as Jack came to call him through lack of a formal chris-tening, and everybody else adopted as a sif from the outgrown "Baby," which boy had grown to resent, was a frequent visitor to Claycomb's apartments. He always came alone; and though chatted to Maud for hours about the nderful sights in "Papa's room," he tained only a smile or a "Yes, dar-g," for an answer.

During the quiet tragedy that was be-nacted in the house on the hill, Jim-town was not an idle spectator. Jimtown is booming. A railroad, ostentatiously owing the old stage-line out of exis-tce, daily overran the town with East-ern tourists and Eastern capitalists, and Western speculators. J. Hopkinson Dwight, of San Francisco, who owned controlling interest in the aforesaid road, had also bought up two thirds all the available real estate in and around Jimtown, to the great astonish-ment of that unsophisticated settlement, and was daily and enthusiastically reit-ating that, "Jimtown was the Chicago of the Coast, with the finest natural re-sources for trade and commerce, gen-tlemen, with its lumber and its gold, its vineyards and its orchards, gentlemen, the richest investment for Eastern cap-ital that the Pacific Coast had ever ered."

And the gentlemen addressed, en-couraged by J. Hopkinson Dwight's elo-cence, poured into Jimtown to inspect the natural resources, and search for the vineyards and orchards which, for some unaccountable reason, they failed to dis-cover; but the lumber they found in pro-ision, and so astonished were they at the size of the great trees, and the fab-ulous stories of others, "just over the hill, gentlemen, a little too far to include our drive of today," that they forgot to look for the gold, and were satisfied.

With the railroad, and the tourists, and the speculators, came the wives of the tourists, and the daughters of the capitalists, and Jimtown was Jimtown no longer. Grand balls at the "Dwight House," with orchestra from San Fran-cisco and *grandes toilettes* that bore the stamp of Worth, so dazzled the eyes of masculine Jimtown that the house on the hill and the mayor's wife were well-nigh forgotten.

Until the collapse came, and with it, as if in vengeance on the stubborn town that refused to develop its natural re-sources to the proportions anticipated by Eastern capitalists, a conflagration that threatened to sweep Jimtown from the map of California. It was rumored that the disaster had some well defined connection with an insurance policy held by one J. Hopkinson Dwight, and was not altogether a surprise to that wealthy speculator, but I will not vouch for the authority of the statement. Considering its houseless condition, Jimtown had all it could attend to for the next few months, without inquiring into the affairs of J. Hopkinson Dwight. With the exception of the house on the hill, and "Old Sol-omon's" hut under the hill, Jimtown was homeless.

As the hungry flames, satiated with devastation, slept under the charred timbers and smoking ashes of Jimtown's glory, Jack Claycomb burst into the great house, which had stood through it all like an indifferent and uninterested spectator of its neighbors' sorrows. His clothes were torn and fire-eaten, his face black with smoke, his hands concealed under rolls of dirty flannel, hastily im-provised to protect their quivering flesh from the pitiless air. Maud, who had been watching the fire from a window, met him in the hall.

"Is it all over, Jack?"

"Yes, nearly, but the town's gone.

There 's a lot of people down there who have n't a sign of a shelter. I ran up to see what we could do for them. Do you think you could stow them away somewhere for the rest of the night? There are some women and children among them, and this seems to be the only habitable place left."

"Certainly, we 'll take in all we can. Tell them to come up and we 'll make room for them somehow. But, Jack, you look ill. You are not hurt? O, your hands! Are they burned, Jack?"

"Never mind. I must hurry back." And he ran down the steps, down the hill, and out of sight in the smoking, cloudy blackness of the night.

In fifteen minutes he was back, and with him a curious company of lumbermen, saloon keepers, subdued women in loud apparel, and an occasional child with apparently no connection with the rest of the crowd. Fortunately for themselves, the Dwight House had been closed for two weeks, and sometime before the fire originated, all tourists took their departure.

Jimtown alone had suffered.

Throwing wide open the doors, Maud urged the homeless citizens to find what rest they could, and without waiting to see them settled, turned to bind up and soothe her husband's painful wounds. She tore the rude bandages from his hands and with gentle, careful fingers applied the simple remedies her house afforded. Then, when she had watched him fall into the sound sleep of exhaustion, she wandered through the house, finding many another scorched hand tormenting its owner into wakefulness, and tenderly she bound them up and allayed their suffering.

As she left the room where Bill Morrison lay stretched on the floor, a big bandage wound around his forehead, and one arm in a sling, he turned over and

remarked to his nearest neighbor, "I iyer what 't is, Jake, Jimtown know what she wuz about when she impo that woman."

Several weeks passed by, weeks dire confusion in the house on the hill, weeks of destruction and creation in the valley below; and a new Jimtown arose out of the ashes of the Dwight boy. When the last grateful guest had departed, the mayor's household quietly resumed its former uneventful routine with one exception. During the forced confinement in the mayor's house, Ted and Bill Morrison became inseparable, and after Morrison's departure for his new quarters, Teddy was frequently missing, and after frightened search usually discovered in Bill's little shack at the other end of the town. How he learned its location or succeeded in finding his way there, remained a mystery.

One afternoon, as the Claycomb household was about to start *en masse* in search of Teddy, who, a half hour before, was supposed to be contentedly playing in the back yard, Bill Morrison climbed the long hill, bearing a precious burden in his arms. Maud, catching sight of his white face and the child she knew must be her own, flung open the door and ran down the steps to meet him. He tenderly laid the boy in her arms.

"Not dead?" she gasped.

"No, he ain't dead, Ma'am. He ain't dead. Jes' fainted. He 'll come round all right in a hour or so. Jes' give him time." But the nonchalant air Bill attempted to assume was in strange keeping with his white face and trembling hands.

Hurrying into the house, Maud laid her boy on a couch, unloosed his waist and felt for the little heart she feared had stopped beating forever. After



"AND WITH GENTLE FINGERS APPLIED THE SIMPLE REMEDIES."

time, she thought she detected a faint movement. Then she turned to Bill, who was still waiting in the doorway.

"What is it? How did it happen?"

"McHale's team run away jest ez Teddy wuz on the crossin'. Knocked him down, flat. Hurt his back, I reckon. What ken I do, Ma'am?"

"Mr. Claycomb is at the lumber yards. Tell him to telegraph for a doctor and come as quick as he can."

For three days Teddy lingered on the portal, days divided between hope and despair, days in which the two anxious watchers knew no rest, and Teddy remained unconscious of the anguish he was causing. Towards morning of the fourth night he suddenly opened his big brown eyes, which seemed to have grown brighter with suffering. On opposite sides of his little bed sat the husband and wife, divided still by the frail life that fluttered between them. Teddy glanced first at one, then at the other. He reached out his little hands to them. Breathlessly, they listened for the words they felt sure were coming.

"Papa here, Mamma here,—Teddy sick?"

"Yes, darling," Maud answered tearfully, "Teddy 's a very sick little boy."

"Mamma loves Teddy."

"Yes, yes, my little boy," and Maud pressed a kiss on his baby lips.

Then Teddy turned his eyes to Jack.

"Papa loves Teddy."

"Yes, my darling," fervently.

Teddy lay quiet a moment, apparently thinking.

"Papa here, Mamma here." And his face bore a troubled look as if he were

puzzled about something. Suddenly brightened.

"Papa loves Mamma."

Jack started at the child's statement.

"Yes, dear."

"And Mamma loves Papa."

Maud hesitated and a pained look into Teddy's eyes.

"Yes, Teddy."

Teddy looked relieved. After a while he fell into a quiet sleep and when he awoke at daybreak, it was in a world where warm hearts like Teddy's are satisfied with love.

The night after they had laid away, lovingly, tenderly, as precious as death as he had been in life, the man and woman whose lives he had unconsciously parted sat in the parlor together for the first time since that other burdened night, five years before. reclining on a couch, Maud was wakened quietly. Jack arose and stood looking out of a window at the other end of the room. After a time he turned suddenly and strode over to his wife's side, laid his hand on her head and carefully back the wavy hair from her forehead. Maud started. For five years he had not offered to touch her. She looked up into his eyes. They were pleadingly tender.

"Maud, did you tell him the secret? Or did you say it just to him?"

Maud's eyes drooped, and the secret crept up into her white face.

"Did you mean it?"

She slipped her hands into his band's.

E. A. Robins



UFACTURERS'
BUILDING,
TA EXPOSITION,
GEORGIA.

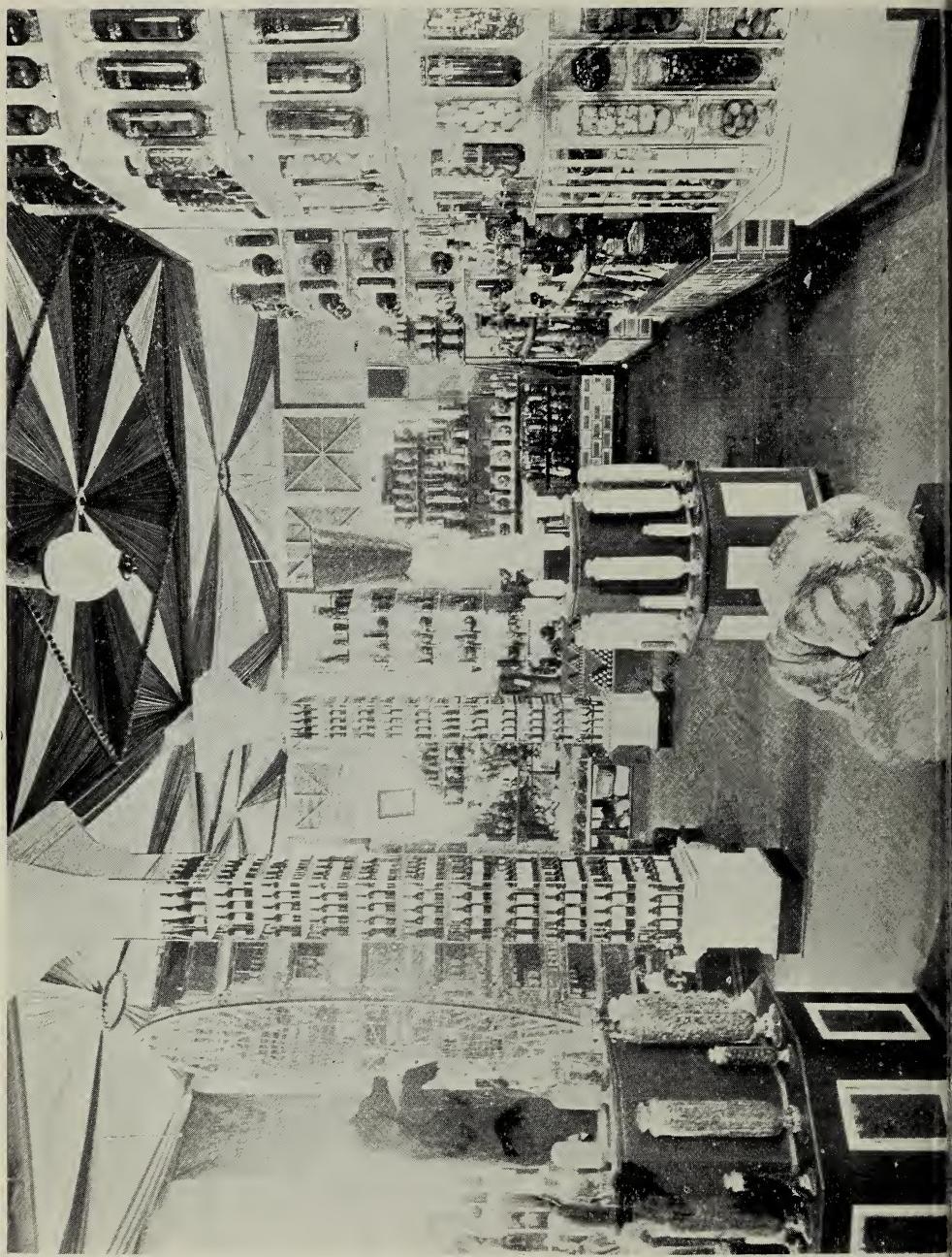
THE Cotton States and International Exposition,¹ held at Atlanta, from September 18th to December 31st, 1895, is now a subject of the past. Its occurrence will hereafter occupy a page in the history of our country, and simple justice requires at least a brief record should be made of the part California played in that enterprise. Justice also requires credit should be given to those that made it possible for California to put its exhibit in evidence at Atlanta. No one, I hope, will deny that but for the enterprise and energy of the California Board of Trade, there would have been no exhibit from California at the Southern Exposition. But the Board of Trade could not have accomplished the work alone. It had the will, and the organization to execute the plan; it had much of the material necessary for a creditable display, and

report by Honorable J. A. Filcher, Secretary and

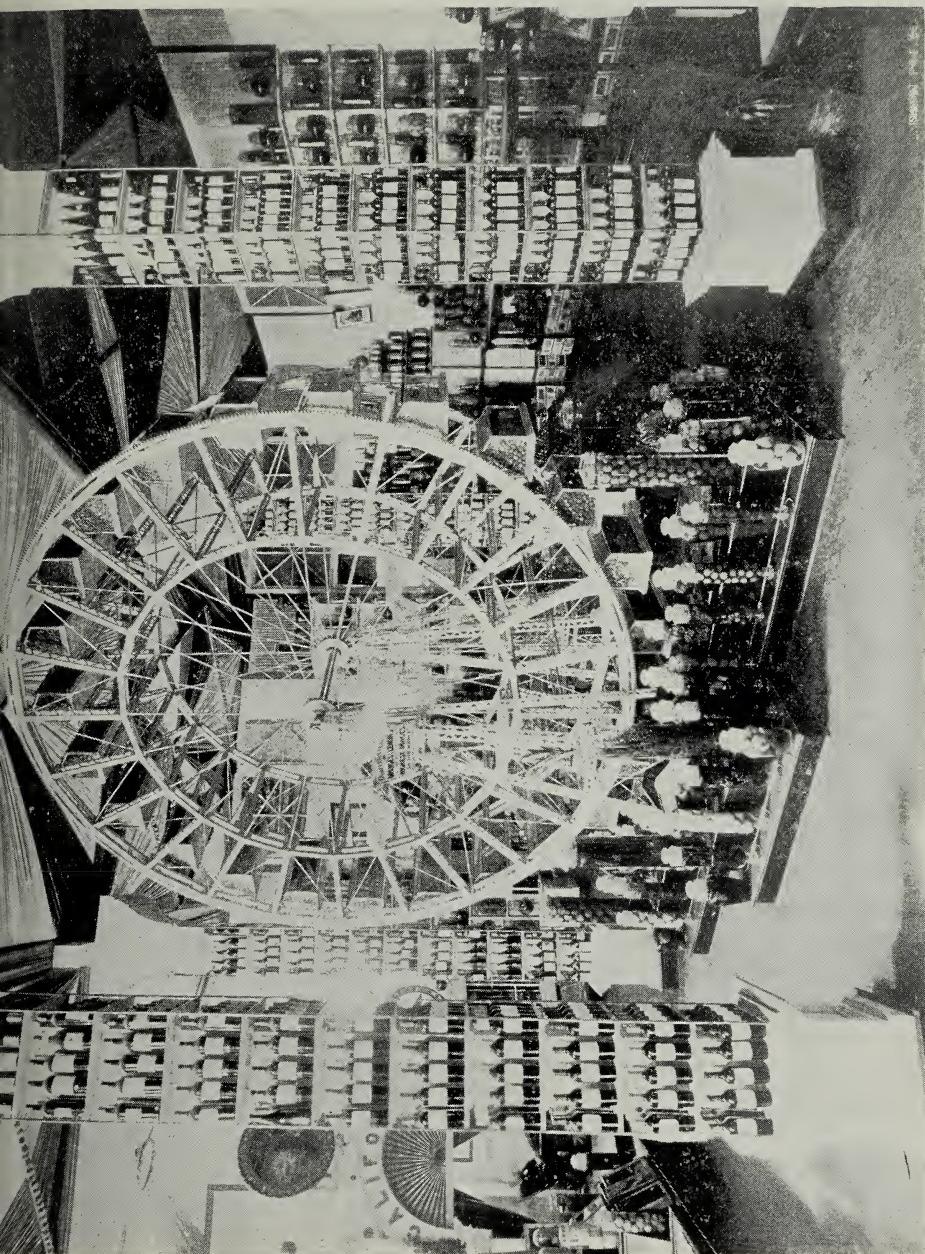
Manager of the California State Board of Trade.

the means to get more; it needed only money. This, through its organization, it felt able to raise, and though the times were dull and inauspicious for such a work, it undertook the task with a determination to succeed. The counties were appealed to, and through the kindly offices of Governor James H. Budd, a State convention of Supervisors was called to meet in San Francisco for the purpose of considering the question of assisting the State Board of Trade in its efforts to make an exhibit at Atlanta.

Only a few counties were represented at this convention, but those few responded promptly. After the objects of the meeting were fully explained by the Manager and members of the Board of Trade, Mr. Hugh Craig, First Vice President of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, whose public-spiritedness had prompted him to be present at the Supervisors' convention, made a few remarks urging generous action, and supplemented them by pledging the Chamber of Com-



CENTRAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBIT.





HON. J. A. FILCHER, CALIFORNIA'S COMMISSIONER-GENERAL AT THE EXPOSITION.

merce for two hundred and fifty dollars. This was promptly followed by subscriptions from the different counties represented, until the sum subscribed was something over three thousand dollars. With this much encouragement from the Supervisors' Convention, the Board of Trade at once sent out appeals for additional assistance from counties that had no representatives at the Convention. Quite a number responded favorably, until the amount thus pledged aggregated \$5,400.00 :—

San Francisco Chamber of Commerce ..	\$250.00
Santa Clara County	500.00
Stanislaus County	100.00
Yolo County	100.00
Contra Costa County	250.00
Colusa County	150.00
Kern County	150.00
Napa County	250.00
Nevada County	250.00
Alameda County	300.00
Tehama County	250.00
Monterey County	250.00

Los Angeles County	\$250
Santa Barbara County	250
Glenn County	250
Ventura County	100
San Francisco City and County	1,000
Sonoma County	250
Sacramento County	250
Solano County	100
Placer County	150

\$5,400

About the same time two or three hundred dollars were donated by banks and individuals of San Francisco, which were applied in relieving the Board's condition in relation to a few claims that remained unpaid from the work of installing the exhibit at Number 575 Market Street. The above mentioned sum of \$5,400.00, therefore, was all that was available for the Atlanta Exposition. On this amount the Board, after some hesitation and with some misgivings, determined to undertake the work. For so great a task this seemed like a small amount, especially when it was known that public sentiment in California would not favor attempting anything at Atlanta unless it could be done on a scale that would reflect credit on the State. But there were conditions which rendered a large amount of money necessary. In the first place, we were offered five thousand feet of space free by the Exposition Company. In the second place, the State Board of Trade had its permanent exhibit most of the material necessary for a creditable display of the State's resources; and in the third place, the Southern Pacific Company had come voluntarily forward with the generous offer to haul free to New Orleans and to turn all the material. Subsequently, after reaching Atlanta, I succeeded in obtaining free transportation for our exhibit by way of the lines connecting with the Southern Pacific at New Orleans and running through to Atlanta. In this work we received valuable assistance from the Southern Pacific Company's able repre-

ntative at Atlanta, Mr. H. W. Nathan, r which I wish here to make due ac-
knowledgment. The Louisville and Nash-
ville Railroad consented to haul our freight
both ways between New Orleans and
Montgomery, the Atlanta and West Point
Railroad consented to haul it free both
ways between Montgomery and Atlanta,
and the Southern Railroad, which had the
only track running into the Exposition
grounds, consented to switch our cars
without charge from the main depot at
Atlanta to the Exposition. These conces-
sions from the roads east of the Mississippi
ever amounted to about \$100.00 a car,
in the neighborhood of \$800.00. The
concessions made by the Southern Pacific
company in freight and transportation
amounted to about \$3,250.00 more, mak-
ing the aggregate assistance received
from the transportation companies named,
about \$4,050.00. This, it will be remem-
bered, is counting the freight only one
way, the same as charged by most Eastern
roads for individual or commercial exhib-
its. It was these liberal concessions that
made it possible for California, under the
direction of the State Board of Trade, to
make the showing at Atlanta which it did,
with the small sum of money available, and
I feel, as manager of the work, and rep-
resenting California as I did at the Atlanta
Exposition, I should be lacking in grati-
tude and duty were I to fail in this report
to make due and grateful acknowledgment
on behalf of the State Board of Trade in
particular, and the State of California in
general, for the very generous assistance
rendered by the transportation companies
I have named.

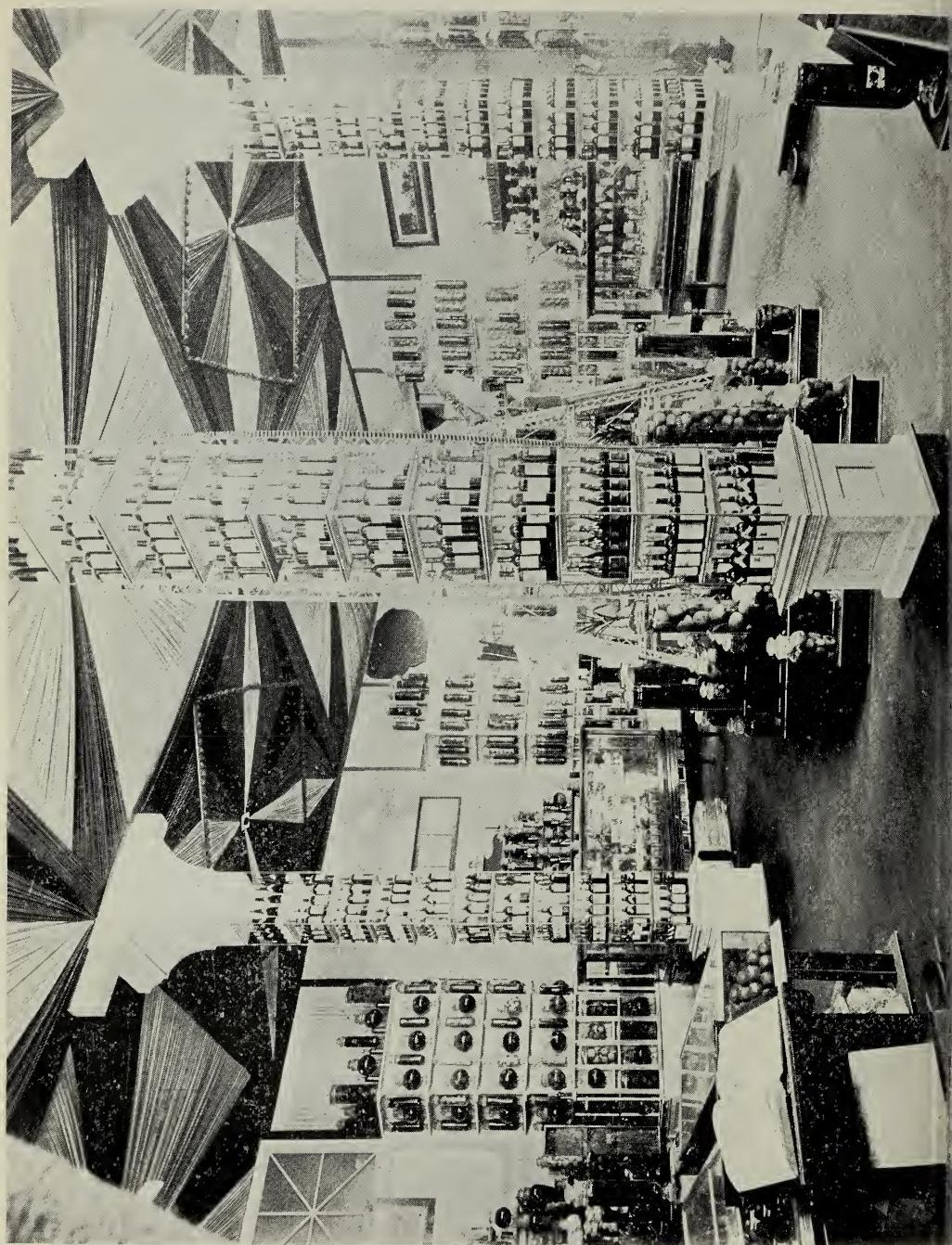
As soon as it was determined to go to
Atlanta, a competent man, Mr. Frank L.
Anders of Lincoln, was sent out by the
State Board of Trade to different parts of
California to collect and send in suitable
material to strengthen and improve the
general exhibit. Some desirable material
was thus secured, though on the whole



GENERAL N. P. CHIPMAN,
PRESIDENT CALIFORNIA STATE BOARD OF TRADE.

he did not meet with as much success as
was expected. A requisition was at the
same time made on different wine growers
for donations to replenish the Board's
wine exhibit, and with the generosity that
has always characterized these people,
they responded liberally. New material,
including dried fruits, nuts, woods, wines,
grains, etc., was collected as far as possi-
ble in the short space of time available.
A fine collection of grains was sent in by
the San Francisco Produce Exchange, and
the State Mining Bureau contributed a
fine classified exhibit of California min-
erals. In this connection I wish to ac-
knowledge the valuable services rendered
by Mr. I. H. Thomas, of this Board, in
contributing and preparing a fine collec-
tion of fruits in jars, including one five
gallon jar of peaches, that weighed from
sixteen to eighteen ounces each, and
which attracted more attention and pro-
voked more comment than any other one
item of our exhibit.

In due time a contract was let for pack-



and loading the State Board of Trade exhibit and the material thus collected, on the 23d of August, accompanied Mr. Phil M. Baier of Porterville, an experienced exposition man and an artist in the work of installation, I started by way of Los Angeles and the famous Sun-Route for Atlanta.

During the work preliminary to starting, we had been more or less correspondence between the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and the State Board of Trade with the view of having the two bodies unite their forces and exhibits in one grand State display. This would probably have been done had not some trouble arisen, just before we were ready to leave California, regarding the matter of space. President Collier, of the Exposition, telegraphed, that owing to the great demand for room, they had been compelled to dispose of the five thousand square feet of space set apart in the Agricultural Building for California. This tended to confuse matters. The wires were kept hot for a few days, but without satisfactory results. Finally Mr. O. P. Carty, of New Orleans, General Traveling Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Company, through whose personal citation the concession of free space had been made to the State Board of Trade in the first place, was asked to go on to Atlanta and try and hold the Exposition to their original promise. This he readily consented to do, and after a protracted controversy, he succeeded in getting a formal grant of thirty-two hundred square feet of space free in the Manufacturers' Liberal Arts Building.

In the meantime Mrs. S. C. Dooley, of Los Angeles, and formerly of Atlanta, secured a concession to put up a structure to be known as the California Building and had given a five thousand dollar bond to make a display therein of California products. She had used all

means possible to get the State Board of Trade's exhibit in her building, but failed. She then turned to the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. From what I have learned since, I think she would have failed there, also, had it not been for the reduction in the amount of space granted to the State Board of Trade, a circumstance that made it necessary either to store much material that was available for Atlanta or put up part of it in her building. In this emergency the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce accepted from Mrs. Dooley the offer of free space in her building. Thus she was enabled to carry her point and save her bond, though the result was confusing to visitors and led to the necessity of a never ending explanation as to why there were two California exhibits, and especially why the State exhibit was not in the California Building. The situation was also more or less humiliating to Californians for the reason that the exhibit in the California Building, good and ably managed as it was, did not pretend to represent any more than one rich section of our State, and was, therefore, not expository of California's entire resources; and secondly, because the structure itself, though having on it in large letters the word "California," was the plainest and poorest and cheapest on the grounds. Yet, in this connection, I wish to say of Mr. Frank Wiggins, Superintendent of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, who, with the assistance of his amiable and very efficient wife, ably and successfully managed the Chamber of Commerce exhibit, that he regretted as much as others could the necessity which compelled him to be apart from the general State exhibit and in any way give countenance to the cheap and plain structure that by a concession which we were unable to annul, bore the name "California."

Mr. Wiggins and his wife, while loyally and efficiently performing their duties to the section of the State which they specially represented, never failed to give me their hearty assistance and friendly co-operation in any and all measures and work aimed to advance the general reputation of California, and increase interest in our State as one undivided commonwealth. In all matters where California's interests were involved, we worked in perfect harmony; our explanations as to the cause of there being two exhibits were as agreed upon, visitors manifesting interest in one exhibit were sent to the other to see the rest of California, and by valuable and timely suggestions and in various other ways both Mr. Wiggins and his good wife rendered me all the assistance they could, consistent with their duties to the section of the State which sent them. We worked from start to finish in the most friendly manner and with a perfect understanding, and our efforts were united in overcoming as far as possible the bad effects and misunderstandings likely to result from two California exhibits. But all this, while perhaps interesting and necessary to a clear understanding of our work at Atlanta, is in the nature of a digression.

On reaching Atlanta, late in August, Mr. Baier and myself, after examining the space that had been allotted to us, at once began to lay it off and plan for the installment of the exhibit. The Exposition was advertised to open on the 18th day of September, and for a work so delicate and important as that before us there was no time to spare. I made arrangements with a planing mill to supply us with what lumber and milling material we might need, and with a force of workmen, black and white, skilled and unskilled,—mostly unskilled,—we went energetically to work. The average Exposition carpenter, I will say in pass-

ing, cannot saw a board off square, his kit of tools consists of a dull saw, a hammer. The merchants of Atlanta showed a disposition to raise prices on material needed for installing exhibits, and laborers and mechanics asked compensation commensurate with the wages with the privilege of coming to what they could get. The system of delivering goods was slow and poor, disgraceful as it is considered in the South, where colored porters are available for the asking, I soon found that if I wanted anything in a hurry (and I generally wanted my supplies that way) the only sure means of getting it was to put it under my arm or on my shoulder and carry it to the grounds. In resorting to this I tried the plan of special messengers, but found in such cases it took from twelve to twenty hours to deliver my purchases. In instance I made three separate trips, roll of carpet, and finally had to carry it out on my back in the dark, and the way through rain and mud, with weather steaming hot. In some instances the Atlanta merchants did not have what we wanted, and if I finally induced them to send for the article required, they invariably sent the order by mail and the material, however small, returned by freight. To a man with a big job confronting him, and a limited time to complete it, these conditions were calculated to cause him to offend the sentiment that Southern city fostered by its hospitals and one churches. But the petty annoyances and aggravating conditions incident to installing a big exhibit in a short time in a strange place are so varied that you can better imagine them than be tried by their enumeration.

When the opening day came, all material had not reached Atlanta, but we had worked day and night, often improvising light, and what we had in place, and to the credit of Cali-

were in better shape when the visitors were admitted than any other exhibit on the grounds, except of the Federal Government. Subsequently two car-loads of material came, besides incidental small shipments, we were working, re-arranging, and occasionally constructing, for at least weeks after the Fair opened. During this time I planned to do most of our work at night and the clean work day so as not to interfere with and the visitors.

Our exhibit from the opening day was greatly admired, and when finally completed, it was freely admitted to be the most artistic and attractive on the grounds. The arrangement was considerably far the neatest, most permanent and best, and the quality and variety of our products forced from visitors a session of ejaculations of surprise, admiration, and wonder. The comments momentarily on the floor were of a character calculated to please the ear of a Californian, and when, as the Fair progressed, visitors from distant points stopped and told us they had been admonished to be sure and see the California exhibit in the Manufacturers' Building, their friends who had been to the Fair and returned home had told them it was the most beautiful and wonderful exhibit at the Exposition, we could not but feel that we were being repaid for the annoyances we had undergone, that the determination of the State Board of Trade to make an exhibit at Atlanta, when others were indifferent, was a wise and a good thing for California. We took with us large quantities of literature from the stock on hand with the Board of Trade, and were fortunate in receiving large subsequent additions in the way of pamphlets and special editions of different live and progressive papers of the State. We were thus enabled

to supply an eager demand for written information about California, from the opening to the close of the Exposition. From first to last we distributed not less than four tons of California literature.

As for the benefits that have resulted to California, or that will result from our exhibit and work at Atlanta, they can never be told. From the very fact, however, that so deep an interest in our State was excited among a people that in the main had previously possessed only a vague idea of our possibilities and resources, it is fair to assume that the seed sown at the Cotton States Exposition will ripen into fruit that will nourish all our industries and strengthen all portions of our commonwealth. Some results are already apparent, others are promised, while yet others will arise that are now not seen, and in some instances are not expected.

As soon as our exhibit was installed there was a manifest quickening in the demand for California products. Our fruits, our nuts, our oils, our wines, and even our beans, began to be asked for, and our mines began to be inquired about. Previously any demand for these articles that had come from any portion of the South, east of New Orleans, had been mainly shipped in small orders from Chicago or New York. So far as I could ascertain through the Atlanta brokers, only four or five full car-loads of California produce had ever landed in their city by direct shipment prior to the opening of the Exposition. From the same source I learned before leaving of forty-seven car-loads of California produce having arrived there direct from this State during the hundred days the Exposition lasted. These consisted of nineteen car-loads of fresh deciduous fruits, two car-loads of citrus fruits, and the balance in dried fruits, canned fruits, wines, nuts, raisins,

vegetables, and beans. In addition to this, I know of quite a number of small orders for wines, dried and canned fruits, etc., that were supplied direct from California to individuals. I know also that during our stay in Atlanta an agency was established there for the sale of our olive oil, our canned fruits, our canned asparagus, and for our California unfermented grape juice.

To appreciate the importance of these facts, it must be remembered that Atlanta is a distributing point for almost the entire South east of the Mississippi, and that the supplies received there are sent more or less to other Southern cities. In interesting its merchants to handle our produce we are, in effect, getting a foothold in the South, and that, in brief, is one of the results we have accomplished through the Atlanta Exposition. Heretofore, as I have said, the merchant or hotel keeper who desired a supply of California produce less than he cared to ship direct from California, was compelled to order either from New York or Chicago. Hereafter he can get such supplies at Atlanta, and being cheaper and more convenient, and the interest of himself and his patrons having been increased in them, it goes without saying that their consumption will materially increase.

As for stimulating immigration, I believe the results will be even greater, relatively, than the increase of trade. As I have said, all visitors showed a lively interest in California, and the number of inquiries after information regarding different features and opportunities of our State was limited only by the number we could find time to answer. We met hundreds who said they were going to California, expected to go, or hoped to go. The people from Florida showed especial interest, and to a man, almost, said they were coming to California as soon as they could dispose in some way of their Florida hold-

ings. A few that I know of, after visiting the Exposition, continued their journey this State, to inspect the situation themselves. We found, also, quite a number of people from the North who, while incidentally visiting the Fair, were in the South mainly for the purpose of looking out for a place to settle. These people almost invariably gave us to understand (after inspecting our exhibit) that judging from our show, they believed when they moved they would go to California. One party of twelve head of families from Ohio, who were in search of a location in a more congenial climate, were captured by our exhibit, after asking us about rates of fare on the Coast, the opportunities for obtaining homes, etc., left with the assurance that when they moved they would go to California. Indeed, while one purpose of the Atlanta Exposition was to attract people to the South, I am sure that a fair proportion of those so attracted were, through our efforts and our exhibit, diverted to California. At the same time, many wealthy Southerners and others have been going or sending their families to Europe, assured us that they would make their next excursion to California. On the whole, I feel that our work will inevitably be fruitful of gratifying results.

There was still another feature of our exhibit and work which came in the last of the Fair, and in which California scored a signal victory for California. It had reference to the display of citrus fruits which we were enabled to make December. The Exposition people seems, were under the impression that California had all the fresh citrus fruit that could get or care to get in the exhibition. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, We had no fresh citrus fruits in the S. Board of Trade exhibit at first, and the Exposition management, as they afterwards explained, took it for granted

d no especial interest in that feature work. They, therefore, neglected by me that exhibits for competition line must be in place and ready for tion by the Committee on Awards 16th of December. It was by ac- that I learned through a Florida man that they were going to have y or thirty barrels of fresh oranges Fair before the day set for award- emums on citrus fruits. This was n to start me inquiring, and soon I ade aware of the entire arrange-

I discovered at the same time ur Florida friends were under the sion that California could supply sh fruits by the date set for the to give their verdict, and so believ- ey flattered themselves that they easily get away with the premiums. time was short for action, but I myself to the work with an energy sed by the urgency of the situation mportance of the case. Mr. Baier well acquainted at Porterville, I m to write to the orange growers explaining to them the importance roving our opportunity, and urging to send us an assortment of citrus at once. At the same time I wrote s of the same import to Sacramento Auburn, and to Mr. L. C. McAfee ard to getting fruit from Oroville. I rote to General T. H. Goodman, al Passenger Agent of the Southern c Company, asking him to grant us ivilege of having such fruit as might tributed from the different points d, sent through to Atlanta as bag-

Having done this, I then went to to have the date for passing on citrus postponed from the 16th of De- er to the 20th, and succeeded in my s.

e parties addressed at this end of the without whose friendly assistance I have done nothing, seemed to grasp

the situation, and in each instance responded promptly and liberally. General Goodman issued the order asked for, and the parties appealed to at Oroville, Au- burn, Sacramento, and Porterville, lost no time in getting and starting their fruit. In due time it came rolling in, and though a number of boxes were opened and par- tially emptied, I was too happy to think of entering complaint. I bought some lumber and went to work on Saturday night to make a separate and artistic stand for its display, and by the day set for awarding the premiums I had exposed before the eyes of the admiring throngs the handsomest exhibit of citrus fruits ever seen in Georgia. The variety was complete, consisting of oranges, lemons, limes, and pomelos, and the quality was all that could be desired. I had not in- formed the Florida people of what I was doing, but when the fruit arrived and was being put up they heard of it and came down to see it. After looking around for a while and asking a good many questions touching on what part of the State our fruit came from, and how it happened to be ripe so early, one of the genial gentlemen in charge of the Plant Railroad System's display, said, with some evidence of a sigh,—

"Well, you are not going to knock us out."

"Do you think not?" he was asked.

"I know you won't," he said.

"Why?"

"Because we won't give you a chance."

True to his word, Florida refused to enter her citrus fruits for competition. California necessarily carried off all the citrus fruit premiums, and most of them were as high as the jury could give.

I consider this effort the best piece of work done by us at the Exposition. Previous to that the exhibitors generally gave us the credit for being wide awake to the

interest of our State, but after we won this victory the expression, " You can't beat a Californian," became almost a by-word.

But besides winning the premiums, the show we made of citrus fruits attracted great attention, especially from those who deal in such products. Few of our navel oranges had ever gotten that far South before, and they were regarded with great favor. Some dealers got in a few boxes for the Christmas trade, and they readily retailed for ten cents apiece; while the Florida or Jamaica oranges were retailing at forty cents a dozen. The day before Christmas I was offered seven dollars a box for all the navels I had, if I would take down my exhibit, but they were doing too much good as an advertisement to think of letting them go while the Fair continued. On breaking up, we distributed the fruit among exhibitors and friends with such discrimination as we thought would result in the most good. As illustrating to an otherwise doubting people the climatic conditions of Northern and Central California, nothing could have been more effective than this exhibit. On this point, and in reference to our citrus exhibit generally, the Atlanta *Constitution* had the following :—

The California State Exhibit in the Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts building, which, for the superior quality of the products there displayed and the artistic manner in which it is installed, has been from the start one of the most popular attractions of the Exposition, is being augmented by a splendid display of citrus fruits. The navel and other popular varieties of oranges, the pomelos, limes, and lemons, are of a quality calculated to make the visitors' mouths water, and fill the denizens of some more hardy clime with envy.

What will strike the visitor, however, as more remarkable about this fruit is not alone its fine quality and superior brightness, but the fact that it comes entirely from what is known as Northern and Central California, where, the Californians in charge tell you, it ripens from four to six weeks earlier than it does in the Southern part of the State, and where such a thing as a rusty or

smutty or scaly orange has never yet known.

This fruit, coming as it does from Porte Sacramento, Auburn, and Oroville, tells the of California's wonderful climate and the to which the mellowness of a Pacific Coaster spreads itself over that State more fo than any book that could be written.

In my opinion, more good will in the line of the objects aimed at by citrus exhibit made in Atlanta by State Board of Trade, than has ever resulted from any citrus fair made in Northern California. Here we convince selves that we grow fine oranges, lem limes, etc., in Northern and Central ifornia and mature them for market or six weeks earlier than we do in Sern California. There we convinc these important facts tens of thousand visitors whose belief to the contrary not have been shaken by any means.

In this report it is meet that I speak of the kindly and efficient assistance rendered by the members of State Board of Trade who were gen enough to give of their time and ne for the purpose of being present to along the work at Atlanta. Our w President, General N. P. Chipman, it his duty to spend two days at the position. In so short a time he cou little more than look around and set himself as to the character of our ex and the conduct of its management. were more than pleased to see him th if but for so short a time, and I was of the opportunity to consult with h regard to such matters as pertained to work. As to what his impressions o our exhibit, our work, and of the position, I leave for him to tell.

Mrs. E. Shields, Sacramento Cou very worthy representative of this Bu was another welcome visitor. Her and services were cut short by sick much to our regret, for during the

was with us, and in health, she was valuable in explaining to visitors in clear and thoroughly practical way where and how the products grew which

saw there, and by what method of treatment they were prepared for market.

Her knowledge, also, on values of and cost of conducting an orchard in California was timely and useful. She unfortunately became sick, however, and thought it prudent to start home earlier than she had expected. She rose from a bed, indeed, to enter upon the journey.

It was in accordance with her judgment and earnest desire that she did so. She took the precaution, however, of sending Mr. Johnson along with her as far as Orleans, for the purpose of looking after her comfort on the road and assisting her to make the transfer at New Orleans. I saw her start with some misgivings, but am more than pleased to be able to state here that with the superior accommodations afforded on the Sunset Limited, and under the kind and prompt treatment of the attendants on that train, improved each day on the journey, arrived home in much better health than when she started.

Doctor D. G. MacLean, Monterey County's representative on this Board, came early in the Fair and staid with us for several weeks. He seemed delighted with our exhibit and our work, and at once threw himself into the harness to help forward the cause for which we were there. He kindly put in most of his time on the floor among the visitors, thus relieving me very much, by affording me an opportunity to attend to other duties. He was frank and always affable and intelligent in answering questions and in disseminating information about our State. I appreciated his assistance very highly and regretted to have him go.

Along with such an exhibit as that California made at Atlanta you cannot have

too many amiable, intelligent, and discreet Californians, but all Californians, I regret to say, do not come up to the standard.

This leads me to the part played at that great show by the State Development Committee. As their representatives were, in a majority of cases, at least, directed to act in harmony with me and under my instructions, my report would not be complete without a reference to their services. In the first place, I want to say that I think that committee erred in deputizing people with authority from them whose greatest recommendation, apparently, was their offer to go at least expense to said committee, regardless of their qualifications or representative character. They sent Mr. Walters to run the stereopticon lamp because he represented that he could sell enough copies of Picturesque California to pay his expenses and salary there, and recompense them, in part, for sending him. They managed to get the books through with our exhibit, but Mr. Walters never sold a copy. He did, however, involve them in considerable expense before departing from Atlanta without notice.

Mr. F. W. Crandall was sent to superintend the cooking of California dried fruits, because he represented that he could sell dried fruit enough to pay himself a salary out of the commissions. I gave him space for a cooking booth, but more than a month passed after his arrival before he made an effort to begin the work. His excuse was that he had no fruit to cook. To encourage him to begin, I gave him a supply of such as I could spare from that which had been sent to me for exhibition purposes. In the mean time he made no great sales, as he had expected, but when he had his cooking well under way and had received some fruit for his demonstrating stand, he got notice from the Development Com-

mittee that he would have to suspend operations because they could not support him. I was convinced that the fruit cooking was doing a valuable service, while I was not convinced that the stereopticon lectures being conducted by Mrs. McCann, also under the auspices of the Development Committee, were a material benefit. I accordingly telegraphed Mr. Carman, of the Development Committee, that he had a hundred times better suspend the lectures than the cooking. His reply came that his contract was such that he could not discontinue the lectures. Accordingly I engaged Mr. Crandall's services myself, and continued the fruit cooking, and the distributing of recipes therefor, at the expense of the State Board of Trade, up to the close of the Exposition.

As for Mrs. McCann and her lectures, I will not attempt to criticize lest I might do the lady an injustice, and that I should dislike; for I am convinced her enthusiasm for California is great and her intentions good. This much I can say, however, that the Southern ideal seems to be a manly man and a womanly woman, and consequently a woman on the rostrum in that section of our country is not likely to attract as many hearers or as much consideration as she might in some other places. Again, Mrs. McCann is inclined to put too much coloring on her pictures and is lacking in that detailed knowledge of California essential to a California lecturer.

In his wisdom and at the request of the Exposition authorities, Governor Budd saw fit to appoint a Board of seven commissioners to the Cotton States International Exposition as follows:

Col. A. Andrews, Dr. J. R. Simms, Mr. Frank Wiggins, Mr. P. M. Baier, Mrs. Alice May Taylor, Mrs. Lucy Underwood McCann, and myself. I was designated Commissioner-General and

the others were directed to act under authority. Of Messrs. Wiggins, Baier and McCann, I have already spoken. Colonel Andrews and Doctor Simms did not attend the Exposition.

Of Mrs. Taylor too much cannot be said in praise. She was raised and educated in Atlanta and is related in that city to many of its leading families. With a modesty that becomes her yet with an enthusiasm that was unabating, she sounded California's praises on all proper occasions, and as a Georgia woman she had more influence with the people in convincing them of the truth of our claims than all the other representatives combined. It became a common occurrence to hear the expression, "What a fine show and Mrs. Taylor's talk has made me wild to go to California." Personally the lady exerts a great influence in Atlanta, and during the Exposition it turned to the account of California. In every way possible she gave us valuable assistance, and especially was she effective in turning and in explaining to them from her modest standpoint, the attractions of our State. In naming her as one of the commissioners the Governor made a wise selection.

The classified mineral exhibit, contributed by the State Mining Bureau, proved a feature of more than usual interest during the Exposition, and at its close, having permission to make such disposition of it as I saw fit, I donated it to the Georgia Normal Industrial College located at Milledgeville. The trustees, including the Governor of the State, passed a vote of thanks to California for the present, and promised to have a separate cabinet made for the collection and put on it the inscription, "California Minerals."

I have referred to the fact that \$5,400.00 was available for the Atlanta Exposition. I am pleased to say

h the concessions previously named, I by practising the closest economy ere it could be done without impairing efficiency of the work, the expend- es will not exceed that amount. en I left California I carried with me \$500.00; I subsequently drew \$1,500.00 e. In addition to this I received for k done for others and from sales and age \$211.59, and from returned ght charges \$97.40, making the total t has come into my hands since leav- for Atlanta \$3,308.99. In return for amount I have vouchers for \$2,538.80, cord of petty expenditures on account Exposition work of \$445.57, and I have n on hand to the amount of \$10.85, ing a balance of \$313.77 unaccounted

This balance represents a portion he cost of living of Mr. Johnson and self during our stay at the Exposition incidental expenses on the way there return. The total cost of replenish-

ing, packing, and loading, the exhibit at this end of the line before and after starting was \$970.14. This added to \$3298.14, the cost of the work at Atlanta, makes a total expenditure to date, chargeable to Atlanta exhibit fund, of \$4,268.28, and leaves a balance in said fund of \$1,131.72. This, I estimate, will be nearly or quite enough to reinstall the exhibit at the new quarters you have selected at Number 16 Post Street, San Francisco, and when that work is done as I hope to be able to do it, the State Board of Trade will be in better shape in every way than it was previous to going to Atlanta, and it will, for its extra pains and efforts in connection with the Atlanta Exposition, have placed to its credit as an additional and powerful reason for its existence and support, one of the greatest works ever performed for California, either at home or abroad, for a like amount of money.

*J. A. Filcher,
Secretary and Manager California State
Board of Trade.*

OF DEATH BEFORE MATURITY.

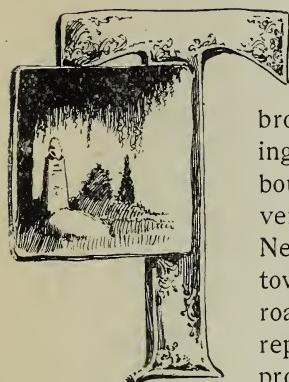
A LERT in the dusky glooms of the early morning,
Eager for food and full of clamorous, low-voiced cries,
The knots of sheep unravel, deaf to the herders' warning,
Wandering wide and far, with restless, unsatisfied eyes.

Never a stop or a stay till a morsel be swallowed,—
Mark you the fallen flowers, in the wake of their wasteful feet,—
A moment's content and quiet, by unrest followed,
And onward they trample and tread, till the time of the noonday heat.

Many years have I lived and learned and arisen from slumber,
Eagerly foraged life's fields, for the herbage they scantily yield.
have cropped the heads of love's clover, and pain's bitter buds without number;
And now—ere the time of the noontide—I will go to another field.

Francis E. Sheldon.

A WAYSIDE HARVEST.



HE town was situated on reclaimed swamp-lands at the bend of a broad, shallow, slow-moving river, which marked the boundaries between two diverse and alien localities. New additions fringed this town; a plow factory, railroad shops, and canneries, represented its material prosperity; an electric line connected it with Kansas City across the river. It harbored a mixed population composed of the slow-moving, respectable people of the Old Quarter, and a mongrel horde of various nationalities and colors, which filled the additions and crowded down to the water front, and when fortunate, found employment in the factory or in the packing houses of the city. The respectable people kept the provision, clothing, and implement stores, and sold their submerged farms to real-estate agents, who blocked them out by means of high-water side-walks and profited by the foot.

In the Respectable Quarter a group of women loitered in front of Mrs. Speers's gate, and talked in undertones. Their gestures and glances were directed toward a low, rambling house opposite, which was partially concealed by apple trees and lilac bushes. At its door a pennon of black waved fitfully. A short distance down the street a white frame church was visible. Some people had gathered on its steps. At various gates one or two, dressed as for church, were tarrying. The group at Mrs. Speers's had their bonnets on and wore their Sabbath black.

A young woman came out of the gate across the way and turned rapidly down the street.

"Nanette!"

"Na-a-nette!"

Their voices were subdued but penetrating. The girl did not pause. Perhaps she was weeping. She carried her head bent down. The faultless line of her cheek and throat suggested sin to those who knew her. Nanette always wore her dresses too low.

"Well! she might have stopped a minute!"

"She could have said she was in a hurry, anyway. She need n't pretend she did n't hear."

"Who's Nanette Blanchard, that she should n't speak when she's spoken to?"

"She's never had a realizin' sense of her sins since Mrs. Hale, with the intentions in the world, took her up. I believe in reformin' the wicked, but they ought to remember who they are."

"I wanted to know if them flowers looked all right. I sent 'em a 'Garden Ajar' of them syringas like what we had for Willie. You know how sweet they looked. She admired it. I hope they'll send back the frame."

"Mrs. Keets says Nanette's been the bad girl ever since she took to her bed, acting like she was her mother. And I guess I'm hard on her. She has good cause to hate Mrs. Hale."

"And while she's a-doing of it, the young'un of hers is just running wild. She owes Mrs. Hale a good deal, but say duty begins to home. She brought the child into the world,—the least she can do is to take care of it."

"It won't be no better than she is, if e don't look out."

The door where the black crape fluttered, opened again. A large, portly man closed it softly behind her, crossed the street, and joined them. She wore her bonnet and shawl. She is pulling on her gloves. Her face was pale, but undisturbed by the wild grief

a woman so devoid of that trait should have so much to relate when the play was over, and she walked out, as she had just now done, drawing on her gloves.

"They're in there now," she said, indicating the house with a backward jerk of her head, "in her bed-room, making it up."

"They all got here, did they?"



nich had sent Nanette, blind and deaf, the shunned shelter of her little house. Mrs. Keets belonged to that privileged class of people to whom no doors are closed in times of stress. At births, weddings, deaths, she always had a place. Here even the most curious were shut out, Mrs. Keets could go. Mrs. Keets was not curious. It was wonderful that

"Yes, just. Mr. John came an hour before the last. They feel dreadful bad, —you can see that."

"They'd ought to! Her own children!"

"They did n't know 't was so near. She never sent for them. I think she'd ought to have let them know, but maybe she did n't know herself."

"Know herself! Well, she did! She's known it all winter. There's more behind things than can always be seen. I guess she had good reasons for not sending for them!"

"They're mighty stuck-up looking. I suppose she knew they would n't come."

"Well, they have come, ain't they?—anyway they're here!"

"We all know that she was dreadful set in her ways, and queer. She never would do things like other folks. I've heard—come pretty straight, too—that they could n't live with her. She would n't give them no peace. Any-way—"

"She never begrudging nobody else a home,—I guess she would n't her own children. If the truth was known, I guess he'd be the one that did n't want 'em."

"I don't know as anybody knows that they've ever quarreled with their ma or with him either. They was grown and off making money before she married him. I don't know of any reason why they should come to this dead little place where there's nothing to do."

"'T would have looked a little better, anyway. The truth is they were dreadful afraid she'd be a lecturer or something, and disgrace 'em forever. So they did n't oppose it none when she come to marry him,—thought she'd settle down and give up some of her queer notions about reclaimin' folks. She did n't settle down quite as quiet as they expected her to, so they just let her alone, never come nigh her! Now here they are, prosperous and well dressed an' feelin' mighty bad. I guess she's settled down quiet enough for 'em now!"

"His children wa'n't pleased at all. Everybody knows that. It must have seemed silly to 'em to see their pa shinin' around with his old sweetheart, pertendin' he was young. I guess Clara thought she could keep her pa's house herself."

"And Clara is a good cook and hand—her pa found that out when she was away. We all know Mrs. Hale was housekeeper. I've heard he actual had to get his own breakfasts! A somehow, I don't believe getting when she was old what she wanted when she was young ever made her very happy."

Here Mrs. Keets's voice poured forth largesse: "He's had the church fine beautiful,—shows he thought lots of anyhow, an' I know he feels real b'lieved. He did n't eat hardly any breakfast, but broke right down cryin' in the middle of the blessin'. He was dreadful afraid he did n't die in the Lord, though he's cal'ed to special meetin's for her time and again. She never was convicted of her sins—not up to the last minute. It was dreadful hard on him,—and him a deacon!"

"There ain't no use denyin' it, she was queer, just about the queerest woman I ever seen. I've known her right up in the middle of prayers if she happened to think of something she wanted to do, an' go an' do it. Brother Hale does pray a good long time anywhere, an' with the Bible readin' an' sayin' what he's got to say, I've known him put in three quarters of an hour after breakfast. After she started the nursery, she just naturally had to get the rooms warm for them children before seven o'clock, so when she thought him prayed long enough, she just got up from her knees an' went an' built the fire. You can't blame her none, but it must have seemed dreadful odd for him to be prayin' along by himself. He told Brother Cross about it an' asked him what he ought to do, an' Sister Cross, she told me,

"She wa'n't religious, an' yet she was always runnin' after reforms, holdin' that morality didn't have no sin, that folks ought n't to take their bitter part, an' that there wa'n't no such thing as original sin. I've noticed this, that when

ks who ain't religious take hold of
orality, they make a mess of it. But
wa'n't his fault if she wa'n't saved.
hey do say she died just to get shet of
in' nagged to death about her soul. Of
urse we know that ain't so, but I
uld n't help but think of it when I saw
r lyin' there all white an' still, not
therin' herself about nobody else's
series, nor worryin' about the lack of
otherly love betwixt folks,—nothin'
atever to do but just be that same
ul she never had time to bring to sal-
tion. 'T was real depressin'. I did n't
nder he cried.

"She was a mighty queer woman and
on't thlnk he ever understood her,—
on't think any of us did."

"She certainly was queer."

"Yes, she was queer,"

A woman, richly over-dressed, brushed
dely by them. Her sultry eyes and
rling lips proclaimed her from across
e river.

"Youbettah be gittin' ready foh to
her shoes!" she flashed at them as
e swept by.

Mrs. Speers recovered herself with a
sp. "My! the face of that kind of
ks! Thank goodness they won't have
call to come around here, now that
s. Hale is gone,—though she meant
ell. But I can't see as she ever did
y good makin' friends of 'em."

The richly dressed woman joined the
up at the church steps.

In one room of the house with the som-
r ornament She lay in state, and the
verend Henry Cross knelt beside her,
terceding with her God—by special re-
est. The room should have been the
rlor, but had been turned to other
es. Low tables were pushed against
e wall, and about these little chairs
ere placed in orderly array. Boxes of
ys were shoved under the tables.

Some shelves, in reach of diminutive
statures, held gayly bound, cloth-leaved,
much-handled books. Bright-colored
pictures adorned the walls. The many
windows were heavily curtained for the
present occasion, but even the unaccus-
tomed shadows and the long, black couch
on which She lay, failed to rob the room
of a certain bright, innate hilarity. It
was preëminently a room to live in, or
having lived and toiled, one in which to
lie down with folded hands, as She was
now doing, for a little well earned rest.
There was but one somber thing in it,—
the pastor. He had finished his prayer,
and as he knelt, he looked around the
room. He liked that room. He had been
in it many times when it was vibrant
with children's voices. He rose from his
knées and looked at his watch, pursing
up his lips and frowning a little at the
march of time. Then he tiptoed into the
sitting-room, where a solitary attendant
sat.

"Is every thing ready? It's most
time," he whispered.

"I guess so. They're in there," in-
dicating the little bed-room where his
children and her children were "making
it up."

From its closed door came a strained
voice, "What difference does it make
how we walk! *She* won't care now!"

"Hu-sh-sh!"

The pastor made haste to tap at the
door, which was opened a few inches and
a whispered conference followed: then it
was flung wide and they came out, his
children and her children, two and two,
walking decorously, with eyes bent
down. They had made it up.

The pastor led them to the parlor that
they might have a last look at her and
pray in unison for the passing of her soul.
He raised his voice in supplication for the
Mourners,—for him, for his children, and
her children. His voice was muffled by

the sound of their sobbing, for tears were shed,—stiff, bitter, unaccustomed tears. Let no one doubt but they were genuine,—She would never have doubted.

She lay there very quietly, but on her lips was the same message that had been there in life. It was wonderful, the subtlety and variety of expression in her face. It was as if some magic mirror presented to each spectator all that which a dilatory conscience had long neglected. Those who had hated her, might hate her still, for the face was as austere, as condemning, as the small and mean had ever found it. Those who had thought her queer, might still think her queer, for there was in her expression the same lofty disregard for conventionalities, for proprieties, which had ever characterized her. She had always been untrammeled and direct. One could fancy that, unheralded, she had confronted Him with, "Lord, I have this day brought unto Thee a soul!" and prostrated herself at His feet. And those who had loved her, might love her still, and looking at that face, see nothing there to mar its charity, compassion, and boundless sympathy. To the sad old world, the world that suffered, the world with "pariah" stamped in red upon its brow, she would still be as she had ever been, a friend and a symbol of Hope. Dear face!—dear, patient, yearning, unsatisfied face!—the prayer is over.

It was but a short distance to the church, and the pall-bearers carried her there. First came the home pastor and a brother clergyman, pacing slowly, slowly; then She came, borne by her six pall-bearers, alone, apart, as she had always been when among the orderly and the elect; then the Mourners, two and two; the Respectable group which had gathered at Mrs. Speers's gate, and more Respectable People who were loitering on the way. Never before had she

done anything so correctly, so proper. She, who always forgot something, always hurried to catch trains, who was always late,—bonnet awry and wisps of gray hair flying,—passed slowly, slowly on,—nothing forgotten, nothing neglected.

"Humph!" in whisper, "one fairer. Too bad she could n't see it!"

"It's the will of God. Nothing would ever have brought them together!"

"I guess she would have been willing to die if she could just have seen them. They look like brothers and sisters!"

"They had n't spoke for years! The children thought hisn wa'n't good enough, and his just thought they'd show 'em."

At the church door was a motley crowd, an unorganized, ill-dressed, singing crowd. Her crowd. Among the over-dressed women looked aggressively prosperous. Silently they passed to the right and to the left, silently they stood and waited, and each head was bare. Through these ranks they passed—the Ministers, the Pall-Bearers, the Mourners, the Respectable People, four and two. Into the church, well to front, they went and took their seats. Then came the crowd, not two and two, but jostling, pushing, yet silently—they.

"Move along, can't you!"

"Get off my toes, damn you!—forgive me!"

"There's a seat. Can't you get Hsh-sh!"

"Hsh-sh!"

"Hsh-sh-sh!"

They took all the vacant seats and filled the aisles, but they did not crowd in front; they did not venture near the reserved seats; they respected the Mourners.

There was a prayer, a hymn, and a sermon,—a short sermon, but one

embered long. Poor, stunted, ill-used other Cross ! She had been kind to n and he was grateful. He thought r work had been good, and he did not sh that it should die with her, even though her methods had not always been thods of wisdom. She was too zeal- s, too impatient, too extreme, but her ork had been in the right direction. oreover, he was not sorry for a chance free his mind from certain bitter oughts which had long been repressed, and what better time to deliver them an now, behind the earth-works of Sis- Hale?

"Brothers and Sisters, I have been ed to preach Sister Hale's funeral ser- on, and now that I am here I must say at I am not prepared,—I cannot preach ermon. I stand in the presence of a mon symbolized, her life work, and I I cannot preach a sermon. But I will ote to you some passages from hers.

"I called on Sister Hale a few days fore she died, and I said, 'Have you ade your peace with God?' She an- vered, 'No, we have always dwelt to- ther in peace.' And I said, 'You seem ell assured. Beware lest your feet umble !' She replied, 'He has always en with me; not for a moment have I en alone.' That was a strange asser- on to make, for you and I—who have often been alone—know that Sister ale was not an orthodox woman. We ve often deplored this: we have made r the special subject of prayer, and we nnot say that in one single instance she the Lord answered our prayers. She ed unconverted, and I for one, am con- nt to leave her account with Him who uld let her die thus and die at peace.

"You know that Sister Hale was eer in other ways. We 've often lked about it. Some of us have criti- zed her, some of us have disliked her, et us not deny it because she is gone,—

we did not deny it while she was here. But let us pause a moment and see why this was so. She was a busy woman. What did she do? Well, she gave part of her house for a nursery and kinder- garten where the women who work in the canneries could leave their children from morning till night and know that they were safe and warm and fed. It did n't cost us anything, and we ap- proved of it, all of us. I'm afraid we forgot to tell her so.

"She changed our poor-house, which was a disgrace to the community, into a comfortable home for the old and sick, His sick, who had not where to lay their heads. We did not altogether approve of that. It increased our taxes and put a premium on poverty. I remember a committee waited on Sister Hale and told her so; and I remember that Sister Hale said things to that committee that they did n't like. She believed that each was to be his *brother's* keeper,—and not keeper of swine,—and she told them that poverty and sin had never provided a more wretched place for the unfortunate than this County had for its poor, and at last she had her way. We are still paying for it!

"She had other notions. She believed that the children ought to be given a chance. You know she tried to start a box factory here—just for our own children—where they could work two hours a day, study four, and play the rest of the time; be paid for what they did, and in return, pay for what they got; and we were never, never to think — we grown folks — that we were giving more than we received, that we were philanthropists, and that those little chil- dren were living on charity. That was her way of keeping our fine poor-house empty. And she wanted each of us to stop in our busy life and make friends with those children, — or just stand

around ready and let them make friends with us. That's what Sister Hale wanted,—that our right hand should give to the left, and that the left should not feel ashamed, but as one who has the right, as an equal and a friend, should return to that right hand tenfold; and that the right hand should never say, or even think, 'I but receive my own again from my creature whom I have made!' Sister Hale wanted a good deal.

"We know how well she planned, but we didn't help her. We are Christians, peaceable and law-abiding,—when we keep our fences up and the bars closed,—but we knew we could not work together. We knew that bickerings and jealousies and suspicions would creep in as they have always crept in,—and we could n't pull together. Too long have our hands been against every man, and every man's hand against us! Sister Hale could n't carry out her plan alone. It needed money to start with, and she was n't a rich woman,—so it fell through. Those children have been growing up with idle hands. With idle hands? Who creep into our gardens at night and steal our choice fruits? Who 'rifle' our henhouses? Who, as we walk across the street in our respectable black coats, jeer at us, and call after us, 'Ain't ye never hearn tell of Christ?' Oh, they know us! They've been to our Sunday-schools,—once in a while.

"No, we didn't help her, but she did what she could. She let them know that she understood them and felt for them, even if 't was only a matter of stealing rides on the electric cars. I don't think she ever asked them if they loved Jesus,—why should they love Jesus?—but I've seen her sit down on a door step and explain the use of the brakes and the trolley, and tell them of the good and ill worked in this world by that potent force now acting under the guidance

of the motor-man, though you could hear it, or see it, or feel it—with hands—but you could feel it all thru you, like a conscience! Do you suppose one of them will ever forget it? or that there was one of them who did n't take a moral to it? I've seen those boys flush up under the dirt, and stand around on one foot when she went by, so afraid she would n't see them! What was their way of lifting their hands?

"We all approve of this. It is a light shining in a dark place, and we approve. Sister Hale did other things which we did not approve. She frequented the saloons in this town,—yes, we can say she did it. Some of us have n't given her for it yet. Our sister city gave all our trade! Oh, there are some things which cannot be forgiven, even to death!

"You know how we've prayed to save the fallen women of our town. What we've intended to save them? I'm sure I don't know. We did n't intend to give them work,—I'm sure of that. We would n't have them around. We never could know that they had really reformed. We can't trust such people. We did n't intend to give them love and sympathy,—I'm sure of that. We could n't. Something inborn, something fine and high, hedged us about with armor. We called a meeting in their behalf, and invited Sister Hale. She came. She spoke. We have not yet recovered from the shock of her words. You know that after that, some of us had to drop her acquaintance. We could n't have the very citadel of purity stormed like that.

"Some of her friends are here today. You don't know them. I don't know them. Is there not one among us

take her place? They don't want
They did n't want her,—once; but
y—do they want her today?"
here was a stir among that close-
sed throng. They were listening
erly, conscious of being used to point
moral. Down in front there was
ing among the Mourners, but in Her
t crowd was no crying. They were
ople who seldom regretted or looked
; and without repentance, what
of tears? Yet at the preacher's
tion there passed over them a surge,
h, as though the deeps were moving.
Respectable People who were always
stared straight before them, while
e who dallied on the border-land
restless eyes upon the floor. What
ow, keen, suspicious faces! He felt,
new, that they were judging him—
were condemning him! And he de-
ded for his bread, aye for his chil-
's bread, upon the approval of these
lipped people who rigorously kept
etter of the law! To his credit be-
d, that it was the sense of failure
h hurt him most as he stepped down
le her. He removed the flowers
the glass plate and stood a moment
ng at her. Then he raised his
.

There was once a sower who went
to sow. Some of the seeds fell
ng thorns, and the thorns sprang up
choked them. Some fell upon stony
s where they had not much earth.
they sprang up quickly, but with-
out, and the sun scorched them and
withered away. And some fell by
wayside and the birds of the air came
id were fed.

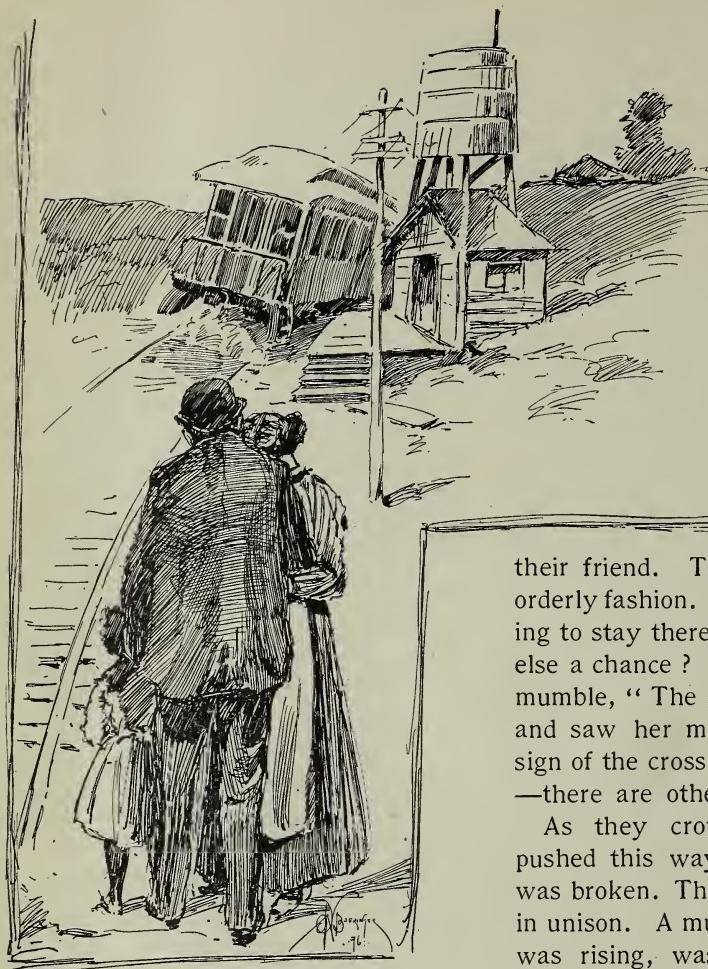
t is thus He considers the ravens
n they cry for food. Think you that
ower is unworthy of her hire though
ivest ripens to her hand? Verily I
unto you, even today she has re-
! And unto you, whose time is yet

to come, I say, if ye go not and pluck out
the thorns from among her seeds, and
carry earth and water to those stony
places, it shall be on the Judgment Day
as though ye had not been!"

He went to his chair and sank down
trembling, his face in his hand. The
brother clergyman rose hastily, and in a
meek, frightened voice poured forth the
usual supplications, the oil upon the
troubled waters.

Then they came softly and in order,
the Respectable People, and looked at
her. After them, silently pushing, came
Her crowd,—all save one, who could
hardly be numbered with that throng,
yet there were grave reasons why he
should not be classed among Respectable
People.

He was tall, broad-shouldered, young,
with the sinewy frame and hard, flexible
hands of the mechanic. His rugged,
handsome face was white now under its
russet coloring. He had come to her
funeral because he could not stay away,
because she was a good woman he knew.
He had avoided her while she lived, but
to little purpose, for she had hunted him
out in the shops, at his boarding-house,
in the resorts where he took his wild
pleasures, to urge his duties — what she
conceived to be his duties — upon him.
Her persistency had made him impatient;
it had made him furious; he had cursed
under his breath. Yet he had always
listened to her. He was glad that he
had always listened to her. Why, when
he had seen her last, how she had re-
buked him, exhorted, admonished. And
there was the little book she had given
him, which he had not read. When he
first took it up, it opened of itself at just
one place where she had marked and
underscored a passage. She might as
well have been sitting there pointing her
finger at him. He had flung the book
away with an oath, but those words he



could not forget. He had not heard much of the sermon because of those words sounded over and over again,—“Love is better than passion; duty is greater than pleasure; restitution is more than repentance.” No, he could not look at her, now that she would not care for faltering promises or tardy contrition, now that his inmost heart was bare before her. “Duty is greater than pleasure; restitution is more than repentance.” He must go and make it up to Nanette.

Down in front her crowd surged around her, disarranging the flowers, jostling

the very bed in which she rested. Gah-haggard men from the factory were the reckless women—no one knew where sin-wise children in the streets. They were not good folk. Sin and want and misery were written all over them. Evidently the devil had not rendered them well for service, yet such they were, they came and looked at

their friend. They did not pass on in orderly fashion. Was that old woman going to stay there all day and give no one else a chance? The preacher heard a mumble, “The Blessed,—the Blessed” and saw her make the long neglected sign of the cross. “You must move—there are others,” he whispered,

As they crowded down and pushed this way and that, their silence was broken. Their bodies began to move in unison. A murmur, low and musical, was rising, was taking possession of them, was carrying them off their feet. Some raised their arms above their heads and beat a sobbing measure, keeping with the swaying of their bodies with the rhythm of their song,—a song that one hears sometimes in summer twilight, coming to back alleys and garbaged streets, attunes the heart to worship. Singing softly, despairingly, they gathered ever closer and did not pass on.

“We’ll carry her.”

“Let us carry her!”

“She would!”

They waited for no answer, and went out among friends. She, who had given so much in love, received at

service of affection. They swarmed in the center of the street, for the ten ways were far too narrow for one who walked not two and two. Her song went with them, with its accompaniment of uplifted, swaying arms and softly clapping hands. Yet they acted decorously, She and Her crowd. From them came the Ministers, the Clergymen, the Pall-bearers with nothing to fear, and the Respectable People. As they passed, not to the graveyard, but to the depot, for she was not to be buried like other people,—so thought Her Husband,—but was to rest in some secret place, some high and holy summit, where, on Judgment Day He would come to claim his own.

The train came. She was not late. It

went, and her crowd slipped away to their underworld, while her children and his children, with drooping lids veiling their enmity, went back to business, to life, and to pleasure.

Alas for the fulness of harvest!—Yet for a humble gleaner there was something to bind into sheaves. Far up the track stood three figures, a man and a woman with a little child between them. They strained their eyes after the vanishing train. The steel rails at their feet vibrated with its farewell rumble and set the sermon of Her life throbbing into music: “Love is better than passion; Duty is greater than pleasure.”

Such, poor and pitiful, was the harvest, but the sower would not have counted it small.

L. B. Bridgman.

THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.

HE AUTHOR OF “THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM,” THE “CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO,” ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.

X.

R. BARRINGTON, following a general principle which he had laid down early in his married life, said nothing to his wife about the strained relations existing between himself and her husband, nor did he call attention to the obnoxious paragraph in the *Hornet*. The salient object of this silence was to shield her from annoyance and worry. Her health was failing, with it her spirits. Of late she had fallen into a physical and mental lethargy distressing to her husband. His opinion seemed to provoke a counter pes-

simism, a source of continual irritation to so sanguine a man.

“ You *must* rouse yourself,” he would say,—urging her, in the words of Mrs. Chick, “ to make an effort.”

“ I only want to be left alone, Rufus,” she would reply gently. “ I am tired, very tired. Why should I make an effort? The children are gone. Let me rest.”

The doctor—the same learned ignoramus that had attended Helen—muttered something about cardiac troubles, and prescribed half the drugs in the Pharmacopeia. Mr. Barrington upon the day following the events detailed in the last chapter called in Fortescue.

"Mrs. Barrington," said that brilliant son of Æsculapius, "is suffering from indigestion caused by cerebral disturbance. She is worrying herself into her grave. Find out the cause of the worry and I will prescribe."

"Alice," said Mr. Barrington, the same afternoon, "we have been man and wife for some thirty years. I am entitled to your full confidence. You have something on your mind. What is it?"

"You would not understand," she faltered, turning away her graceful head, with its nimbus of silvery hair.

"I will try to understand," he returned humbly; so humbly that she was touched and held out her hand.

"Rufus, I'm frightened — terrified."

"What frightens you, my poor Alice?"

"Death," she whispered. "I am dying,—I know it, and — and I don't want to die."

"No one does," he answered moodily.

"Rufus, you remember the lines in *Thanatopsis*? If I could feel that I was lying down to pleasant dreams I could die gladly, but the dream, I fear, will not be pleasant."

"What have *you* done," he cried almost roughly, "that you should fear the hereafter,—if there be a hereafter?"

"I have not done my duty," she returned pathetically. "Look at Helen and Henry. I might have guided them aright, but they have gone astray. Both are headstrong and wilful."

"Don't leave out Dick," said her husband.

"Dick is different. I am not so anxious about him, but the others,—O, Rufus, I reproach myself night and day. It is my fault that she married Hector. I liked him because he sang pretty songs and went regularly to church. The rest I took for granted. I have taken too much for granted. I have had too easy a time. You remember that I refused to punish Henry when he told me a lie. I

shirked my obligations then and : then. And my punishment is to c Don't let me die, Rufus."

The childishness of the appeal cut to the quick. He appreciated the significance of her words. He had taught to be helpless; to lean upon him; to in all things to his riper judgment. had turned her from a woman into a parasite; had relieved her of all responsibility; had kept her for ornament, no use.

"In the sight of God," she said steadily, "my life has been a failure."

Rufus Barrington started at the ph He had applied, tentatively, the v failure to himself only the day before. Could it be possible that after these y of prosperity and success, as the w counts success, that he and his wife w to be inscribed in the Book of Fate Failures!

"The word failure," he said, and voice trembled, "is a detestable one, t Alice, I have made my failures the tping stones to success. The lower rungs of the ladder of life are often rotten."

"I fear," she sighed, "that in pulling yourself up, dear, you have unwittingly pushed me down."

No more was said, but the great bar lay awake that night and tried vainly to digest that last sentence. He repeated Fortescue a portion of the conversation, and that young man drew his own deduction.

"Mr. Barrington," he said thoughtfully, "I think you told me that you were going to New York. Take Mrs. Barrington with you. And pardon me, but her share for a season all your business cares, great and small."

"What! Why, Doctor S—— said he was on no account to leave home: on no account to be disturbed by petty c He prescribed practically your own treatment,—rest."

Fortescue shrugged his shoulders.

I believe in the stimulus of change." "I should like to take her along," mused Mr. Barrington, stroking his beard. "It would brace me up, too, to talk over with her my affairs. A man must talk, Doctor, even if he has to practise on his wife. Yes, yes, I shall take your advice. We will make a regular honeymoon of it—hey? Darby and Joan—tall!"

is rugged face brightened as he made plans. Certainly, he reflected, Fortune was a man of talent, of genius. "How is the horse I gave you?" he said, with something of his normal cheeriness. "What have you named it?"

"I call him Dick, sir,—after your son." "I wish Dick had some of your sense. He is cranky. Have you heard from him lately?"

Fortescue detected a note of anxiety in voice.

I had a letter only last night. Would you care to read it?"

Mr. Barrington held out his right hand and fumbled with the other for his glasses."

"My dear Cyrus," the letter began.

ern necessity, with the *clavos trabales*, the big spikes, has nailed me at last. I am actually earning my bread and butter and eating it with the utmost relish, as a reporter on the staff of the *Enquirer*. I met a man, Cassius Quirk, who considers himself under obligations to me for the service I once rendered him. He has won some rather amusing work my way. His paper—the *Enquirer* aforesaid—is getting up one or two big editions and the crowning feature of the enterprise is to be a series of interviews with officers of the labor organizations. The reporters engaged in collecting the material have been given instructions. We are permitted to drape appropriately the ideas of the interviewed, but denied the right of individual expression, which is quite as it should be. I will write you, but cannot give you my address, as I am constantly on the move.

Si quis me quaeret Rufus,—which loosely conveys, if my dear old daddy asks any

questions,—tell him that I am fit as a fiddle, and studying men without manners. I have had already some queer adventures. Take care of yourself.

CHESTER BARRINGTON.

P. S. Jewelry being obviously out of place even in my name, I have dispensed with the "ring," and am known to my many unwashed friends as Chester Barton.

"The boy has the pride of Satan," remarked his father as he returned the letter to Fortescue. "He won't touch his allowance. But this work may do him good and open his eyes. He has an idea,"—the old man laughed harshly,—“that poor men are honest.”

"He is an excellent fellow," said Fortescue warmly.

"He is a fool," snapped Mr. Barrington. "But he will come to his senses. I wash my hands of him. When he tires of quill-driving and the elevating society of the Knights of Labor, I shall expect an apology. You can tell him so from me. And now, Doctor, I wish to speak to you upon another subject very near my heart. Our relations have been so confidential that I have no hesitation in discussing frankly with you the unhappy relations that exist between my daughter and her husband."

He paused. The two men were sitting in the library, and the luxury of its appointments seemed to strike the owner suddenly.

"I would cheerfully exchange all of this," he waved his hand, "for a four-room cottage on a mountain claim, if I could make my wife a well woman and undo that wretched marriage."

These emphatic words touched Fortescue. He had not given the banker credit for such sentiments.

"I fear," continued Mr. Barrington, "that Desmond drinks very heavily."

Fortescue nodded. Desmond's remarkable capacity for cocktails was becoming the talk of the town.

"Bad—bad! I have learned only lately that his father before him was a drunkard. It's in the blood. I ought to have known of it; my negligence in the matter was most culpable; but, Doctor, can nothing be done? There is the Gold Cure."

"I'm hardly on speaking terms with Mr. Desmond," returned Fortescue. "He resented my action in keeping him away from his wife. In fact he is positively rude to me."

"Ah! And this good-looking nurse, Stella Johnson, with whom Helen seems to be infatuated. Did you recommend her? And if so, what do you know about her?" What is her record?

"I did not recommend Miss Johnson, and I know nothing of her record. As a physician it is enough for me to be satisfied that she is an accomplished nurse and an unusually clever woman."

"Unscrupulous?"

"I have no reason to think so. Reticent, perhaps."

"Would she be capable, in your opinion, of—er—making mischief between man and wife. My son-in-law hinted at something of the kind. For God's sake, Fortescue, if you can help me at this pinch, do so."

"My dear sir, I know nothing of Miss Johnson. Probably she has had some trouble. She is certainly proud. Personally I am under obligations to her. She helped me in my laboratory. For a woman with her limited education she made the most astonishing progress in analytical chemistry."

"I don't like that," growled Mr. Barrington. "She has infected Helen with some of her ideas. They spend hours together, fussing with a microscope. Well, Doctor, you are a busy man, so I won't detain you any longer. I wish you could have told me something about this nurse."

"She lived in or near Los Angeles,"

said Fortescue, as he shook hands. "is the extent of my knowledge."

But Mr. Barrington was not satisfied with this meager information. He liked anything which smacked—expressed it—of mystery. Putting, and two together, he had decided, in impetuous fashion, that Stella Johnson was responsible for these scandalous. No man, he reflected, takes denly to indecent dissipation with cogent reasons. Hector, doubtless, always liked a cocktail too well, but had respected the conventionalities in his cups, and never took his boat out on Sunday. That he should proclaim himself publicly to be a sanguined a mystery, and that mystery banker determined to plumb to its depths. Accordingly, he sent for a private detective of proved discretion, and instructed him to hunt up the nurse's record, report at length, and as soon as possible. The man went South that very evening, with a pass in his pocket-book and a handsome check—on account.

Acting upon Fortescue's advice, Barrington cautiously confided to his small percentage of his cares and worries.

"I'm carrying a big load, Alice. You once hoped that Henry and Dick would bear their portion of it, but that hope exploded."

"You always liked to stand alone."

"True, but I'm getting along in years, Alice, and somehow my capacity for fun seems impaired. I need help. In fact, he added, watching the effect of his words, "I need you."

"Me?" she repeated, with a faint flush. "Why, Rufus, you are joking."

"Not at all. I propose to take you to New York. More, I propose to talk with you my affairs. Confound it, told Fortescue, a man must talk with some one."

But not with his own wife."

Yes, with his own wife."

It is too late, dear."

We shall see. You have a good i, Alice, but you have allowed your to go wool-gathering. I call that sophy of yours wool-gathering."

I don't read theosophy any longer. es not satisfy me, Rufus."

Very little of it would satisfy me," her husband. He began immediately iscuss their plans for the journey, ng with chagrin that she shrank from discomfarts of travel and only cond ed to accompany him with the great eluctance. None the less her eyes ttened when he laid before her the nitude of the interests involved, and habitual apathy gave place to a timid apathy which both touched and sed him. Fortescue was right after

I have heard again from Pixler," he presently. He has written me two atening letters in the last week. s he has power and will use it; that s the head of some secret organiza , and a lot more rubbish to the same ct. I must set the police at him."

I have always had a feeling, Rufus, at that man would work us a mischief. ould it not be better to do something him?"

Why, Alice, where are your princ ies?"

"I don't know," she answered, speak the simple truth. Her principles, long , had taken wing, blown far and wide the windy sophistry of her husband. "By Jupiter," he said irritably, "I eve you. That is the main trouble h you, Alice; you have no principles, hing salted down. Where should I be bout my principles? But you women en you let go of your New Testament y tales let everything else go by the rd too. Helen, like you, confounds ics with the Apostles' Creed."

Mrs. Barrington made no reply. She was thinking of Aunt Mary. Since that lady's return to California the sisters had met twice. Mrs. Murray, her orthodoxy sharpened by contact with the Church of England, had once more thrown down the gauntlet. Biblical exegesis was her strong point and during her stay at Langley she had committed to the rector of the parish her sister's case. He had very kindly fortified her with arguments and most excellent advice. He had urged, with some eloquence, the abiding virtues of charity.

"Your sister," he had said, "has lost, as you tell me, at once Faith and Hope. Use a better weapon than either—Love." Mrs. Murray, admitting that in the past she had trusted rather too much in the efficacy of Dogma and Doctrine, consented to try the experiment. She had parted from Mrs. Barrington with a chilly kiss, she met her with all the warmth of early days. She had begged her sister to come to her at Menlo; she had described with affecting realism the church where they had worshiped together as girls; she had visited the grave of their mother and gathered there some grasses and a sprig of myrtle. It was after this interview that Mrs. Barrington laid aside the study of theosophy. The fruits of that occult science tasted bitter. No fragrant memories sweetened them.

"I should like, Rufus, before I go to New York with you, to spend some days with Mary."

"How women wander from the subject. We were talking of principles. Ah! I see: the connection is obvious. Principles and Mary go hand in hand. Murray was a man of principle. Christian principle, I mean, but his notes of hand were always protested. Yes, my dear, you can go to Mary, and if you can, hurry up this love affair between Phyllis and Fred. I don't like Fred as much as I did. He is aggressively British, but if he will

marry Phyllis I shall feel myself under obligations to him. With two unmarried sons I regard that young woman as a source of chronic irritation."

XI.

CHETWYND and Langham smoked together the calumet of peace, after the sober fashion of Englishmen, and enjoyed the fumes immensely. They had met face to face in the office of the Palace Hotel and Fred impetuously extended his hand, which Chetwynd cordially grasped. No explanations were forthcoming and no apologies, but a tacit understanding on each side that bygones were to be bygones. After these years of silence both men experienced a singular charm in each other's talk and society. Chetwynd found his old friend—where he had left him—in the deep, well defined rut of the Tory squire. Fred's ideas, opinions (which he aired freely), and judgments, interlaced with Langley tradition and interwoven with inherited prejudice and predilection, appealed most comically to Chetwynd's somewhat grim humor. As a father playing taw with his small son becomes a boy again, so Chetwynd, talking frankly with the ingenuous Fred, underwent the same delightful rejuvenescence. Langham, for his part, to continue the illustration, had all a boy's appreciation and admiration of a famous traveler. Chetwynd's adventures proved of absorbing interest, (even weaning his mind from thoughts of Phyllis,) and the honest, simple fellow would sit by the hour with a briarwood pipe between his lips and a huge atlas on his knees, following with blunt forefinger the tortuous courses of this modern Ulysses. He and Chetwynd occupied the same set of rooms, and took most of their meals in company. Both Rufus Barrington and Desmond had put their houses at his dis-

posal, but Fred said with a jolly laugh that he preferred the independence of hotel.

"To tell the truth," he confided to Chetwynd, "I don't quite approve of the way they carry on up there." He jerked his hand in the direction of Nob Hill. "Helen has been kindness itself: a most hospitable creature doesn't walk the earth, but — you know what I mean?"

"I am not sure that I quite take your meaning, Fred."

"I find in that house a go-to-the-devil-and-I-won't-stop-you kind of sentinel which staggers me. This fellow Helen is, between you and me, a rank outsider. What the deuce Helen ever saw in him passes my comprehension. But hang all,—he's her husband, and she ought to show him some wifely respect and consideration. Why, man, she snubs me openly; snubbed me too, by Jove, when I ventured a word of remonstrance. 'Taking a liberty,' I said. 'Yes, you are right,' she returned in her easy way, 'and don't repeat it, Fred, or there'll be war.' Then there is my cousin Alice and my dear Aunt Mary. They don't seem to hit it off. And Mr. Barrington has had a row with Dick. He gave me the facts, and naturally my sympathy was with Dick. He acted very properly. Do you know, John, I feel really sorry for him. He ought to have been an Englishman."

"I dare swear you said that to your father."

"I believe I did, now you mention it. He was rather huffy about it, and I think Dick had no business instincts. So much the better. Business instincts play the devil with a fellow,—this commercial spirit of America, the spirit which spurs a man on to accumulate a pile, is a damnable selfish spirit. It is out of tune with everything and everybody not subordinate to its individual interest. That is why at home we draw a broad line

en ourselves and those in trade. I'll w it broader still when I go back. ey grubbers are not fit to black the ts of gentlemen. I never understood before. Why, John, only the night re last Henry was telling me of a New k merchant, a rope maker, one of e confounded fellows so absorbed in r business that they have eyes and for nothing outside it. He took ry home with him to dine,—for the of policy, of course,—and outside his e, a fine house on Fifth Avenue, a ll boy toddled up to him. 'Whose e boy are you?' said the rope-maker. n your little boy,' replied the kid. By , John, it was true. The beggar u't know his own son. Henry mended it at his father's table as a capital and everybody laughed, but me—l, his own son!"

Enough to make a respectable Briton e the country."

So I said. You and I think alike, i. But Henry took offense. He was e impertinent. He said that if I did n't the conditions which obtained here advised me to return to Langley. I i't come here to criticize the natives, hang it, these things are forced upon notice."

e had confided to Chetwynd the real ct of his journey, and enlisted his pathies, such as they were. His tship was progressing slowly, in an ashioned, conservative way. He sent illis cart loads of flowers but no candy. dy, he informed all his American ds, was nearly as unwholesome as bread, and the practise of eating it arge quantities positively shocking. i of a different kind he supplied liber- : papers, magazines, all the latest s, and a superb copy of Francatelli's k-book. "It never hurts a woman," said candidly, "to know something it good living. I noticed, Phyllis,

when you were at Langley, that you seemed quite indifferent to soups and entrees. I don't care personally for these things, but it is part and parcel of one's life in England."

Phyllis protested at his generosity, but was silenced by Aunt Mary. "If my own cousin wishes to send me a magazine or two, what business is that, miss, of yours?"

He came to Menlo regularly twice a week, but the greater portion of each visit was devoted to Aunt Mary, with whom he exchanged ideas upon many interesting subjects, to wit: the poor laws, long versus short service in the English Army; the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill; the Irish question; the rearing of pheasants; free trade; Mr. Gladstone (whom he regarded as Antichrist); artificial manures (to which he had devoted much attention); the price of wheat, and the opening of the British Museum on Sunday. Upon all of these subjects he spoke well and at great length, listening, in his turn, with the greatest patience and courtesy to the long-winded criticisms and comments of Aunt Mary.

"He is one in a thousand," she said again and again to her niece, but Phyllis cast down her luminous eyes and made no reply. "He lives for others," Mrs. Murray would repeat, dwelling affectionately upon his many charities, his thoughtfulness, his practical and manly piety. "I feel towards him as a mother towards a son."

"You would like to live at Langley, Auntie?"

"I should be perfectly happy there. My life, dear, as you know, had had more of shadow in it than sunshine, but the evening of it will be bright indeed if 't is spent at Langley."

Of the subject so near her heart she said nothing, and Phyllis appreciated fully her delicacy and good taste. So many

women, she reflected, would have acted differently, presuming upon the ties of kindred and affection. Her aunt, assuredly, was a true gentlewoman.

Chetwynd marked the progress of this singular courtship with cynical but not unkindly eyes.

"I'm taking my time," said Fred complacently, "and going slow."

"In this country," replied Chetwynd, "the tortoise does not always win the race."

"Do I understand from that," returned Langham, in his heaviest manner, "that you would advise a man in my position to risk the horrors of a refusal."

"No. Only fools get refused. But you might take certain initiatory steps,—bearings, so to speak."

"My dear John, I tell you frankly that in these matters I don't know how to box the compass."

Chetwynd laughed. The situation had a very comic side to it, and he remembered the advice of Mr. Pickwick to a friend in similar circumstances.

"There are tests, Fred. The A. B. C. of courtship."

"But what are they—these tests? I'd sooner face a tiger on foot than make an ass of myself with a girl hardly out of her teens. I think, John, considering our old friendship, and the way I used to fag for you at Eton, that you might give me the points of the game, the elementary principles of the art,—eh? The point is this, how the deuce am I to find out the facts?"

"Your matrimonial hook is well baited. Drop it into the water. The fish, I'll wager, will take it."

"Phyllis Murray will never marry a man for his money. But these things, Fred,—what are they?"

"Read your Ovid. You will find it in the *Ars Amatoria*."

"I could n't construe a line of it,—could you, you old humbug."

"True. But, Fred, seriously, you have been beaten about the bush long enough. Come to the point. Any girl will respect a man who says what he wants simply and affectedly."

But Fred, obstinate as Balaam's mule, deferred the irrevocable question. Helen liked, as he said, to "go slow."

The days passed, bringing to San Francisco bitter winds and blinding dust. Four hundred began to talk seriously of bathing suits, tennis flannels, blazers and summer hats. Mr. Barrington and his wife went East on their private

"Menominee," and Del Monte, Carmel, Crags, and the other caravansaries between Shasta and San Diego, were periodically with boarders.. Desmond displayed

the symmetry of his limbs in the sun at Santa Monica, but Helen remained in town. Her husband's absence proved specific against even sand storms and trade winds. Not willing to accompany him, she deemed it prudent, bearing

mind the paragraph in the *Hornet*, to stay at home. Chetwynd, cancelling his western engagements, lingered on the Pacific Slope, spending most of his time in rooms at the Palace Hotel. He was writing his book on Siberia, and his publishers at this season wrote him several letters asking for more speed with his copy in his own interest and theirs. In peremptory epistles he ignored. His passion for Helen had him by the throat.

Horace Annesley Vache

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



BUTTE COUNTY AND THE NORTHERN CITRUS BELT.

N ANSWER to inquiries from Eastern sources regarding the possibilities of citrus culture in Northern California, it has been deemed advisable to publish in connection with the admirable report of the manager of the State Board of Trade a brief account of the success of citrus culture in Butte County. I have seen two striking examples to serve all the orchards of the county. Therlito Colony consists of eight thousand acres of similar land to that owned by the Orovile Citrus Association, and in 1891, five years from the start, 1242 acres have been planted to citrus orchards. The Orovile Citrus Association, however, is

entitled to honor as the pioneer citrus venture in the Northern Belt.

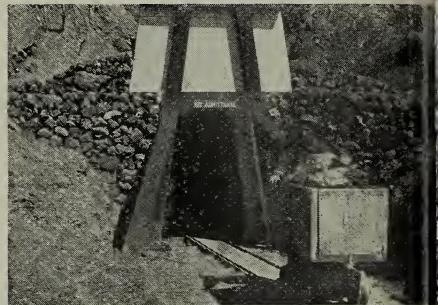
The Orovile Citrus Association's property is located at Thermalito, immediately across the river from Orovile. The Association was formed by twenty enterprising citizens of the town for the purpose of developing the fact that citrus culture could be successfully and profitably pursued in so northern a latitude. The Association was incorporated late in February, 1886, with a capital of \$20,000 and commenced with twenty acres of land which was the following year increased to forty acres. It now covers over fifty acres, including the largest and best selected citrus nursery in the State. It has sold over \$25,000 of nursery stock and has on hand over 150,000 marketable trees. This is the pio-



GOLDEN BUTTERFLY MINE.

neer citrus association of Central California, and from its successful development of citrus culture has sprung the various colonies and orchards of Northern California. It shipped the first full car-load of Washington navel oranges to San Francisco December, 1893, being the first from the Northern Citrus Belt. The crop of 1895, eight car-loads, was shipped to New York, Chicago, and San Francisco,

held in canvas pavilions during months of December and January. The first Fair, January 12, 1890, was a wonder and a surprise to Eastern visitors who presented the finest display of ripe citrus fruit ever beheld in any country. There were oranges in all varieties, lemons in six varieties, limes, pomeloes, grapefruits and shaddocks, and various other varieties, and olives in profusion.



ENTRANCE TO GOLDEN BUTTERFLY MINE.

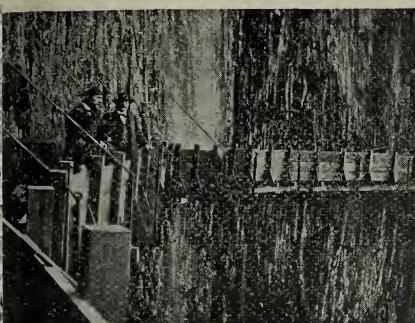


BANNER QUARTZ MINE.

yielding a profit of over two hundred dollars per acre. This Association has exhibited its citrus fruits in every local and State citrus fair held in Northern California, and has been awarded twenty-five premiums for its superior qualities of fruit. At the late Atlanta Exposition it took a gold medal and other trophies, as set forth in the report of Secretary Filcher. Oroville has had three citrus fairs, all



GOLDEN FEATHER CLAIM.



THE BRACKET FLUME OF THE MIocene MINE.

n from San Francisco, 75 miles from amento, and five miles from the city of ville, the county seat. The colony s lie, as if designed by the colonists, he first gentle rise from the valley, water and wood in unfailing abu- e. This district is within six hours bad journey from San Francisco and is

composed of 7,000 acres of land which produces oranges and other citrus fruits bountifully, and from four to six weeks earlier than Southern California. In 1890 Palermo shipped eight cars of oranges and these were the first oranges of the season shipped from California. In the present year it shipped over a hundred car-loads.

The colony was started in 1887. The matter of real interest is the picture presented by the growth of a new community, a growth in appearance spontaneous, but in reality due to the energy and foresight of those who labored diligently to produce the conditions under which it could become productive.

All California can rejoice with Butte and the other counties of the Northern Citrus Belt over a triumph so honestly and completely won as that at Atlanta.

S. G. Wilson.



PACKING ORANGES IN JANUARY, BUTTE COUNTY.

INTERNATIONAL BIMETALLISM.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF WELLS, FARGO & COMPANY.



HE Minister of Finance of Belgium, M. Beer-naert, opened the Brussels International Bi-Metallic Conference of December, 1892, as follows :

The Conference in which you are called upon to take part has for its object the consideration of one of the most serious, complex, and arduous problems presented to modern society. The subject of money touches all economic and social interests; it affects the commerce of the world, and is the real reason of more than one unexplained crisis.

There were proposals as early as the seventeenth century for a universal common ratio for the money metals, but there is no trace in the writings of American statesmen of the peculiar monetary theory on which bimetallism is now based. Probably there is no later exposition of the theory of International Bimetallism than that contained in Archbishop Walsh's pamphlet of 1892, and Prof. E. B. Andrews's essays published in book form in 1894, under the title of "An Honest Dollar," which, condensed, is Jevon's illustration of Wolloski's doctrine of two balancing hoards; really based upon what is known as the quantitative theory of money, which proceeds on the assumption that there is a pool of money into which a balance of the precious metals falls after other uses have been satisfied, and that prices rise or fall proportionately with an increase or diminution of the pool, otherwise stated thus:—

"Imagine two reservoirs of water, each sub-

ject to independent variations of supply and demand. In the absence of any connecting pipe, the level of the water in each reservoir will be subject to its own fluctuations only, but if open a connection, the water in both will attain a certain mean level: and the effects of an excessive supply or demand will be distributed over the whole area of both reservoirs, which enables one metal to take the place of the other at an unlimited legal tender."

This theory is based on the conception of governmental power,—first, as in the case of Archbishop Walsh, that "While legislation cannot directly give value to a thing, it can do so indirectly,—it can set up a demand which is one of the factors of value"; second, by Professor Andrews, that, "While law cannot control values independently of supply and demand, it can set free an economic force which largely controls supply and demand themselves."

"The bimetallist affirms, (1) that the monetary demand and supply of gold and silver, supposing both freely coined, in fixing the purchasing power of given quantities of them, will overwhelmingly out-influence the commodity demand and supply; (2) that law can at least establish a legal-tender and debt-paying parity between a given quantity of gold and a given quantity of silver; which parity treaty could extend throughout any number of States; (3) that, since governments are wont to discharge their pecuniary obligations as easily as they can, the existence of such a legal-tender and debt-paying parity would, in case of a legal parity should ever for any reason fail to match the commercial parity, stimulate the demand for the cheaper metal, appreciate it, and tend to identify the parities again; (4) that the field of legal parity is large, embracing in a metallic basin a third or even a quarter of the world's gold and silver, unless the value between the two metals denoted by the parity is widely at variance with the ratio."

entity between the total stocks of the two, the said stimulus of demand for the cheaper overbear every tendency to part the parities and, maintain the unit quantity of gold the unit quantity of silver perpetually at the value."

This reasoning seems to minimize the importance of the commercial demand for the precious metals for use in the arts *as a commodity* in international commerce.

Postulate 1. "The bimetallist affirms that monetary demand and supply of gold and silver, supposing both freely coined, in fixing the purchasing power of given quantities of them, overwhelmingly out-influence the commodity demand and supply."

The monetary demand is the demand on the entire money mass, including only money in all its various forms, all the other signs of value and instrumentalities employed in effecting exchanges, of which gold and silver constitute but a very small portion. The energy pressure of this demand will be indicated only by the rise of interest, but not in the slightest degree affect the purchasing power of money or the commodity value of the material of which money is made.

From the days of Aristotle to the present time, it has been contended that coinage adds nothing to the value of the precious metals, but simply serves as a means of authentication "by inspection," and as a guarantee of the weight and fineness of the coin, and saves the trouble of weighing and assaying. It has the effect that the stamp of Goldsmith's Hall has upon spoons or plate, it adds no more to the value of the material of which metallic money is made than printing bank notes or bonds adds to the market value of bank note paper or parchment.

The fundamental error of this postulate which goes to the very foundation of bimetallism—is that the coinage of gold and

silver operates as a "demand" upon the metal mass, and therefore brings them, as commodities within the general economic law of "supply and demand." But this is a fatal error. The law of supply and demand as applied to perishable commodities is founded upon the theory that demand is the index of consumption, and that consumption, by the destruction or actual consuming of the material, creates a constant necessity for new supplies to satisfy new demands. But the precious metals, being practically imperishable and indestructible, are in no wise affected by mere coinage, and on the contrary, their condition is thereby greatly improved for employment in either the arts or international commerce, in which they are treated simply as commodities. Coinage, therefore, does not in an economic sense operate as consumption, but rather as continual hoarding and stocking of the metal, the direct tendency of which is to depress its value as a commodity, by which alone its purchasing power as money is governed and which will always be indicated by the true par of exchange, just as the demand for money will be indicated by the rates of interest. The facts, therefore, are just the reverse of those stated theoretically. Coinage exerts no influence whatever in fixing the purchasing power of the metals, which is governed entirely by the commodity demand and supply, operating through the rates of international exchanges, which fix the commercial values.

Postulate 2. No one will deny this proposition. But unless the "legal parity" established conforms to the "commercial" parity, it can only be maintained under exclusive and limited coinage for account of the government, and not under free coinage. And even then it can only be maintained locally as a circulating medium, but not internationally.

as a medium of foreign exchange, which will always be based on the commercial parity.

Postulates 3 and 4. These practically rest on the same basis and involve the same error pointed out in Number 1, in assuming that "free coinage" is a demand upon the metal mass, whereas it is evidence of an absence of demand, as gold and silver go to the Mint only because they will command no better price in the open market.

When the commercial and legal parities differ, however, while the difference may stimulate the demand for the cheaper metal for the purpose of coinage with a view of swindling creditors, it will not produce any effect whatever in restoring the parity or equilibrium, for the reason given under Postulate Number 1.

The only experiment which history affords us of a practical test of this theory is the memorable one made by France from 1853 to 1859, the practical result of which was the very reverse of what is here claimed. Prior to 1853 the average price of silver for thirty years showed that at fifteen and one half to one that metal was overvalued about one and three fourths per cent, and France during that period had practically only a single standard of silver. But in consequence of the great demand for that metal in London for Oriental account, its "commercial" parity rose above fifteen and one half and an immense drain of silver from the Bank of France set in. To check this and "restore the equilibrium," the Bank went into the London market and paid three million dollars in premiums for gold in less than three years, which exceeded the disparity between the metals. For five years her coinage of gold averaged ninety million dollars per annum, or eighty per cent of the world's produce, and yet gold declined over one per cent in value under this enormous coinage.

But to cap the climax, in 1859 she broke the world's record by coining \$130,000 of gold, or ten million in excess of the entire produce of the world, and the only effect was that gold fell one cent lower. Or in other words, silver had advanced over two per cent under this enormous coinage of the cheap metal, the controlling factor being the rate of Oriental exchange, on the London market; thus showing conclusively that coinage is utterly powerless when brought in contact with the inexorable laws of commerce to affect or change the parity between the metals, and the whole theory—the quantitative theory—is without the slightest foundation in any known principle of economic law, and is an utter fallacy.

I quote from Professor Andrews:—

Writers and thinkers of the highest ability believe that all necessary or attainable fixity of general prices is to come from international bimetallism. There can indeed be no doubt that this scheme would for a long time render extraordinary service if it could only be carried into effect.

So much for the bimetallist view. Let us restate the answer already given:—assuming that gold and silver are coined in unlimited quantities, and a fixed legal ratio is enacted between them.

(1) Is it the fixed legal ratio enacted between the coins which governs the relative value of the metals in bullion?

(2) Or, is it the relative value of the metals in bullion which governs the relative value of the coins?

(3) And if it be found impossible for any single country to maintain gold and silver coined in unlimited quantities in simultaneous, concurrent, and indiscriminate circulation together at a fixed legal ratio, is it possible for any number of countries combined to do so by an international agreement?

I unhesitatingly answer no! However much an alleged scarcity

may possibly have contributed to cent fall of prices, and through that, depression of trade,—which I do not,—it does not necessarily follow that effect will be continued, nor that will be permanently contracted. man experience teaches that it will be, but if it were, a less number of gold and silver pieces at low prices of commodities will serve for the same expenses as a larger number at higher

fundamental mistake of bimetallism in assuming that metallic money measures values— influences prices. if at all, the whole money fabric upon metallic money that does so, money—bills of exchange, bank checks, etc.—sustaining ninety-per cent of the transactions of commerce. And so long as these instruments settled on a gold basis, they are gold measures of value. For example, let us consider foreign commerce, aggregating say a thousand millions of dollars per annum,—less than one per cent of gold is used to settle the balances of all this volume of trade; and therein credit gives confidence, the most important of all in the world's commercial relations. The New York Clearing House balances are not infrequently more in amount than the total current money of the United States.

As Daniel Webster, "Credit has more, a thousand times, to enrich than all the mines of all the world." To clear up the confusion of the gold standard perception, we have only to return to the sound doctrine of the antiquity that exchangeability is the sole principle and principle of wealth. Witness Demosthenes's dictum,— "If you are ignorant of this, that credit is the true CAPITAL of all toward the acquisition of wealth, you would be utterly lost."

To quote :

It is not true, however, that the quantity of money, apart from the possibly mischievous consequences of any sudden change, socially and otherwise, can affect materially the real wealth and welfare of an industrial community. There is a relation between the quantity of standard money and prices, but it is rather one in which prices assist in determining the quantity of the precious metals to be used as money, and not one in which prices are themselves determined by that quantity. Allowing for oscillations and exceptions, the chronic ratios of exchange between gold and silver and other commodities are not determined by any special qualities these metals have as money. It is the range of prices as part of a general economic condition which helps to determine the quantity of money in use, and not the quantity of money in use which determines the prices.

One word more of the international bimetallists. Not content with outdoing Jeremiah in their lamentations, they enter into judgment with all opposers. Said Mr. A. J. Balfour of Manchester, England, three years ago, reiterated by Professor Andrews two years ago at Golden Gate Hall in San Francisco, " Any man who denies the entire feasibility of international bimetallism writes himself down as ignorant of the latest developments of economic science."

This is simply sound and fury, signifying nothing. He might just as well have said, Any man who denies the entire feasibility of an international agreement for the abolition of war writes himself down as ignorant of the latest development of altruistic feeling in the human race. The first is not more likely than the second, and to see how probable the latter is, one has but to contemplate the Armenian, Transvaal, and Venezuela episodes.

In conclusion let me summarize as follows :—

First. I recognize the peculiar hardships of the American wheat farmer, but that is because of competition with Argentina peons, Indian ryots, and Russian

peasants. The unlimited free coinage of silver by the United States—which would inevitably drive gold out of circulation—would not remedy the misfortune, but probably bring farm laborers to the same plight as their competitors.

Second. The welfare of the whole mass of mankind is promoted by obtaining cheaply all the necessities of life,—if it can be shown that alongside of these lower prices for life's necessities wages have increased, *and they have*.

Third. Prices of commodities move in obedience to natural and inherent causes, entirely independent of circulating money quantities.

Fourth. Gold and silver never have in any country circulated simultaneously, concurrently, and indiscriminately, as coins at a fixed ratio under unrestricted free coinage of both metals.

Fifth. By natural law there is but one way to provide for bimetallism in any country, and that is to make the more precious metal the standard, and then float such an amount of the cheaper metal as can be kept upon an undoubted equality through interchangeability.

Sixth. That the bimetallist theory—

the quantitative, or so-called d standard, pool theory—is, as a stated, without the slightest found in any known principle of economy and is an utter fallacy. It was advanced by Davanzati in the sixteenth century, squinted at by Montesquieu in the eighteenth, exploded by Chevalier in the nineteenth; resurrected by Wolff, expounded by Jevons, and exploited this country by the neo-bimetallists other silver advocates. It has been proposed by every modern economist, financier of credit and renown, affected by every Western power of commercial importance whatsoever.

Seventh. That government cannot create value; and that the current of monies is determined independently of the decree of kings, legislative enactments, or government fiat.

Eighth. That there never was a contrivance so potent for injuring masses of mankind as so-called money.

Ninth. That there can be nothing as a double standard. We choose either gold or silver for our standard. Under which king, Bezonians?

John J. Vale

EPIGRAMS.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

Unto thyself give justice, and just the thing shall be;
Unto the world give mercy,—true justice still from thee.

WEALTH.

*The world may or may not my little wealth increase,
But self from self may win the eternal wealth of peace.

LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

The one who loveth men to God may still be blind,
But he who loveth God loves also all mankind.

Chas. P. Nettles

EDUCATIONAL
DEPARTMENT.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

AN ADDRESS TO PREPARATORY STUDENTS.

HAT is the use of studying history? is in some respects a difficult question to answer; for, behind it lies the larger question, What is the use of studying anything? I remember that a Yale student once said that he would be a very nice place, were for the religious and literary exercise there a good many who have something of this feeling, who regard all studies as a useless option to fun. There is no time to enter upon the solution of this question, and we shall have to take for granted that there is some use. If we start with this assumption, do not think we shall find it hard to set out a good case for history as related with other branches of human knowledge.

en I was a school boy we were not told as to what we should study, is it ever explained to us why we study any particular thing. We told to study certain things, Latin, and mathematics, mainly, and we do not study them or take the consequences.

theory had not then arisen that a man is so much wiser than any one that he alone could be trusted to decide what studies were good for him. Is something to be said in favor of my method, but I think that it would have been well, if our teachers had taken trouble to let us know why we were to study Latin, Greek, and mathe-

matics. A suspicion early arose in my mind that they did not know themselves, and this suspicion has never been wholly eradicated.

I fear that a great many school boys find the study of history very uninteresting. This is odd. Most boys like stories and like to believe them true. History is a story, and is as nearly true as any story can be. The difficulty which there is in following it is due to the fact that it is a very complicated story. It is always being "continued in our next," and it is somewhat hard to grasp the connections between the various parts. It is like some of those stories in the Arabian Nights, which are made up of a series of lesser stories. You will remember that in these tales, as any new person appears upon the scene, a new story is begun to explain who he is and how he happens to turn up at this particular moment, and to mingle in the main line of the narrative. In following out these minor tales, we are apt to forget the main one, and when we come back to it, it is with a confusion of mind as to the exact connection, which compels us to turn back the pages to the point of departure. It is very much the same with history. The great story of human progress is woven out of innumerable episodes, the lives of men and nations and ideas. As we follow these episodes they are so interesting, that they are apt to absorb us wholly, and make it hard for the mind to grasp the unbroken current of the world's onward sweep.

Indeed, it is not possible for the begin-

ners in historical study to form very just ideas as to the connection of the episodes with the main story. That will come later. In the mean time let him take the word of his teachers that such a connection exists, for this fact will make everything worth while.

But there are parts of history which are easy enough for any one. The lesser tales which go to make up the great story are often of the most thrilling interest, and of a kind of interest which appeals most strongly to the imagination of a boy. Perhaps the first thing to make this appeal is the personal element in history,—the doings of individuals, whose lives have largely influenced the course of human events. The heroes of history are not all of them very good or reputable persons, but they all have in their careers something which separates them from others and rouses the curiosity of the mind. Whether the men were good or bad does not seriously affect the interest. Boys are just as easily absorbed in the adventures of a pirate as of a martyr.

It is a very short step from interest in the career of individuals to interest in the career of nations. One of the most attractive of all stories is that of Alexander. The admiration for great qualities, great deeds, great adventures, which is latent in every young soul, is aroused by the story of the boy who started out to conquer the world, and who did it, before he was cut off in the midst of his years. As soon as the tale is told, we begin to ask two questions :—How did he do it? and What came of it? As we begin to look for an answer to the first of these questions, we find that the answer must be a very long one. We find that Alexander's career is not to be accounted for by the genius of an individual alone. There were great movements of the world's life which made that career possible, and which shaped it at every turn.

To understand how he did it, we understand what went before,—whole history of Greece from the time when the great tide of the Oriental invasion was turned back at Marathon, Salamis to the victory of Macedon, supremacy under Philip. We must know something of the history of the ancient monarchies of the East, those empires of conquest, and why they were, and what they were, and why they fell. In fact, if we wish to know how Alexander conquered the world, we must both the biography of the conqueror and the biography of the conquered.

When we consider the second question—What came of it?—we find that the answer is longer still. At first sight it seems as if nothing came of it. With the early death the empire of Alexander was broken up. Was not that the end of the whole matter? Not at all. The political results of Alexander's conquests were of great historical importance, but they were the least important of all the results. The spread of the Greek language, culture to the east and south of the Mediterranean, and their contact with the old religions and philosophies of the world, have had results so tremendous and permanent that without them the world as we now live in would be a wholly different world from what it is, a world quite inconceivable to us. Thus the story of Alexander, or of any other great man, of any great character, does not begin with his hero's birth. It is always a continuation of an older story, the story of the world. Nor does it end with his death. It is always "to be continued in our next."

There are profounder reasons than those which I have thus far suggested why history should be interesting. Let us consider for a moment the reasons why history is not interesting; at least

so often uninteresting to school
ink that one difficulty is found in
character of many of the books in
Of all books of an historical char-
it seems to me that the least inter-
are some of those which are used
ools. It seems often as if their
s had gone about to make them as
s possible. There are some school
es that are admirable, but they are
rare, and are rather rarely used.
the books which are used in our
s are chosen by a school board
knows nothing about the matter,
a teacher who knows little more;
e choice is not determined by the
e excellence of various books, but
nsiderations of a wholly different

second difficulty is much more im-
t. Too often the lack of interest
nly the fault of the teacher. A
tent teacher of history can make
udy interesting, even when the pu-
s to struggle with a dry and worth-
book. I have seen very often the
nce between good teaching and bad
ng in its effects upon a class. I
examined the teaching of history in
f the high schools and many pri-
chools in California. I have seen
oor teaching and much good teach-
I have often been asked for criti-
of their methods by the teachers
elves. I have almost invariably
nothing to criticize in the methods.

I am quite incompetent for such
m. The poorest of these teachers
much more about methods than I
hey have studied pedagogy. They
books on the art and science of
ing. They take educational period-
which treat of little else than meth-
All these things are quite out of
e. But one great fault I have
observed; the unsuccessful teach-

ers of history are those who do not know
much history, and who do not take much
interest in it. Too commonly they are
teachers who are well qualified in some
other branch, and who have been set to
teach history because they had a little
spare time in school hours. When I see
listless faces prevailing in the history
class, I generally find that the teacher is
at fault. There is too much method for
the amount of matter.

We may divide such human knowl-
edge as is teachable in our public educa-
tional system into two great branches;
the sciences of nature and the science
of man. The sciences of nature comprise
all that we know or can know concern-
ing the external and material universe.
The science of man is all our possible
knowledge of humanity in all its rela-
tions. This division is formal rather than
real, and the two branches are not es-
sentially distinct, but the classification is
convenient and practical.

The study of external nature is, or
may be, intensely interesting, and the
interest increases with man's enlarging
knowledge. In our own time the grow-
ing revelation of the secrets of the mate-
rial universe is absorbing a larger and
ever larger share of human thought and
study. This class of studies has a mar-
velous educational value. It trains the
mind to accuracy and veracity. And
aside from this value, it has another in
its ministration to the well-being of man,
to his physical and social efficiency, to
the hope that he shall some time reach
the place, which he dimly feels belongs
to him, when all things shall be put under
his feet.

So fascinating is this class of studies
that it sometimes seems as if it were
tending to absorb all intellectual en-
deavor, and as if the other class, which
we have included under the term "the
science of man," were likely to be neg-

lected. Of such a condition of things we need have no fear, for the reason that the interest and value of the natural sciences depend altogether upon our knowledge of man. It is in their relation to man that they are valued, and neglect of the study of man would render them useless.

The science of man is itself divided into branches, distinct in our classification, though merging into one another in fact. Such are philosophy, logic, rhetoric, political and economic science, language, literature, and history. How close is the relation between man and nature and between the two corresponding branches of human knowledge is perhaps best illustrated by the deductive science of mathematics, which shows us that the laws of human thought are the laws upon which the physical universe is built, and this is the reason why a fair knowledge of mathematics is essential to any true education. You may leave out any other study from your scheme; you cannot leave out this without fatal results.

It is easy to illustrate how closely the natural sciences depend for their interest on our knowledge of man. One illustration must do for the present; we will take it from the sublimest and most awe-inspiring of these sciences, astronomy. Three thousand years ago a Hebrew shepherd boy, lying beside his flock at night among the Syrian hills, looked up into the sky. What he saw was to him only "a shining frame," a vaulted roof whose spangled magnificence was stretched above the broad earth. The contemplation of this sky stirred his soul to the expression of one of the profoundest but most familiar thoughts of those that rise in the human breast.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth; thou hast set Thy glory above the heavens. When I consider the heavens,

work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that visitest him? Thou hast made him a little than the angels; Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor; Thou hast put all things at his feet.

Thus found expression through the lips of the shepherd boy what I have said of the profoundest and most familiar of the thoughts of man. In contemplation of "the starry heavens above," feels his infinitesimal place in the material universe, but rises up to assert his glory and honor and greatness in view of "the moral law within," which makes all things under his feet and makes him a little lower than the angels. This thought has remained unchanged, unchangeable from David's time, because the revelations of modern astronomy have added emphasis to it! The jeweled crown into which he looked has vanished before our eyes, and we gaze far into the reaches of immeasurable space, behold the countless suns and worlds, the sidereal heavens and note the complex and orderly motions as they forever weave creation's garment of light.

Half reveals
And half conceals the soul within.

We find that our earth, instead of being the center over which "the vaulted heavens" are built, is but as a grain of sand, swept along some involuted course of things in the great rush of the procession of the universe. "And what is man?" A lesser thing than the psalmist has dreamed, less than our imagination can conceive, in the presence of the material frame. At the same time the unfolding of this material greatness impresses to man's sense that he is nothing than it all. Because his senses cannot conceive it and his mind conceive it, he knows himself lord and master of all that is better and finer than its massive bulk.

adjusted dynamic arrangements, himself "made a little lower than 'Without him, it would be means waste, and without him it would altogether inconceivable or non-existent.

He who made us meant us to be mightier and by, circle of the boundless heavens within the human eye, the shadow of Himself, the Boundless, through the human soul, less inward through the atom, boundless outward through the whole.

It is with the whole round of the sciences. Their lowest value is they minister to the physical welfare of man; their highest value is in they contribute to, and reveal to his greatness and power. For other than suns or worlds is he "who beeth all these things." Thus these sciences and the things of which they would be meaningless without the intelligence which comprehends them. But mind and all things shall disapp-

aring back now from this excursion into the study of history, we shall not find it hard to discover the place and value of history in any broad scheme of education. For history is the study of what is in the light of what he has been. We can only know what man now is by knowledge of what he has done and what he has been in the past. What he has done and thought are only indices of what he has been; and what he is is what he has been in the past with modifications as experience and reason have brought. So we find that history is the story of human progress. Where there is no progress there is no history. The rise and fall of empires, conquests of the strong, the shifting of human wants, would be to us—

As tedious as a twice told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man,

could we not trace through many failures and much apparent waste some halting progress of the human race toward better things. An aged man, tired and disappointed with the slow betterment of the race, and the evils which are undoubtedly incident to that betterment, may see only—

Evolution ever striving after some ideal good, And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

But the calm eye of serious history must confirm the youthful instinct of the same man which prompted him to say,—

But I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

On the whole there is more and more of ideal good and less and less of unreal in man as the centuries go by. Otherwise it would hardly be worth while to write or study history.

Because history is the story of progress it mainly concerns itself with "Western civilization." In that great historical current which long ago took its rise around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, which has flooded the continents of Europe and America, and whose impulse is now felt beyond the Pacific, as it keeps its westward course, we can most clearly trace the progress of man. It is not that man has been stationary elsewhere; only here the progress has been more marked and more rapid. No race of men ever remains stationary, certainly except at the very lowest levels. There is always advance or retrogression. We often speak of "stationary civilization," but the term is a comparative one. To use it in a positive sense is to use a contradiction in terms. Some human progress is like that of the glacier, not discernible to the eye, but none the less real and important. What seems to us to be standing still is really moving

with irresistible force. Recent events have reminded us that there may be a very long period in the history of a race when such apparent immobility is really a preparation for sudden and rapid advance. The slow-moving, force-gathering glacier reaches a point where it falls into solution and rushes on with rapid and brilliant current to its destined goal.

As slow progress is the hardest to discern, we naturally turn for our studies of progress to that branch of our race in which progress has been, within historical times, the least interrupted and most rapid, and in which it is most easily traced. As we study this, we find all other branches of the science of man and all the sciences of nature coming to the help of history, and seeming, in this aspect, to be parts of it. The study of religion, of philosophy, of literature, are all contributory to it; without these, history would vainly search to find out what man is. Those studies, too, which seem to be connecting links between the science of man and the sciences of nature, (as man is linked into nature,) philology, archaeology, ethnology, biology, throw continuous light on the moral and social progress of the race. No natural science, as we have seen, is so far removed from human interest as not to give valuable help to us in our effort to find out by historical methods what man is.

The advantage of the historical method in our study of mankind is the fact that it enables us to reach so many separate points of view. We have heard a great deal of controversy as to the value of the study of the classics. In defense of this study it is said that it affords valuable mental discipline, that it gives us a knowledge and command of our own language, that some of the best products of literary art are to be found in the Greek and Latin tongues, that English literature

cannot be read understandingly without it. All this is very true, and very great indeed in its way, but it is not the most important truth concerning the matter. The great value of the study of classic literature is that it gives us a new point of view from which to observe man. To know what man is now, we must know what he was in the days of Pericles or Cæsar. If we could only know man as we see him today, we should know very little indeed about him, but through the rich literature of Greece and Rome we can see him as he was under circumstances very different from those of our own time and place, in a different civilization, subjected to different influences. On the basis thus afforded we can make a comparative study of man. If we observe our solar system only from a single point, we could not do more than guess how it is formed and how it moves, but because our earth, swinging in its orbit, brings us to different points, we can catch the clew which leads us to the solution of the mystery and so onward to the solution of the larger mystery of the sidereal universe.

Thus we see that the great value of classical culture is its historical value, and that this is an historical study in the broadest sense. It enables us to note the progress of the race, to note whether it has really progressed, and in what respects. So is it with the study of literature, the fullest expression of humanity. So too we cannot suppose that the study of philosophy would be very profitable,—were it even possible,—if only modern and present-day philosophy were looked at. A cross section of human thought, viewed edgewise, could neither be an interesting nor a useful object of contemplation. Indeed modern philosophy is intelligible only when studied in connection with systems of old. Then it becomes rich and splendid.

, and casts a vivid light upon history and the progress of man.

Let us now return to our original question. What is the use of studying history? and let us bring it down to specific cases by concrete illustrations.

Julius Caesar founded the Roman Empire. What of it? How does it concern us? According to the proverb, Julius Caesar is very dead indeed, and his empire is as dead as he. Why not—

Let the dead past bury its dead?

Why, above all, bother unfortunate us, who have plenty of live interests, in the ghosts of a dead empire and its founder? Really the reason is very plain. Our life today, the world's religion, the world's law, and countless lesser things are what they are because Caesar founded the Roman Empire. It is not because the Empire was founded, but because it was founded by him. The reason was that in the character of the great Julius, and of his august nephew, Octavian, who gave special form to the Empire, there made it what it was. Their personal touch was on it, and you cannot understand the life of the world today, in some of its most practical aspects, unless you understand fully, and in all bearings, the proposition that Julius Caesar founded the Roman Empire.

Christopher Columbus discovered America in 1492. Again, what of it? As far as America has been discovered and we are living in it, what difference does it make to us when it was discovered or by whom? It might be said indeed that the knowledge of the fact gave occasion for a World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 with a winter appendage in San Francisco in 1894. But would not any other name to have done as well? As a matter of fact, the discovery of this continent, just before the claim of the Pope gave away the lands of the earth had been made, by a Spanish fleet under an Italian admiral,

has shaped the history of the whole continent and gives form to our daily life. Had the discovery been made at another time and by another man, our history, and so our present circumstances, would have been quite different from what they are. Try to buy some real estate in this vicinity and you will find that the personality of Columbus and the will of Alexander VI. have very important bearings on the transaction.

I was recently engaged in reading the papers handed in for entrance examinations in the University of California. One of the questions to be answered was, "What is a writ of *habeas corpus*?" One answer was something like this, "A writ of *habeas corpus* is an invention of the Chinese in San Francisco by which they are enabled to evade the just laws of our government." This youngster had evidently given more of his attention to our "metropolitan dailies" than he had to English history. I fear he may sometime have to learn from the inside of a jail what he might have learned much more comfortably from some pleasant little book in the days of his youth.

These illustrations will perhaps serve to show that the study of history has some very practical uses. Such uses are innumerable and are of daily occurrence. But no illustration can serve to show the supreme and splendid use of the study of history, its effect in expanding and steadyng the mind and character of the student. As we study personal character in its bearing upon the progress of man, as we study national character in its development and decay, as we trace changes of manners in thought and action, as we watch the growth of institutions, and as we catch real though partial glimpses of the law by which these things consist, we learn a lofty wisdom which imparts to our judgment faith,

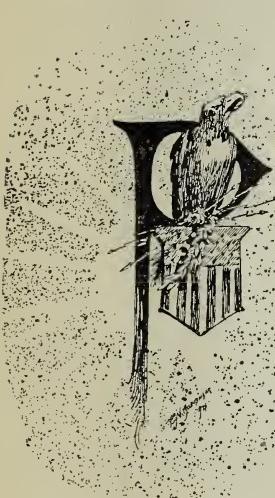
hope, and charity. Most of the dangers which beset our land arise from popular delusions which some small knowledge of history would dispel in a moment. He who learns and takes to heart the lessons of history will not make haste, will

not lose patience, will find hope in public disaster and consolation in the disappointments of private life. The study of history is useful for the enlarging of minds, for the calming of judgments, for the uplifting of hearts.

*Thomas R. Bacon,
Associate Professor of European History
University of California.*

DEFENDERS OF THE UNION.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC ON THE PACIFIC COAST.



ULSING deep in the heart of every man who ever served as a soldier in actual warfare, is a feeling of the most intense pride; pride that is sustained by the sentiment that he is in some way the superior of those whose lives have been passed in peaceful pursuits; for was it not by the dangers, the hardships, and the sufferings, of the soldiers that there was quiet in which the others were permitted to achieve and to enjoy?

This sentiment is particularly strong in the American born soldier, who when he buckled on the sword or shouldered the musket during the Rebellion, did so with no other motive than to battle for the preservation of the Union, and to die if necessary in defense of the glorious emblem his ancestors left him as a legacy to honor and uphold at any price. The firing on Sumter aroused the country from Maine to California. Men who had almost reached the summit of life offered their services, while thousands were ac-

cepted and went to war, whose lives were beginning to go down the western slope. The exciting events of the time created what might be termed a paroxysmal quality of patriotism, but as the war progressed, with all its attending dangers and cruelties, there seemed to be an abatement of military ardor among the loyal people of the North.

Robust men of fifty and hardy youths of fifteen—the one leaving wife and children, the other with “smiling morrow face” casting aside his school books entered the ranks together. Every class and every profession was represented in the field and staff, in the line and among the rank and file. Many a minister left the pulpit and became a “fighting parson,” while nearly every regiment took the field had its chaplain. It may be confessed, however, that the last was not a complete success in the field, for as our armies advanced into the enemy’s country it was discovered that keeping the soldier out of hell was of more importance than keeping hell out of the soldier, and to accomplish this the services of the provost marshal proved more effective than those of the parson. The

abandoned his practise, and even the judicial ermine was cast aside for the cloak of the soldier. And it may be parenthetically remarked that many a lawyer became a gallant defender of his country, while many a heroic youth in the ranks has since become famous as legal light. The successful physician and surgeon turned over his patients to the struggling young doctor and sought service among the sick and wounded at the front, while some of the profession passed aside the scalpel entirely, and seized the sword or shouldered the "Springfield," preferring to deprive the enemy of an arm or leg rather than their own comrades. There were bankers and merchants, brokers and bookkeepers, mechanics and farmers,—in fact it would be impossible to mention every class; but among them all and not least by any means, were members of the press in great numbers, as loyal and gallant as any.

These helped to make up that grand Union army which during the war numbered 2,690,401 men, of whom over two and a half million were volunteers. Some entered the service for one, two, and three years, and later as veterans for the entire war; others enlisted for three, six, and nine months. Over three quarters of a million were enlisted during the first eleven months of the war, about a half million during the second year, and over even hundred thousand during the third year, to which were added over two hundred thousand at the close of the year 64. When he entered the service every man—whether he enlisted in the early part of the war or near the end; or whether he went in for three months or three years—had the same reasonable right to be sent to the front to be killed. And it was not an unusual circumstance that the three months' volunteer, who felt at that was all the time he could give

to the service of his loved land, (for was there not a wife and little ones at home who had been left with provisions to last only that length of time?) to receive his "muster-out and final settlements" on the field of battle, long before the expiration of his enlistment.

It was the good fortune of many to be assigned to that perfectly organized Army of the Potomac,—that army which, at the first battle of Bull Run, McDowell said, "marched to the rear to the music of the enemy's guns;" or to that more magnificent army which Pope commanded when he said with a great flourish, "Headquarters will be in the saddle," but which, the authorities at Washington soon found out, were not properly located. Others joined that matchless army in the West, the Tennessee, whose commander began his military career as a cadet at West Point through the most trivial incident.

It is related of General Grant that after Vicksburg he regarded himself as a man of destiny. There is a story told of his boyhood days in his native village that ante-dates and quite confirms this belief. His mother early one morning sent him to a neighbor to borrow some trifling need for the Grant breakfast. Knocking at the kitchen door of the neighbor, he received no immediate response, but instead heard the reading of a letter from the neighbor's son who had recently been nominated by the Congressman of his district to a West Point cadetship. The letter contained a statement that he had failed to pass an examination and the appointment would necessarily go to some one else. Accomplishing his errand, young Grant returned home, and immediately after breakfast presented himself to the member of Congress who had the appointing power, stated the incident mentioned, and asked that he be nominated in place of the deficient applicant. His request was complied with, and so

far as I know this is the first time a narrative of the earliest military history of the great chieftain has been published.

All of our armies were made up of these three months and three years men. They served in the swamps of Louisiana, Florida, and Mississippi, in the Department of the Gulf, while thousands were to be found among the surroundings of historic Sumter. That intrepid organization, the Army of the Cumberland, was made up of those whose enlistments were for months or for years, and here on the Pacific Coast there were volunteers for various periods doing military service, just as exacting and oftentimes as hazardous as that of their comrades in the Rebel front.

It was these men who battled at Bull Run, Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and about Richmond and Petersburgh, battles in which Comrades Geo. Stone, W. R. Smedberg, J. C. Currier, C. M. Kinne, and Eugene Weigand, saw service of the severest kind, and where Smedberg left a leg and Currier nearly lost his life. The others were most fortunate in escaping bullets besides being saved for more effective work.

And others were at Fort Donelson, Pea Ridge, Shiloh, Iuka, Corinth, Perryville, Stone's River, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, the Atlanta campaign, Sherman's March to the Sea, Franklin, and Nashville, where Comrades Jesse B. Fuller, J. L. Boone, W. H. H. Hart, Hugh M. Burke, of the San Francisco *Call*, H. G. Shaw of the Stockton *Mail*, Joseph B. Lauck, E. E. Chever, J. Karminsky, and other comrades, participated under Grant, Sherman, Rosecrans, Thomas, and Hooker.

Among those who struggled through the swamps of Louisiana were Commander Charles E. Wilson, Comrades George Stone, and Nat. Burbank, the

funny man of the New Orleans *Picayune*, while at Fort Wagner and about Sumter afterwards receiving the surrender of Charleston, was Comrade A. G. Benre of San José. It was in this same field that Comrade W. H. Dimond gained his experience, from which he benefited by qualifying himself for subsequent service.

The Grand Army of the Republic composed from the survivors of that army of over two and a half millions who during the period from April 15, 1861, to April 15, 1865, served in the military and naval forces of the United States and were honorably discharged. Its membership comprises the average blue-coated stout-hearted, patriotic American soldier—models of that class whose deeds more than thirty years ago enabled people all over this Union of ours to enjoy the blessings of a land of liberty. And with the discoveries which democracy and popular education, and true Christianity, have made of the individual man, the work and importance of the private military, civil, and social life has become felt; for it has been found that the private soldier has brains and a soul, and that there is such a thing as a thinking musket as well as a thinking sword.

Upon a sacred slab that covers the grave of a general who was famous in the history of our country, there is this inscription, "He dared to lead where none dared to follow." But who shall write the epitaphs of the thousands of private soldiers who, without orders of leader, climbed the acclivities of Missionary Ridge and gained a battle of almost incalculable importance to the country? Here was a battle in which the common soldier led the generals, and not the general alone, but gave to Grant most of the fame which will make his name imperishable, for it was the impulsive act of these intrepid soldiers that gained a victory which

ade Grant a Lieutenant General, and called him to the command of all the Union armies.

Less than thirty years ago a handful of war veterans met to organize upon a basis that would enable the old soldiers of the Union to bind themselves together in memories of the war. The idea was encouraged by rapid accessions, and soon the Grand Army of the Republic began to throb with the promise of being the greatest organization ever known. Its unity comprises the best that is in the American citizen,—Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty. Its Fraternity has been kept up through years without new material to draw from, for it must be remembered that every day the scythe of time thins out its ranks, and long before present life has been doubled, those soldiers of the Union, whose daring deeds gave to us one country and one flag, will have been marshaled among the white-robed battalions beyond the stars. In its dispensation of Charity the Grand Army of the Republic has established in the highest degree a record for noble acts, and it will remain dear to thousands and thousands of comrades for whom the hardships of life would have been almost unbearable, had they not been softened by kindly and opportune relief. In its Loyalty, who is there that doubts?

As in the early sixties and ever since, it is today, the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic are the most loyal to the land. Their watchword is eternal vigilance, and in the present exciting times, where prospective war is talked daily, the slumbering fires of war are kindled in the breasts of the old comrades; their eyes lighten with the spark of '61; they straighten up and unconsciously take the position of the soldier, the while feeling that the country is safe while the Grand Army of the Republic exists. And it comes to this. Should

war break out, none will respond more quickly to the country's call than those who saved the country a third of a century ago. Notwithstanding the fact that promised rewards by the government and by the people have never been paid; notwithstanding the fact that many a comrade is condemned by people who enjoy life and liberty through his unwearying devotion to duty,—and such people are unworthy to be called American citizens,—the old soldiers of '61 to '65 can be relied upon whenever the country, which is their country, is saved by their blood, needs the service of loyal men.

The objects and aims of the Grand Army of the Republic are probably less understood on the Pacific Coast than almost anywhere throughout the length and width of our land. It is not because California was lacking in loyalty when the dark clouds of disunion threatened the country, for probably no State in the Union in 1861 was placed in such an anomalous position. It was made up of people from every part of the United States, from Maine to Missouri, and from the Northern Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. But the spirit of loyalty prevailed, and California remained steadfast and true. She promptly sent out her quota of nearly sixteen thousand, and was ready to meet further demands if necessary, and in every way the soldiers she raised were ready to respond to the call of duty. It is true that the California troops did not have that opportunity to meet the Rebels on their own fields which the troops in the far Eastern, Middle, and Western States had, but they loyally defended an important country, well provided with gold, which helped to furnish the sinews of war for the preservation of the Union. They kept open the overland mail and express route, features of the gravest importance to the general government, and by wearisome marches patrolled this

great territory, keeping in subjection all foes to the Union.

The opinion is ventured that one reason why the Grand Army of the Republic on the Pacific Coast is not thoroughly comprehended, is the fact that the people here have failed to see in its true light the important service rendered by the California troops, and by comparison, according to their method, they regard the service rendered by the old soldiers of the Eastern armies who have been welcomed to the Pacific shores, as only coequal in importance. But the time is not far distant when the people of California will feel, as the people of the great East do, that those of the Grand Army of the Republic who remained in the Union armies through hunger and weariness and unrest; who still marched on in winter and summer, in snow and ice, and dust and mud, through' the swamps and over the mountains, short of clothing at which the soldier growled, short of rations which he tried to fill out by foraging, and which failing he buckled his belt a little tighter,—they will feel that the old soldier is entitled to their highest respect and honor, for he fought for their country and their homes, and he saved them. He fought for truth and before the Eye which marks the sparrow's fall, and his work was of manliness, sacrifice, and devotion. If there is a muster roll beyond the skies of the martyrs and patriots whose sacrifices have lifted their fellow-men to light, the names of the Grand Army comrades are not lost forever.

It is only necessary for the OVERLAND readers to familiarize themselves with the records of those members which are here produced, in order to see what quality of men in our midst are a part of that Grand Army whose members are each day growing less. The majority are fast shifting "into the lean and slipp'd pantaloon," and may it be in the wisdom

of the Grand Commander above to make the rising generation take a lesson. Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty, for those old soldiers, who regarded it as the highest honor to follow and uphold the emblem which makes our country the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

The Veterans' Home at Yountville should be mentioned in this article. At this writing there are being agitated questions which do not properly come within the scope of a magazine's criticism, and the OVERLAND has no desire to take part in the same; but it does desire to call attention to the isolated location of the Home, and to remind its readers that many of them could do simple acts which would relieve the quiet monotony of the old soldiers there, who are rapidly reaching the sunset of life. In the Eastern Homes of soldiers the people delight in paying frequent visits to the veterans whose services secured for them a country, but to Yountville it is rare indeed that visitors go. A pleasant trip can be made from San Francisco in a day, leaving at 7:30 A. M. and returning at 7:30 P. M. If our people, especially Grand Army men, only knew how joyously the old soldiers greet their visitors, more of them would give the old veterans the pleasure of feeling that they and their past services are not forgotten. If people in the cities and towns were a little more thoughtful, they would send books, novels, magazines, and other articles to the Home. To illustrate,—I recently a prominent officer of the Grand Army of the Republic deliver into the hands of a comrade at the Home a box containing a supply of pipes and tobacco, and another of mixed candy. The old soldier opened the first and his look was one of joy; his thoughts were directed to a review of long ago battles which he would smoke through the smoke of his pipe. W.

opened the box of candy, which came from the wife of his visiting comrade accompanied by a few kind words, the soldier, who had sought "the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth" without remor, was unable to conceal his pleasure. His tearful eyes testified his gratitude.

The present Department Commander California and Nevada, Charles E. Wilson, was born at Bradford, Maine, and comes from old English stock. His first ancestor in America was Lieutenant John Wilson, who came in 1651 and settled in Massachusetts. The grandson of John Wilson and grandsire of Charles Wilson, moved to Thomaston, Maine, 1794. Miles Wilson, the father of Commander Wilson, was a Captain of Maine militia as early as 1828.

In 1863 Comrade Wilson enlisted as private in the Second Maine Cavalry and was promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant and Sergeant Major. The last rank he held at the expiration of his term of service, at which time he went to Bangor, Maine, and studied law.

Commander Wilson with his regiment saw much arduous service in the Department of the Gulf. His regiment was in the Red River Expedition, one of the most important movements in the history of that portion of our armies, and in the many hazardous raids which it dashingly made into the enemy's country in Louisiana, Florida, and Alabama.

After he was admitted to the bar he came to San Francisco in 1868, where he has ever since lived, practising his profession, and where he has established a large clientage. He has confined himself to the civil law and is most favorably known for his knowledge of land titles and lumber matters. He is counsel for many large and wealthy corporations.

Commander Wilson has been a staunch Grand Army man, since he became a

member in 1868. He served three terms as Judge Advocate, Department of California, in which position he inaugurated many needed reforms. In 1885 he was a representative to the National Encampment at Portland, Maine, and materially aided in securing the Encampment following to meet in San Francisco. George H. Thomas Post elected him its Commander for 1886, and he was a prominent and an active member of the general committee of management of the National Encampment held in San Francisco the same year.

Probably no member of the Department of California ever had office more practically thrust upon him than Commander Wilson. Several times his name was put forward for Department Commander and he was urged by his friends to make a canvass, but he steadfastly refused to advocate his own preferment, and at the last Encampment the honor came without any solicitation.

After his election an old comrade expressed himself to Commander Wilson in this manner : " Well, you did n't have influence enough to defeat Charlie Wilson for Department Commander this time ! " And this sentiment sounds the key note of Commander Wilson's retiring disposition, although in business probity and devotion to duty he is firm enough.

His administration of the Department during his incumbency of office has been most successful. He has been greatly aided by his efficient staff, composed of such comrades as T. C. Masteller, Adjutant General, and Eugene Weigand, Quartermaster General.

No comrade in the Department of California is more generally known than Past Department Commander C. Mason Kinne. He became a member of the first Post in California—organized in April, 1867—and has ever since been one of

the most earnest, attentive, and active members of the order. Passing through various offices, he became Commander of Lincoln Post No. 1, and at several of the earlier Department Encampments he declined nominations for Commander. At the Thirteenth Annual Encampment he was unanimously elected, and his administration of the affairs of the Department proved so satisfactory that at the following Encampment he was re-elected in the same manner. It is believed there is no similar occurrence on record,—of a Department Commander's succeeding himself without opposition.

Comrade Kinne began his military career in the Union Army by joining the "California Hundred" as a private in November, 1862. With that organization he sailed East, December 11th following, via Panama, and less than a month later was mustered in as a part of Company A, Second Massachusetts Cavalry. The following month it was sent to the front in the Army of the Potomac, and was soon engaged in exciting service. Comrade Kinne's first promotion was to be Corporal, and he avers that it was the proudest moment of his life when he sewed on his chevrons. Attention to duty brought advancement to Sergeant, First Sergeant, and Sergeant-Major, and in less than a year from the date of his enlistment he was Second Lieutenant of his company, and three months later Adjutant of his regiment with the rank of First Lieutenant. Nor did his promotion stop at this, for not long after, he was appointed by President Lincoln Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Captain, in which position he served with the cavalry until he was mustered out at the close of the war. His promotions attest his merit as a soldier, and he saw much dangerous service in his character of a *beau sabreur*, having been wounded in a fight at Waynesboro, Virginia, Sep-

tember 28, 1864, one of the many engagements in which he took part.

Colonel George Stone was born Delaware County, New York, in 1832. His military record reads almost like romance, but it is thoroughly backed by the official testimony of muster-in and muster-out rolls.

He was hardly eighteen years of age when, in August, 1861, he entered the service as a private in the Third New York Volunteer Cavalry, and in a few weeks was made a Sergeant. Before the year ended he was Second Lieutenant of his Company, E, from which he resigned about a year later to accept a promotion as First Lieutenant in the Fourteenth New York Cavalry, his appointment dating from February, 1863. December following he was made Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty-Fifth Regiment Corps d'Afrique, Louisiana Volunteers, which command he held until March following, when he resigned and returned to the Fourteenth New York Cavalry. From this he was promoted to the captaincy of Company E, Eighteenth New York Cavalry, which position he held until May 31, 1866, when he honorably mustered out among the very last of the Union forces.

While a Sergeant he was in command of General C. P. Stone's mounted escort, which was early called upon to perform duties of a most exacting character as couriers,—General Stone being in command of a Corps of Observation in Maryland,—where the utmost vigilance was necessary to prevent encroachments by the enemy. He was thus in service when the battle of Ball's Bluff took place. There was connected with this engagement an event which will ever remain one of sorrow to the people of California, for on this field the loved and lamented Colonel E. D. Baker yielded up his life.



T. C. MASTELLER,
ASS'T. ADJ. GEN.

CHARLES E. WILSON,
DEPARTMENT COMMANDER.

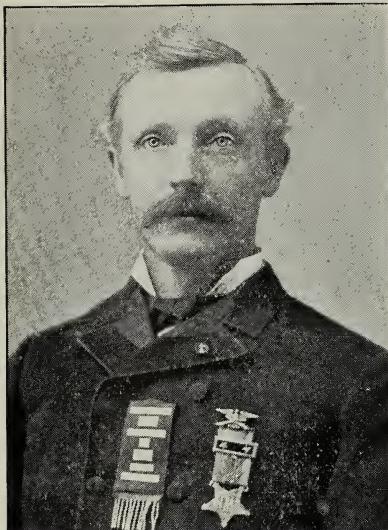
EUGENE WIEGAND,
A. Q. M. GEN.

his country might live. Sergeant in the execution of some duty had me separated for some time from his commanding general, and they did not until about early nightfall, when latter learned from the Sergeant's the news of Colonel Baker's death. Sergeant Stone was inexpressibly shocked visibly affected at the sad tidings could hardly be convinced of their reality. Later Sergeant Stone assisted in bringing the body of the beloved Baker from the field to a canal boat, upon which the remains were taken to Washington.

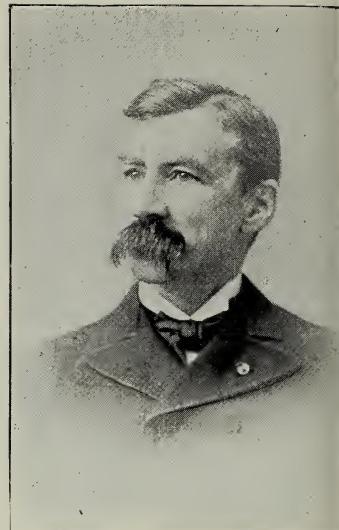
When Banks made his first campaign in the Shenandoah, in 1862, the former sergeant had earned his first shoulder boards, and as a Second Lieutenant was in his regiment in the battles of Winchester and Berryville. He was also in the battles of Neuse River, Kingston, Tarboro, and Little Washington, while serving in the department of North Carolina. At Kingston he with his company

drove the Confederates from a bridge they were endeavoring to burn, and by extinguishing the fire saved the structure, thus permitting the army of about forty thousand to cross and successfully advance to Tarboro, from which point the Union forces could embarrass the rear of Lee's army and enable Burnside to push forward the Army of the Potomac. For his action on this occasion Lieutenant Stone was publicly thanked by his commanding general, Major General J. G. Forster.

When the draft riots occurred in New York City Lieutenant Stone was on recruiting service, and with all other officers there on detached service, awaiting orders or on leave, was directed to report to General Wool for duty. He was assigned to the command of the guard at the headquarters in the St. Nicholas Hotel. His organization was created from among any and every class of soldiers, sailors, and marines, who happened to be not otherwise as-



COLONEL C. MASON KINNE.



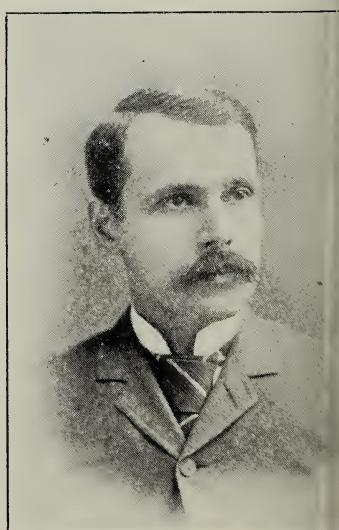
COLONEL JOHN CHARLES CURRIER.

signed, and in consequence of its undisciplined character was the more difficult to control. It was a most extremely hazardous duty to perform, as friends could hardly be distinguished from foes, but that Lieutenant Stone faithfully acquitted himself is best attested by the fact that immediately upon rejoining his regiment at New Orleans, General Banks detailed

him for special duty, during which he recruited, equipped, and drilled the Twenty-fifth Regiment, Corps d' Armée, of which he was made Lieutenant Colonel, and with his new command successfully assumed and accomplished the difficult and dangerous task of forming the town of New Iberia. It is owing to this early experience that



COLONEL JESSE B. FULLER.



DOCTOR J. R. LAINE.



COLONEL GEORGE STONE.

ted for his later success as a prac-
ngineer.

garrison duty was not what Col-
Stone desired, so he resigned to
to the Fourteenth New York Cav-
and the more active and exciting
e in which he first engaged,—and
it. He was with General David-
in his famous raid from Baton Rouge,
gh Mississippi to Pass Christian on
und. There was hot fighting and
ork on this campaign, for "Black"
Davidson loved to battle, and to
tigue was almost a luxury. On
arch innumerable deep bayous had
crossed by pontoons, and as a
was necessarily laid on an aver-
ence a day in order to move the
, the labor entailed can be easily
ed.

his capacity of Assistant Commiss-
f Subsistence of the First Cavalry
e, he probably saw as much hard

service in that memorable but disastrous
movement, the Red River Expedition,
as any one. His command participated
in the battles of Fort Jessup, Wilson's
Farm, Sabine Cross Roads, Crump's,
and in many minor engagements when
the fighting was hot enough for the
most sanguinary. In this campaign
it was not alone fighting that tried the
heroism of officers and men, for the
arduous and long marches made without
proper shelter, subsistence, and clothing,
were fearfully hard to endure, added to
which Lieutenant Stone was captured at
Sabine Cross Roads and suffered im-
prisonment in a Rebel camp near Tyler,
Texas, for a period of eight months.

After being exchanged he was assigned
to duty as Captain and Ordnance Officer
of Cavalry in the Department of the
Gulf, serving on the staffs of Generals Canby, Hurlbut, and Merritt, with
headquarters at New Orleans and part



GENERAL JOHN W. SHEEHAN.

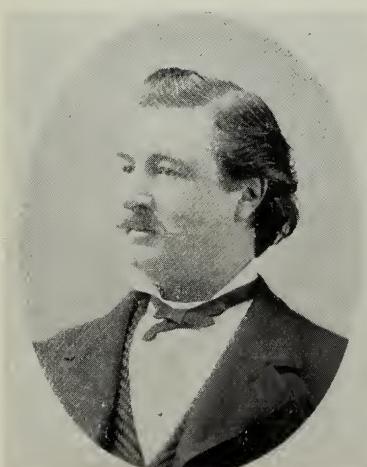
of the time at San Antonio, Texas, at which last named place he was in command of the Arsenal for a period of seven months. From this point he was ordered North for final muster out, after an honorable record of five years in the service of his country.

Colonel Stone's long and varied experience during the war made him most available as an officer for the regular army, and he was recommended for such appointment by General Banks and



POST COMMANDER ROBERT R. KILGORE.

others, but he declined the opportunity preferring a return to civil life. In the latter he has been a successful railroad contractor and superintendent of construction, having been identified in such leading lines like the Rock Island, Burlington & Quincy, Denver & Rio Grande, Union Pacific, and is now engaged in grading the new Coast Line through Santa Barbara County. He is possessed of large mining interests in California and Nevada.



CAPTAIN JOHN L. BOONE.



CAPTAIN JOSEPH B. LAUCK.



GENERAL W. H. DIMOND.

Colonel Stone is a member of George Thomas Post No. 2, a Companion of California Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion, and one of its Council of Administration. For quite a while he served on the staff of Major General Grant as Chief Engineer of the Division and at its last election was made president of the Union League Club of Francisco.

Five comrades have a better war record than Colonel John Charles Currier and none are better or more favorably known in the Grand Army on the Pacific Coast. He was but a schoolboy when he entered the service as a soldier in Company I, Eleventh New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry, in 1862, for three years during the war. Although only months in service, his regiment led the brigade and division to which it be-

longed in the battle of Fredericksburg, and received the thanks of the commanding general for "having every way proved worthy to stand side by side with the veterans of the Second Brigade."

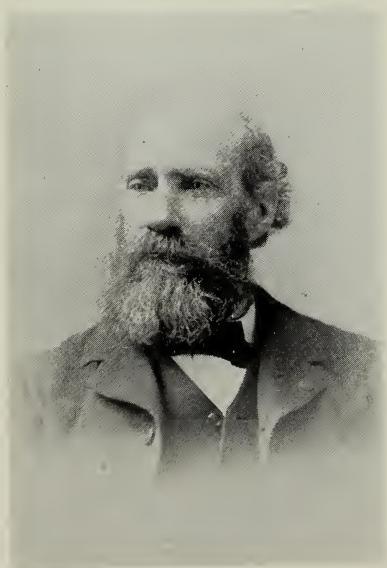
By merit Comrade Currier won the straps of a Second Lieutenant, and the promotion could have hardly been more worthily bestowed. He was with his regiment during its Kentucky campaign, from April 1st, 1863,—a campaign best remembered for its wearisome marches, and which after a retrograde movement resulted in the Eleventh's being assigned to the army of the Tennessee, where it assisted in the siege of Vicksburg, subject like many others to the usual scattering fire of the enemy. After the surrender of Vicksburg the regiment was again sent into Kentucky, and thence through Cumberland Gap to Knoxville,



GENERAL W. H. H. HART.

Tennessee, which it reached, after hard marching over mountains and fording streams, in just two weeks. Remaining here until the siege was lifted, the Eleventh was sent back over another

mountainous route to rejoin its old companions of the Army of the Potomac, where it arrived in April, 1864. Participating in the various battles in which the Potomac was engaged, Comdr. Currier, who was in the meanwhile promoted to First Lieutenant and Captain, was desperately wounded through the face in the battle of the Wilderness. In the various engagements about Petersburg he was three times wounded, once by a fragment of shell, which was painful but not serious; a second time by a musket ball, which struck and glanced from his revolver, passing through a portion of the thigh; and the third time at Poplar Spring Church, when a bullet struck his right chin, shattering the jaw, passing upward and out on the opposite side. This last injury caused him to fall upon the field, where his company thought he was only good enough to "make a pit," but partially recovering, this badly shattered officer slowly dragged himself into the Union lines. When his condition was examined, there seemed to be no possible hope for him, but gradually he improved, but never sufficiently to resume active service during



E. E. CHEVER.



R. JAY GREENE.



COLONEL W. R. SMEDBERG.

war. On the 18th of January, 1865, as mustered out on account of disability, and today his battle-scarred fea-

tures bear witness of his heroic love for the Union.

When his wounds had healed, Comrade



SOLOMON CAHEN.

PAST POST COMMANDERS.



J. KARMINSKY.

Currier entered the civil service at Washington, but accepted in 1867 a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Twenty-first United States Infantry. He also received the brevets of First Lieutenant and Captain for gallant and meritorious services at the battles of the Wilderness and Poplar Spring Church, and a highly prized certificate from the Governor of his State, setting forth his services. In 1869 he came to California, where a year later he resigned his commission to engage in active business pursuits.

In 1890 he was appointed by President Harrison United States Pension Agent for the Pacific Coast, in which position he not only became extremely popular with the old pensioners, who always found him easily accessible and patient, but with all old soldiers, who have found in him a real Comrade. His administration of the Pension Office was so faithful that he was continued quite a while after the expiration of his term, and for the fidelity he displayed was made Treasurer of the Veterans' Home Association, of which he is a Director.

Because of his large practical experience, General Dimond appointed him Division Inspector, N. G. C., with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and no member of the staff more efficiently discharges



WILLIAM J. RUDDICK.

his duty. Comrade Currier is a member of George H. Thomas Post, and a Companion of the Loyal Legion of the Commandery of California, of which he is Chairman of the Council of Administration.

Among the youngest men, or rather youths, who joined the ranks of the Union army, is T. C. Mästeller, of Lincoln Post, San Francisco, who was in the fourteenth year when he practically left aside his satchel of school books to shoulder a musket in the 140th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, in which he performed faithful duty until honorably discharged in October, 1864, after which he entered the Navy, serving aboard the United States Ships Exchange and Missouri, where he remained until the close of the war.

Comrade Mästeller has been Assistant Adjutant General of the Department of California, continuously since 1890, in this position has most intelligently charged with fidelity and zeal the various duties entrusted to him. He has been adjutant and is a Past Comm



WILLIAM A. COWAN.

lincoln Post of San Francisco, and is Adjutant of the Veteran Guard. There is hardly a Comrade in the Department who is better or more popularly known than Mästeller.

Comrade Eugene Wiegand, Assistant Quartermaster General, Department of California and Nevada, since 1890, entered the 15th day of April, 1861, in the First Pennsylvania Volunteer Artillery (which was almost immediately assigned to the Seventeenth Infantry), first regiment of Pennsylvania troops to leave Philadelphia for the front. After being for three months he was discharged and joined the Seventy-fifth Pennsylvania Infantry as a private, promoted to First Sergeant and May 2d, to Second Lieutenant of Company A in March, 1863, he was made First Lieutenant of Company E, and as such mustered out May 15, 1865, after four years of service.

In his regiment, he was in the second battle of Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Spotsylvania, and many minor engagements, while serving with the Army of the Potomac. When Hooker, with Howard Slocum's corps, was ordered to relieve of the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga, Comrade Wiegand was part, and with his command had a share in the preliminary movements which gave us Lookout Mountain. He

Missionary Ridge and throughout the Atlanta campaign, and was with us when Hood invaded Tennessee. In the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, Comrade Wiegand's military service was brought to a close by his being captured, and the rest of his service he spent on an unusual vacation in the prison camp at Johnsonville. He is Junior Vice Commander of George H. Thomas Post, a division of the Loyal Legion, and Quartermaster of the Veteran Guard of

California, Grand Army of the Republic, and is among the most popular and prominently known men of the order.

Comrade W. H. H. Hart, when only a child, came from England with his parents, and was hardly eleven years of age when both father and mother died, leaving the lad no other legacy than those indestructible teachings to do only what is right. With these and an indomitable energy and pluck the lad began a life that was for years tumultuous enough.

He was just fourteen years old when he entered the secret service of his adopted country. With youth's natural impulse he desired the dash of danger which is indissolubly connected with the life of a scout,—a service that calls for intrepidity, compels men to cut loose from their base of supplies and from the support of reinforcements, and causes them to rush through the highways and byways in the enemy's country to learn of the enemy's movements making or contemplated. It is a duty always fraught with great danger and sometimes with reward. Young Hart joined Hinckley's organization of scouts, January 23, 1862, and acquired an experience that only rare fortitude and devotion can sustain. He was engaged with that dashing formation at the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Champion Hill, Vicksburg, and Missionary Ridge. In the latter engagement he was on detached service, and under special orders from General Grant was the bearer of despatches to General Sherman, whose nearest force was more than two miles away on the extreme left. Well mounted, he started over the wide open space in full view of many of his comrades, and at every jump of his horse exposed to the shot and shell from more than a dozen batteries of the enemy on the ridge. From the time his mission began until it ended he was a fleeting

target for every kind of missile that could be projected at him. They fell in front and over him; before him and behind his mount, which was urged to its utmost by the spurs of its rider and the excitement of bursting shells. But the soldier never faltered although he was wounded in three places on this ride, for he knew the importance of his duty, and its performance on the occasion named may be fairly taken as an index of that character he has so sturdily maintained in the duties of later life. After his term of service in Hinckley's scouts had expired, he joined the 44th Iowa Volunteer Infantry, and still later the 147th Illinois Infantry, in which he remained to the very conclusion of the war.

He then took up the study of law, determining to be a good lawyer in order to satisfy his ambition. Persistent study enabled him to pass a highly creditable examination and in 1869 he was admitted to the bar by the District Courts of Iowa, in which State and others of the East he practised his profession for five years. In 1875 he moved permanently to California, where he has been ever since, engaged in the practise of law, steadily climbing the ladder of success, until by his devotion to duty, fealty to clients, careful preparation of cases, and masterful arguments, he has about reached the pinnacle of fame and prosperity.

Twice have the people of California called him by large majorities to become the chief law officer of the State, where in the discharge of his duties as Attorney General he has won the highest encomiums as a faithful official. In the conduct of the railroad tax cases General Hart manfully stood up for the people and justice, battling to sustain their claim with the same loyalty and persistency he had as a boy fought for the preservation of the Union.

In his private practise he has exhibited that acumen which has gained him considerable fame and a large clientele. famous Blythe case called forth his efforts, and the fact of the great success he made for the rightful claimant attests his care, ability, and conscientious discharge of duty. The Copper Queen mining case was another great legal battle in which General Hart exhibited the best qualifications of a lawyer, and his success in these two great causes established for him a record in the world that will be quoted for all time.

As a Comrade of George H. Thomas' Post of San Francisco he is respected and honored for his high military record, service and his loyalty to his country. He is loved for the zeal he manifests in endeavoring to benefit the Grand Army.

Comrade John F. Sheehan, who among the youngest ex-soldiers of the Union on this Coast, was one of the organizers of the order in California, was a charter member of Sumner Guards, Sacramento, in August, 1867, and ever since manifested a deep interest in Grand Army affairs. Through various appointive and elective offices he reached by worth alone the position of Senior Commander of this Department. When he became a citizen of San Francisco he joined General George G. Meade's staff and was elected its Commander.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was too young to enter the service, but in the fall of 1862, he joined Company C, Twenty-fifth Maine Infantry, which marched to the front in Virginia under command of Colonel Francis Fessenden, a member of Maine's celebrated war Senator. In the same regiment General Thomas H. Ward, the noted New York lawyer and Director of the Southern Pacific Railroad, was Adjutant. With a soldier's luck Comrade Sheehan saw his

danger and hardships. At the close of the war he came to California and first settled in Sacramento as a journalist. Since then he has occupied many offices of trust and honor under the Federal government, among them being Adjutant General.

There are few men of his age in the States who have had a more eventful history than John L. Boone, the attorney of San Francisco. His grandfather was John Daniel Boone, a nephew of the famous Kentucky pioneer, and undoubtedly inherited a family love of the wilderness, as in 1844 he crossed the plains from Iowa to the Pacific Coast, settling at Salem, the capital of Oregon. He held the office of State Treasurer for twelve years. Henry Hawkins, his grandfather, was the maternal grandfather of L. Boone, and died in Oregon in the advanced age of 103 years. L. Boone was born in Lee County, and was only four years old when he crossed the plains with his father. In 1861 he graduated at Willamette University and was sent the same year to complete his education at Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, where he enlisted as a private soldier in his college company, October, 1861, in the Twentieth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, for three years. He afterwards became a veteran of the Civil War to the end of the war. His first engagement was at Fort Donelson, where his regiment was the first to enter the fort after its surrender to Grant. With others he was present at the capture of General Buckner, the Confederate commander, as a prisoner of war to General Morton, Indiana. Returning to California, he participated in the battles of Bull Run, Corinth, Iuka, Hatchie River, and Vicksburg, in which last engagement his regiment was lost by capture. There was something romantic in the

way he obtained a commission. Secretary Stanton ordered him discharged for promotion immediately after the battle of Shiloh, but owing to the varied duties he was called upon to perform, the order of the Secretary of War did not reach him for service until more than six months had elapsed. It was at Holly Springs in November, 1862, when the orders were served, and he left the front, escaping capture by a couple of hours. While on the way northward he was for five days without subsistence of any kind, until he reached Cairo, nearly famished.

At Columbus, Ohio, Governor Dennison assigned him temporarily on the staff of General J. D. Cox, from which he resigned to accept the Adjutancy of the First Oregon Infantry, with rank of First Lieutenant. He was later detached as Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Department of the Columbia, which embraced the State of California, with headquarters at Fort Vancouver, and as such continued until the close of the war.

During his residence in San Francisco he has obtained an extensive practise as a patent lawyer. An uncompromising Republican, he served in the California State Senate one term from 1884, and in 1886 was tendered the Republican nomination to the National Congress from the Fifth District,—from which also he will seek a similar nomination at the next general election. As a member of the Republican State Central Committee in 1886 he was one of the most active workers it contained. He is a Comrade of George H. Thomas Post, and a Companion of the California Commandery, Military Order Loyal Legion.

Captain Joseph B. Lauck, of the Veteran Guard of California, has not only seen his share of the soldier's hardships and dangers during active warfare, but he has been a zealous member of the

Grand Army of the Republic for many years, ever ready to put to practical use the experience he acquired through three years of service in the war of the Rebellion. He was a member of Company L, First Ohio Heavy Artillery, which performed the most wearisome and perilous of duties in the wild-cat regions of East Tennessee, Kentucky, and North Carolina, hunting down guerillas, guarding mountain passes, and defending the principal lines of communication,—duties that called forth the highest attributes of the soldier. Comrade Lauck is now a member of George H. Thomas Post of San Francisco, and is Past Commander of General McDowell Post of San Rafael. As Captain of the Veteran Guard for a continuous period of three years, he has done much towards maintaining that fine organization's high degree of efficiency in drill and soldierly appearance, which makes it the peer of any similar command in the Union.

Past Commander Solomon Cahen of James A. Garfield Post, Number 34, enlisted in Company I, Third California Volunteer Infantry, September 25, 1861, and was promoted to be Corporal of Company C, same regiment. Immediately after organization it went to Fort Bragg, where it remained until the spring of 1862, going thence to Fort Ruby, Nevada, and along the overland route, protecting it from Indian depredations, and performing the most exacting duties. Its service was not only hazardous, but the command was subjected to the severities of cold winter in the upper mountains and the extreme heat of summer on the lower plains. Comrade Cahen was with his command all the way to Camp Douglas, Utah, where it arrived in the latter part of 1863, and where it remained until October, 1864, protecting the Territory from the ultra Mormon element

which was then notoriously hostile to the Union.

In the winter of 1863 advices were received by the commanding general at Camp Douglas that two companies of Nevada cavalry were in great danger about 225 miles west of Salt Lake City. Comrade Cahen was detailed in command of ten men and four wagons loaded with subsistence, with orders to hurry to the relief of the cavalry. After a rapid march, hardly giving rest to men or horses, Comrade Cahen reached the unfortunate party just in time to afford the relief required, for the cavalry, men and horses, were nearly exhausted for lack of food and forage. After all had rested and recuperated, Comrade Cahen conducted the entire party back to Camp Douglas, where he was commended for the skillful performance of a dangerous duty. He afterward went to Fort Lincoln, Idaho Territory, but returned to Camp Douglas, where it was mustered out July 27, 1866. Mr. Cahen was highly respected for loyalty, but a man of many years standing in San Francisco.

The present commander of the James A. Garfield Post is Robert R. Kilgore, who was born in New Orleans. Surrounded by circumstances that prohibited his enlisting among those first joining the forces, he patiently awaited an opportunity, and after the capture of New Orleans enlisted as a seaman in the Navy. He was assigned to the United States Frigate "Mercedita," upon which he served until his discharge in March, 1864, performing those hazardous duties that befell the blockading squadrons. His services were rewarded by an honorable discharge at the end of the war, and he has since become an earnest advocate and a member of the order, having always been self-respected by his comrades.

the highest honors his Post could upon him.

ng those who promptly responded call for Union troops, was Jacob sky, Past Post Commander of Post and its present Quarter-

He entered the ranks in Com-
Eighty-eighth Illinois Infantry,
ved with fidelity until discharged
bility resulting from a wound. In
horrible attack on our left wing at
iver, December 31, 1862, Com-
rminsky was a part of Sheridan's
d, which sustained the brunt of
ck, and through the fiercest fight-
morning heroically struggled to
its position and protect our line
munication with Nashville. It

this sanguinary engagement
made Karminsky was severely
in the upper part of his right
a Rebel bullet which he will
ere to the grave. At the same
was captured, and his wound was
ted by a Confederate surgeon,
nce decided to perform amputa-
the young soldier's appeals per-
ium to forego the operation. A
er a gallant dash of the Union
ecaptured Karminsky, and a
geon determined to take off his
o this Karminsky violently pro-
referring to lose his life, and his
ere reluctantly respected. The
ealed and the arm was saved,
withstanding Comrade Karmin-
ire to fulfill his term of enlist-
was honorably discharged nearly
s after being wounded.

Karminsky has always been
member of the Grand Army
been one of the best officers his
had. Although often suffering
wounded arm, he uncomplain-
forms the arduous and exacting
his present position with that

fidelity which has characterized him as
an honest man.

Colonel Jesse Beech Fuller was born May 16, 1841, at Coldwater, Michigan. He comes from old Revolutionary stock, his great grandfather, Major Esbon Fuller, having served with distinction during the War of Independence.

Comrade J. B. Fuller was among the first to respond to the call for troops to preserve the Union, although he had not quite attained his majority. April 16, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the First Michigan Battery of Light Artillery, with which he served in West Virginia during the three months' service. He afterwards enlisted in the Fourth Michigan Battery, which became Battery D, First Michigan Regiment, Light Artillery, and was sent into Kentucky under Buell. It participated in the various campaigns of the Army of the Cumberland, performing its full part. At the battle of Stone's River, Tennessee, where it rendered most effective service on the 31st of December, 1862, and January 2, 1863, Comrade Fuller held the rank of Lieutenant. During the first day's fighting, along in the afternoon, the enemy were to be seen advancing in heavy column of divisions *en echelon* over an open plain. Rosecrans immediately concentrated his available field artillery and planted it as a park on a slight ridge. The Rebels moved as if on parade, and when their lines were within proper distance the command was given and the batteries threw into the Rebel ranks every kind of missile, soon utterly routing and breaking his lines. And in the Rebel attacks on our left on Friday afternoon, when Van Cleve's division was driven back and over the river, the artillery again came into action,—this time on a gallop,—and double shotted with grape and cannister drove the Confederates in confusion from the

field. In both engagements the battery of Lieutenant Fuller made a record for courage, careful aim, and effective result.

In the Tullahoma campaign the battery of Lieutenant Fuller performed a most unusual artillery act. It was near Hoover's Gap and a double line of infantry had been formed with Comrade Fuller's battery between the lines. A much desired position held by the enemy was coveted, and a charge was ordered. The infantry rushed forward up a steep hill, Fuller's battery close on the first line, when it reached the top. A charging battery of artillery in the front line was too much for the Rebels, and they hastily abandoned the position. General Thomas afterward quaintly remarked that it was the first time he had ever seen an artillery charge.

At Chickamauga this battery was a part of Brannan's Division, Fourteenth Corps, which was one of the divisions to receive the first attack in the engagement of the first day, September 19th, 1863. It kept up its fighting with hardly any intermission until the battle was over the next day. On the 20th, Battery D held a most advantageous position to do effective work, the guns being handled with rare skill and precision, doing magnificent execution. The Rebels wanted this battery and charge after charge was repulsed; but they concentrated a still larger force, and our supporting lines were compelled to give way, and five guns of this battery fell into Rebel hands, but not until a determined effort had been made to drag them to a position of security, after every horse had been killed. It is claimed that before this capture the battery made it cost four hundred Confederate lives.

Falling back upon Chattanooga, the men of Battery D were supplied with twenty pounder Parrots, which were mounted in Fort Negley in the immediate

front of Chattanooga, and rendered service in covering our assaults on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

During the Atlanta campaign Lieutenant Fuller's battery was stationed at Rosecrans, Murfreesboro, during the time this officer served on the staff of General Van Cleve, as Assistant General. When Hood invaded Tennessee, Lieutenant Fuller was detailed Inspector of Artillery on the staff of General C. O. Loomis, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Cumberland, and in this capacity participated in the battles of Nashville, December 15, 1864.

On February 8, 1865, Comrade Fuller was made Captain of his battery. On March 13, 1865, he was breveted to the rank of Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious service in the field. His battery was ordered to New Orleans in August, 1865, and on the 13th of the month he, with the battery, was honorably mustered out at Jackson, Mississippi, after more than four years' service.

Colonel Fuller has held many responsible positions in the Grand Army of the Republic. In the Encampment held in Fresno, California, in 1892, he was unanimously elected Adjutant General and Department Commander, and in that city carefully administered its affairs. He has paid many official visits to international fairs.

He is a comrade of Corinthian Legion, Marysville, a Companion of the Legion, Commandery of California, and one of the Bank Commissioners of the State,—making his home at Marysville.

In its ramifications the grand Army of the Republic has extended beyond the confines of the Union. In Honolulu, Hawaii, is a Post composed of veterans who have rendered services helped to preserve our national unity. Although more than two thousand miles from the westernmost point of the Union, many old soldiers of the Civil War who have made Honolulu their home.

e, years ago banded together and ded George W. De Long Post, No. Its present Commander is Comrade ay Greene, who during the war was n-commissioned officer of Company twenty-sixth Connecticut Volunteer ry, which was a portion of the Dement of the Gulf. It is a part of the ry of Comrade Greene and his regi that they participated in the three ent assaults made at Port Hudson in , 1863, and in those fearful ongts his command lost nearly one its organization, and few if any regis made a better record for gallantry tion than that to which Comrade ne belonged. During his residence onolulu he has always been active ardent in his endeavors to sustain Post in that remote field, having ed as its Quartermaster for thirteen s, and for his fidelity was this year ed its Commander.

every war of importance which the rican Colonies and the United States been engaged, excepting that with co, the Dimond family has taken a nent part. The earliest ancestors of ade William Henry Dimond partici in King Philip's bloody war in 1675, again in King William's war in 1689. s, the great-great-great-grandfather eneral Dimond, was a Lieutenant Captain in the Connecticut Colonial es against the Indians in the earliest ry of the eighteenth century and in en Anne's War. John Dimond, -great-grandfather, was an Ensign, tenant, and Captain, from 1733 to , and served as such in the French Indian wars. Daniel, the great- dfather, was an Ensign in the Revolutionary War, his commission bearing of May, 1776, and the grandfather, e Dimond, served in the war against and, 1812-15. In the war with

Mexico there was no representative of the family, as Comrade Dimond's father was a missionary to the then Sandwich Islands, and his battles were made in the cause of the Christian faith.

Comrade Dimond was living in Honolulu when the Rebellion broke out, and on receipt of the news he was inspired to serve the land his ancestors had helped to create a free country. He immediately began a course of practical military training to fit himself for any position he might be able to obtain. He was in his early manhood, and an indulgent father was beginning to lighten his own cares by transferring some of them to the shoulders of the son, so the mili tary ambition of young Dimond met with a parental check. In deference to such wishes the son yielded, but his intention to join the Union army was by no means abandoned. He kept up his military training, and as reports at long intervals reached Honolulu of bloody battles,— of Union victories or Union defeats,—the young man's desire to enter the Union army grew stronger.

At length Comrade Dimond's feelings reached the point when he would no longer be delayed. Reaching San Francisco, he took steamship for New York, and after a journey of more than seven thousand miles at his own expense, reached a point where he could every day realize more and more the horrors and cruelties of the war then going on, by seeing hospitals filled with heroes, some minus an arm, others with the loss of a leg or bereft of sight,— thousands all battle-scarred who had crimsoned South ern fields with their blood and who were to go through life maimed and disfigured.

With this knowledge and after having traveled thousands of miles to obtain it, Comrade Dimond entered the service, he having been appointed Assistant Adjutant General with the rank of Captain.

Whilst awaiting his orders of assignment Captain Dimond had something serious to reflect upon. At this time no one knew how long the war would continue, and the young Adjutant General was just as liable as any other officer to become a target for rebel bullets before Richmond and Petersburg. His assignment, however, sent him to the Department of the South, which field embraced the first demonstration of the war, treason's attack on the Stars and Stripes floating over Fort Sumter, and where the sound of cannon never ceased until after the capture of Charleston. In this Department, with headquarters at Beaufort and subsequently at Port Royal, Captain Dimond served on the staff of Major General Rufus Saxton, who was in charge of the recruiting of colored regiments for the Union army. After the surrender of Lee and Johnson had ended the war, Comrade Dimond resigned his commission in July, 1865, having declined a commission in the regular army. He later came to San Francisco, where he engaged in commercial pursuits, and is now the head of one of the oldest and largest shipping and commission houses on the Pacific Coast.

As a Grand Army Comrade he gave largely of his time and liberally of his means to make the National Encampment in San Francisco in 1886 a success. The Veteran's Home at Yountville has reason to remember his generosity and many comrades found comfortable berths in the Mint during General Dimond's administration, and probably his greatest regret was his inability to give the ex-Union soldiers preference over all. As a member of George H. Thomas Post he is universally esteemed. As a Companion of the Loyal Legion he was honored by being made Commander of California Commandery, and as a Comrade he is favorably known in every Grand Army Post throughout the Department.

He has been continuously connected with the National Guard of California a period of seventeen years, rising from the rank of Major to that of Major General, and there is nothing apocryphal in the statement that no officer in the National Guard of California ever served his State with more loyalty and zeal with more success and less selfishness than has Major General W. H. Dimond. The attempt of others some time ago to burden him with their failures, met with a signal defeat. His detractors were relegated to obscurity, while he was officially requested by the Governor to retain command of the Division.

Edward English Chever was born in North Andover, Massachusetts, November 22, 1828. His father, Captain James W. Chever, was a resident of Salem, where the family had lived in Massachusetts since 1635. James Chever, the grandfather of Comrade Chever, served in the Revolutionary War in 1776, and his son, James W., commanded the armed ship America in the war of 1812. She carried twenty guns and a crew of about three hundred men, and her commander was only twenty-one years of age.

Comrade Edward E. Chever is a member of George H. Thomas Post, Number 2. He removed to Illinois in 1848, where he resided until gold was discovered in California. He then went to Boston, and in December of 1848 sailed on the first vessel leaving that port for California. He arrived June 15, 1850, and is a life member of the Society of California Pioneers. In 1854 he returned to Illinois, and in the summer of 1862 was listed in Company H, Eighty-ninth Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

His regiment was a part of the Army of the Cumberland, and at the battle of Stone's River was in Willich's Brigade, Johnson's Division of McCook's Corps. In the engagement of the 31st of Decem-

1862, his command met the terrific
blow of Bragg, the attack having
been made while McCook's force was
having breakfast. It was thrown into
confusion for a time, but was ral-
lied and again occupied its old position.
On the second day it was constantly
under fire, and on the third day fought a
battle, driving the enemy and finally
finding entrance into Murfreesboro.
During the Tullahoma campaign Che-
ver's regiment was as active as any, and
at Chickamauga was on the right during
the first day's fighting, where it helped
to repulse repeated assaults. On Sun-
day morning it was sent over with others
of the force Thomas on the left, where it
was engaged during that day battling for the
right of the army. After lying in the
pines before Chattanooga for two
days, it became a part of that magnifi-
cent pageant which formed on the plains
view of the enemy on Missionary
Ridge, as if on review, and was among
the first to reach the summit in the dash
on the afternoon of November
23. Chever was in the Knoxville
column for the relief of Burnside, and
then moved towards Atlanta, which cul-
minated in the capture of the latter strong-
hold. During Hood's invasion, his regi-
ment was one of those that stubbornly
defended every step of the enemy, and
at Franklin and later at Nashville,
on December 15, 1864, he participated in the
last battles of the War of the Rebellion
and the last part of the South. Early in the
autumn of 1865 Comrade Chever's regi-
ment was mustered out after three years
of brave and faithful service.

Comrade Chever has been an ardent
Union man ever since he first
joined the Lincoln Post in Denver, in 1881.
After his return to California in 1885
he joined the Thomas Post of San
Francisco. It was he who more than any
other comrade succeeded in securing the

passage of a law by the Legislature of
California which requires every county
in the State to pay the sum of \$50 to-
wards the burial of any old soldier of the
Mexican War or of the War of the Rebel-
lion who dies within such county, - a noble
provision which guarantees the veter-
an a burial in decency and divested of
the horrors of a common field, and in this
every comrade should recall Comrade
Chever's services to our order. He was
the first person to advocate this measure
in California, and was Chairman of the
Grand Army Committee that visited Sac-
ramento and secured the law.

Colonel William Renwick Smedberg
was born in New York City, March 19,
1839, and is a graduate of Columbia.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion
he enlisted as a private, April 15, 1861,
in the National Rifles of Washington,
District of Columbia, and was promoted
to Corporal of Company A, Third Bat-
talion. He saw some service in Patter-
son's campaign, and on July 4, 1861, was
discharged to accept a first lieutenancy in
the Fourteenth United States Infantry, of
which he became battalion adjutant, and
on October 25, 1861, he was promoted
to a captaincy in the same regiment. He
was with his regiment in the siege of
Yorktown, at the battle of Gaines Mills,
June 27, 1862, the engagements at White
Oak Swamp, Charles City Cross Roads,
and the battle of Malvern Hill. After re-
treating from the Peninsula, he was en-
gaged in the second Bull Run, South Moun-
tain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg.

He was absent through sickness when
Chancellorsville and Gettysburg were
fought, but was in the Mine Run cam-
paign and the battle of the Wilderness,
where he lost his right leg. At this time
he was Inspector of the Third Division,
Fifth Army Corps. During his convales-
cence he was on recruiting service in New

York and mustering and disbursing duty in Washington. He rejoined his regiment in August, 1865, and in the following October sailed with it for San Francisco, where he became Assistant Inspector, Department of California, on General McDowell's staff; subsequently, aid-de-camp to General Halleck; and later, Acting Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of General Thomas, afterwards becoming aid to General Schofield. In December, 1870, he was retired from active service with the rank of Captain, mounted. He was brevetted Lieutenant Colonel for "gallant and meritorious services at the battle of the Wilderness." Had he remained in active service, he would have been made Major Twenty fourth Infantry, March 20, 1879; Lieutenant Colonel Fifteenth Infantry, April 18, 1884; and Colonel 21st Infantry, January 31, 1891.

He was Assistant Adjutant General, Department of California, Grand Army of the Republic from February 1885, until February, 1886, when he was elected Department Commander. For over fifteen years he has been Recorder of the California Commandery, Loyal Legion, and a resident of San Francisco for more than thirty years. He is a comrade of George H. Thomas Post.

Doctor J. R. Laine of San Francisco is another of those patriotic youths who responded to the first call for troops in 1861. In October of that year, while not yet sixteen, he enlisted as a private in Company G, First Missouri Volunteer Infantry. His regiment was assigned to the Army of the Cumberland, and with it he was in the battles of Perryville, Stone's River, and that deadliest in its percentages of loss of any battle of the modern world, Chickamauga. Here he was wounded and taken prisoner, being confined for two months in Richmond Prison,

five months in Danville, and six months in the Andersonville stockade.

Upon his release he had served less than his full term of enlistment. Subsequently he joined the regular army as Acting Assistant Surgeon and served in the Department of the Platte, which included Nebraska, Wyoming, and Dakota. Doctor Laine was a resident of Sacramento for years, and belongs to the San Joaquin Post, Number 3. He has been Medical Director of the Department of California, Grand Army of the Republic, and has served as Division Surgeon of the National Guard of California, on the staff of General Dimond. His record as a soldier during the war, in camp and on the battle field, is a gallant one, and in his profession he occupies a position in the front rank. At present he is Secretary of the State Board of Health, and a resident of San Francisco.

Comrade William J. Ruddick was born in New York City, February 15, 1845, and went to Colorado ten years ago, where at Fort Lyons in July, 1862, when little more than a child, he enlisted in Company I, Second Colorado Infantry, but was not mustered in until the following March, and then by a special order from the War Department. He served in the Army of the Frontier under General Blunt, which performed many expeditions against the Confederate Generals, Price, Marmaduke, and Shelby. As a result of this campaign the regiment Comrade Ruddick became greatly reduced in strength, and was ordered to St. Louis, where it joined with the First Colorado Infantry, the command having been converted into a cavalry regiment, designated the Second Colorado Cavalry, as such was sent into the South, where it participated in the engagements of Fort Craig, Valverde, Apache Canyon, Albuquerque, Peralta, Cubin Creek,

Honey Springs, Weber Falls, Dayton, Anna Hill, April 24 and May 31, 1864, Pleasant Hill, May 28 and July 25, 1864, Little Blue, October 21, 1864, Camden Point, Fredericksburg, Canadian River, Independence, Big Blue River, Marais des Cygnes, Little Osage, Newtonia, Point of Rocks, Fort Larned, and Cow Creek. Comrade Ruddick was honorably mustered out of the army in November, 1865, after more than three years' service and when hardly fifteen years of age, being probably the youngest soldier of the late war. He then entered college, but again joined the army when the Indian outbreak occurred in 1866. This time he enlisted in Company K, Seventh United States Cavalry, from which he was transferred to the Second Cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas, becoming a member of the non-commissioned staff in which he remained until May 14, 1874, receiving an honorable discharge at Fort Laramie, Wyoming. He then came to San Francisco and engaged in commercial pursuits. In 1886 he was elected County Clerk on the Republican ticket by a large majority, and during his incumbency of office gave official employment to a large number of ex-soldiers of the Rebellion who had served in the Union Army. Since 1887 he has been a member of the Veterans' Home Association, and is now director of the Home. As a member of General George G. Meade Post of San Francisco no comrade is more popular or more active in Grand Army affairs.

William A. Cowan, who is a charter member of George H. Thomas Post, entered the service in October, 1861, when nineteen years old, as a private of Company D, Forty-first Ohio Volunteer Infantry. His first service was in the Kentucky campaign which terminated with the capture of Nashville. His regiment, being a part of General Nelson's division,

marched through almost impassable swamps from Savannah, Tennessee, to a point opposite Pittsburg Landing, and was the first division of Buell's army to get into action and relieve the severe pressure against Grant at Shiloh. During the battle on Monday, young Cowan's regiment made several desperate charges, successfully driving the Rebels from positions of vantage, and earning from General Nelson high praise. After Shiloh he was in the campaign from Tuscumbia to Battle Creek and thence in the race against Bragg to Louisville. With his regiment he was at Stone's River, being in the right wing of the Army of the Cumberland which received the terrible charge of Bragg's forces on Wednesday, December 31, 1862. After this battle he was taken sick and sent to the hospital, from which he was discharged for physical disability by order of the War Department.

Returning to his home in Ohio, he remained until he had recovered his health, and then, in June, 1864, he joined Company F, 110th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, again as a private for three years. This regiment was assigned to the Army of the Potomac, and with it participated in nearly all the engagements terminating with the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, April 9, 1865. In June following Comrade Cowan was honorably mustered out with his regiment. He has been a resident of California since June, 1874, is a practical engineer and mine owner, and now a resident of San Francisco.

Comrade Frank Miller, of Sumner Post, Number 3, Sacramento, was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, January 19, 1843. He comes from good old Revolutionary stock, his grandfather on the maternal side, David Robinson, having served in the Connecticut line during the War for Independence.

On arriving in Sacramento in 1857, Miller entered the High School. In 1860 he went East to take a course at Phillips Exeter Academy, entering Yale in 1861. But the excitement of the times was too much for the student, and obtaining leave from the faculty, he returned to his native place in February, 1862, and enlisted as a private in Company H, Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, which was then in service in Virginia, where Comrade Miller had every opportunity to participate in the hardships and dangers of a soldier's life at the front. His experience may be inferred from the statement which Lt. Col. Wm. F. Fox makes in his book on regimental losses, and which gives to the Second Wisconsin Infantry the heaviest percentage killed in battle. This percentage was made by the unusual loss at the second engagement of Bull Run, where for a half hour just before dusk, the Second Wisconsin stood in line within less than three hundred feet from the Rebels

and heroically maintained their position against greater numbers but with a terrible list of casualties.

Into this engagement Comrade Miller went without a musket, as he had been temporarily on detached service, seizing the weapon, cartridge box, and belt, of the first disabled soldier he encountered, he got into action under the colors of his regiment. After firing three shots he was in the act of loading for the fourth, when a fragment of a flying shell struck his musket in such a manner as to direct the muzzle with great force against his breast, throwing him from his feet and more than his length backward unconscious. At the same time a fragment struck him over the left breast penetrating his uniform and making a wound, and this, taken in connection with the abrasion caused by the muzzle of his musket, induced the surgeons to conclude that an enfilading ball had made a mortal wound. He speedily recovered, and subsequently passed through the battles of Fredericksburg and Antietam, and other engagements of less importance.

In 1863 he was transferred to the regular army as a sergeant in the General Service Corps, and detached for clerical service in the War Department under Inspector General Ketchum. In this service he remained until '64, when he was promoted to a civil clerkship in New York City, under Colonel H. S. Olcott, who is now a prominent theosophist.

He returned to Sacramento in 1865 and he has ever since resided there save for the time consumed in 1886 in a trip around the world. He was made the First Assistant Adjutant General of the Grand Army, Department of California and is a Compatriot of the New York Society Sons of American Revolution.

Comrade Miller has been State Commissioner on the Torrens system



FRANK MILLER.

ansferring land, a subject in which he greatly interested. He also occupies e position of President of the National ank of D. O. Mills & Co.

Major William Burchell Hooper comes om old Revolutionary stock, his grand-ther, George Hooper, having been a ember of Durkee's Artillery, Connectit Troops, from July 28, 1782, to July , 1783, and afterwards served in the ar of 1812. In this latter war was his n, George Kent Hooper, the father of ajor Hooper. At the battle of Lundy's ne, July 25, 1814, father and son ght side by side, and George Kent ooper fell desperately wounded. He recovered, and lived to a ripe old age, ing in Boston about fourteen years ago. On the 23d of July, 1862, our Hooper tered the Union service as Second utenant, Company F, Second Califor- Cavalry. Owing to his knowledge details, he was made Regimental Quar- master, the duties of which office are cularly trying and often exasperating, that official is expected to supply his ent with clothing, camp, and garri- equipages, means of transportation, d everything in the nature of subsist- ce. He is therefore subjected not only the despotic sway of the Colonel, but en to the unreasonable demands of company commanders, who think the entimental Quartermaster and Commiss- y must possess the power of Aladdin. mrade Hooper accompanied the col- n under General P. Edward Connor Fort Douglas, Utah, on duty as Com- sary of Subsistence for the command, d sharing with it all the weary hard- ps of that long march in snow and ice er mountains, and through valleys of al, fighting Indians and guerrillas o sought by every means of their kind warfare to prevent the expedition from ching Salt Lake City, where the peo-



MAJOR WILLIAM BURCELL HOOPER.

ple were in unrestrained enjoyment of disloyalty and hostility to the Union. On the 17th of January, 1863, Comrade Hooper was promoted to First Lieutenant, and with that rank continued to act in the capacity named at Fort Douglas until March 18, 1863, when he vacated his commission to accept an appointment as Captain and Commissary of Subsistence, United States Volunteers, to which President Lincoln had appointed him in recogni- on of his peculiar fitness for the duties of that office.

In his new rank Captain Hooper was ordered to return to California and was assigned to duty as Depot Quartermas- ter and Commissary at Fort Yuma. This was then one of the most important stations on the Coast, the entrepot from which supplies were distributed to the Union troops operating in Southern California, Arizona, and New Mexico. How well Comrade Hooper discharged his duty is best evidenced by the brevet rank of Major, which President Johnson

and the United States Senate conferred upon him March 13, 1865, "for faithful and meritorious services during the war." As a still further evidence of appreciation of his ability and fidelity as an officer, Major Hooper was retained in service until July 13, 1866, when he was honorably mustered out, at his own request, after four years of hard service.

In civil life Major Hooper is no less active than he was during the war. Although his business exacts many long hours of his attention every day, he takes time to attend to other duties in which he feels deep interest. He is Senior Warden of Trinity Episcopal Church of San Francisco, and a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of California. The members of this Committee are advisers of the Bishop, and in the absence of the latter have charge of the church discipline, as well as being

the executive branch of the church. He is a member of Oriental Lodge, Number 144 F. and A. M., and of Golden Gate Commandery, Number 16, Knights Templar.

As a Comrade of Lincoln Post, Number 1, Grand Army of the Republic, has always been interested in the welfare of the order, and is now Chairman of its Executive Committee of the Bureau of Employment.

At its last election Major Hooper was elected Commander of the California Commandery, Military Order of Loyal Legion, by an almost overwhelming vote which attests the high esteem in which he is held by his companions.

As the affable and energetic lessee of that famous headquarters in San Francisco for the Army and Navy, the Occidental Hotel, Major Hooper has made a name for himself throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Frank Elliott Myers.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



SONG.

EEP in the sea the diver leaps,
And never comes back. Ah well,
In some Persian village his widow weeps,
And the winds hollo his knell.

The hunter dies in the caverned womb
Of the mountain, grappled close
In a panther's claw,— and above his tomb
Are the brooks and the sweet wild rose.

The gaunt gray wolf is the Tartar's foe,—
The wolf and the wintry plain,—
And between his ribs will the steppe-grass grow
When the summer comes again.

Herbert Crombie Howe.



A Public
Library
Report.

THE Los Angeles Public Library issues an Annual Report, showing among other things, the circulation in the Library of the various periodicals on file. There are some points in the figures given call for comment. Of the *OVERLAND* there were two copies taken, and they were used 1146 times; but there were twenty-eight copies of the *Century* on file, and they were used 3675 times. The proportion is 573 calls for the *OVERLAND* to one copy taken and 131 for the *Century*. There were six copies of the *Atlantic* taken to two of the *OVERLANDS* and less calls for it all told, 1101, at the rate of 184 per copy. Twenty-eight copies were used 152 times apiece, 4248 in all, *Forums* 147 times apiece, 1322 all told. Ten *Metropolitans*, 204 times apiece. Six *Popular Science Monthly*s, 142 times apiece, 854 in all. Twenty *Scribners*, 3466 times, 158 apiece. The result of a general inspection of the list shows that a magazine of the size of the *OVERLAND* ought to circulate in such a library about 12 times per copy, that is, nearly, a monthly issue taken out every two days all the year round. But the *OVERLAND* was used more than twice and one-half times as often as that, and a sufficient number of copies taken to supply demands, there should be seven or eight instead of two. Showing also the honor which receives in his own country, *The Land of Sunshine*, the local Los Angeles magazine, had two copies and they were used 260 times, but 130 per copy to the *OVERLAND'S* 573 copy.

IN reading rooms where no record is kept of the use of the periodicals, as for example, the Young Men's Christian Association reading room in this city, it has often made the publishers of *OVERLAND* glad to see how thumbed to the magazine gets by the end of a month,

—a gladness tempered with sorrow by the thought that some of these eager readers might have spent twenty-five cents for their favorite, had it not been more cheaply attainable.

That this popularity is not confined to city constituencies is witnessed by a letter just received. We hope the writer will pardon us for printing it without special permission.

Laurel Hill, 3-1-96.

OVERLAND MONTHLY:

Enclosed find warrant for \$3.00.

Your paper gives satisfaction in all respects. I think it would be more suitable for school libraries if bound in cloth, could it be had in cloth at an additional expense. By the time two or three have them they are worn so that they are not returned to the library. Hoping the old grizzly on the *OVERLAND* will soon find his way into all the libraries in California, we'll shake,

F. MAGUIRE, JR.

A
Samoa
Tapo.

THE fine face of a Samoan girl, shown in Mr. J. D. Strong's painting reproduced as a frontispiece, calls up one of the most curious customs of the people of that tropic group of islands. A Tapo is a maiden, chosen, sometimes from her childhood, to be the representative of her village. She wears the fine mats that are the pride of the community,—sometimes so many of them that it is quite burdensome. She leads the warriors in battle, never being hurt by the enemy except by accident, and conducts all the ceremonial processions. She presides over the village guest house, and welcomes strangers to its hospitalities. She chews the kava root for the favorite drink, without which no transaction is completed and no social function properly observed. Withal she must be entirely circumspect; for envious rivals wait a chance to depose her from her high honor,—and she holds her position until a marriage is arranged for her by the "talking men," who consider an advantageous alliance for the village, rather than the wishes of the Tapo. We should go on and say something of Mr. Strong and his

The Overland
n Reading
Rooms.

13

fine work in South Sea painting, had we not in preparation an article about him in our series on local artists.

**La Fiesta
de Los
Angeles.**

with imposing preliminary ceremonies and last through the week, each day being more brilliant than the one before, culminating on Saturday with the grand flower parade in the afternoon and a street revel of maskers in the evening. The red, yellow, and green,—typifying wine, olive, and fruit,—the Fiesta colors, are growing to be recognized as an alluring combination all over the country, and great crowds are looked for.

Southern California has always known how to advertise her advantages, and the method she settles down on as most permanently effective is sure to be something worthy of note. The Fiesta ought to be encouraged by all Californians, and ought to be seen by just as many people from all over the Union as can possibly give themselves that pleasure.

**More
Copyright
Depositories.**

MR. SAMUEL H. RANCK, Librarian of the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore, advanced a valuable idea at the meeting of the American Library Association at Den-

ver in August of last year. It is that there should be national repositories of copyright books in several places, instead of at Washington alone. He thinks it too great a risk to put all our literary eggs in one basket, subject to danger of fire, or of capture in case of war. He would ask all copyrighters to give seven copies, in place of two as now required, and the additional five he would distribute to depositories at the principal city of the State of which the copyrighter is a citizen, and at Chicago, New Orleans, Denver, and San Francisco. This wide geographical distribution would render it certain that nothing could destroy all the copies of a book in the nation's possession, and would render them accessible to a vast population to whom the Washington Library is too distant to be of the least use. It might bear a little severely on the publishers to supply seven copies of a limited *edition de luxe*, but the British law requires ten copies, that of Portugal six, and few countries so small a number as two. Possi-

bly Congress might be prevailed upon, in view of this burden, to lighten or even entirely remit charge for copyrighting. Even so the country would be a great gainer.

THE following is an extract from a circular recently issued by the Trustees of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association. They gladly print it in the hope that it may help a worthy institution.

The critical condition, financially, of the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco has recently been so fully set forth in the papers that the subject has come to be generally understood.

The unexampled business depression which followed the financial crash of 1893 came while the plans for its new building were being carried out, subjecting the management to embarrassment and disappointment in various ways—more particularly in their efforts to dispose of assets relied upon to meet the increased obligations incurred. The new home was completed, but payment being in arrears, it has not yet been dedicated, and will not be until it is entirely free from debt. In order to effect this, the Trustees have made the most diligent efforts to find a limited number of public-spirited citizens and business firms who would agree to give in the aggregate \$100,000, no pledge to be binding until the amount is subscribed. To endow the institution the sum of \$150,000 is needed, and it is believed that the public in general will contribute the balance in smaller sums. The regular income from rentals and membership fees will meet all current expenses.

After eight months of strenuous exertion we have pledged to us \$77,500, but to secure the remaining amount, according to the conditions named, \$22,500 more must be promptly added. At this critical stage the work lags. We therefore, while continuing the line of effort mentioned, make this appeal direct to the community, and would say to every member thereof: Reflect, if but for a moment, upon the acknowledged merits of the Association and the urgency of its present needs, which there can be no question.

The hope and future of any nation, State or city, is in its young men, and freedom from vice is essential to this organization to enable it to prosecute effectively its great mission among the 50,000 young men of this city. It undertakes to promote the physical, intellectual, social, and moral well-being of young men, thus proving itself one of the most useful and important institutions of the age. It is non-sectarian, having within its membership those of the Protestant, Catholic, and Hebrew faiths. Any young man of good character is eligible to become a member, and all its appointments and facilities are open within his reach at a nominal fee. Probably no place in the world needs a work of this kind more than this city. We do not believe that the people of San Francisco will allow a work

uch importance, and an institution so broad
it, to lack the necessary means to extricate
from unforeseen and unavoidable difficul-
Help us to the extent of your ability.

are glad to note that since the circular was
\$5,000 has been added to the amount sub-
d.

**Doctor Hall
n Public
Schools.**

"THE case of the Public Schools. I. The Witness of the Teacher," by Doctor Stanley Hall in the *Atlantic* for March is an article with an excellent object. The author states that the *At-* circulated widely among superintendents achers of the public schools in every part United States inquiries: (1) as to the aver- number of pupils per teacher in the several of the public schools; (2) in what propor- teachers have changed their profession the last ten years; (3) in what proportion re more than thirty-five years of age; (4) the freedom of teachers from political or improper influences on their appointment oval; (5) as to the salaries of teachers of eral grades; whether they have been in- d within five or six years, whether they are ed as sufficient, and whether higher sala- would attract to the profession men and n of greater ability and of more stable pur- (6) as to the requirements for appoint- whether they are rigid and uniform, and er a certificate is required from some nor- training school of high grade; (7) as to the s that teachers have for promotion from ver grades, and whether it is the custom to higher grades by promotion. To these es was added a request to give any furtheration in regard to the status of teachers would be supplementary to what was for.

topics mentioned are all of the greatest in- to teachers. Reliable information in regard n from different parts of the Union would basis for some valuable generalizations, hen these generalizations are made by a ke Doctor G. Stanley Hall one looks for a nportant contribution to current pedagogi- rature.

results so far as they relate to California appointing. In the first place, anyone acquainted with the schools of this State that there is a great diversity in the prac- boards of education in different parts of ite. To be properly informed in regard to uirements for certificates, for instance, one be obliged to communicate with fifty-seven

different county superintendents. In regard to salaries one would need to make a careful discrimination between town and country schools, and between different sections of the State, as well as between cities of different sizes. There are grade teachers in some of our cities who receive \$80.00 per month throughout the year. There are others who receive as low as \$50.00 per month for nine or ten months of the year. There are country schools in Kern and Tulare counties that pay a teacher \$75.00 or \$80.00 per month for teaching ten scholars. In Sonoma County there are good sized country schools where the salary has sunk below \$50.00 per month.

These two instances show how impossible it would be to draw true generalizations from a few scattered answers to the questions circulated by the *Atlantic*.

The statement is made that in California the State law gives the teacher life tenure of office; but this law is said to be always evaded by politicians. As a matter of fact the law referred to applies to the holders of city certificates only. It has been upheld by the courts, and the politicians have been obliged to respect it. As a safeguard against removal of teachers for political purposes, it has no doubt served a good purpose. But it is nevertheless true that the improper influences which affect the appointment of teachers—which Doctor Hall names in the following order: church, politics, personal favor, and whims of citizens and committees—are not more influential in weakening our schools than is the impossibility of getting rid of poor teachers. In some cities in the United States teachers are engaged for a year on probation. Such a system has manifest advantages, but its success depends upon intelligent supervision. And just here is the weak point in our whole school system. Doctor Hall rightly says: "Nothing is more demanded in our teaching force at present than leadership of maturity and ability. Those who have shaped the thinking and the reading of our young teachers have been, on the whole, incompetent for this highest and most responsible function in our national life."

"Some of them have natural tact sufficient to carry them through; but the majority fail, and accept the first offer of marriage."

The article closes with a strong plea for the ap- pointment of a commission in Massachusetts to investigate the existing normal schools in that State, and report to the State Board of Education, which is about to appoint principals and shape courses for four new normal schools. The reform of the normal schools, the giving of the power of appointment and removal of teachers

into competent and responsible hands, and most important of all, the securing of sane and well-trained leaders, seem to Doctor Hall the most pressing needs of our schools today.

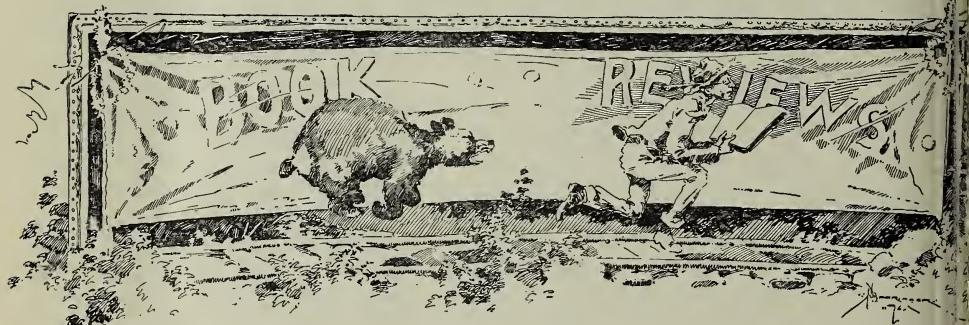
One of the most interesting points this article brings out is the difference of opinion in regard to normal schools which prevails in different parts of the country. A principal of a city high school in Washington writes: "The greatest curse of the public schools of any State is the laws pertaining to the normal schools. Most of these are conducted by little politicians, and they in one or two short years train boys and girls fresh from farm and high school into teachers licensed to teach forever."

The testimony of the Eastern States is largely in favor of professional training. In New England as a whole, forty-two per cent of the let-

ters report normal school or college training required.

In the Mid-Western States there is more conservatism of normal schools. Doctor Hall recognises the fact that the normal schools have often crude material to work with, and have in places lapsed into formal and theoretical work which are now one of the worst features of education in this country. Yet he says decidedly, "No system of certification can equal professional training." The replies from localities where professional training is not required indicate the same raw material in the teaching force in the training.

One report says, "We need a State system of examining and licensing teachers. A large portion in all district schools are young girls teen to twenty years of age, utterly untrained."



A New Edition of Dickens¹

MACMILLAN & CO. have issued a new edition of the works of Dickens with all the original illustrations. They are in all cases accurate reprints of the texts of the first editions, and are, as before noted, accompanied by the original illustrations. There is also prefixed in each volume a short introduction written by the novelist's eldest son, Mr. Charles Dickens, giving a history of the writing and publication of each book, together with other details, biographical and bibliographical, likely to be of interest to the reader. The books are handsomely and serviceably bound in green cloth and sell at \$1 a volume.

They are just the editions for school libraries, and the *OVERLAND* takes pleasure in calling the attention of its great school circulation to it.

A Whirl Asunder.²

A Whirl Asunder, by Gertrude Atherton, is an erotic tale of a neurotic California native

¹The Works of Charles Dickens. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.00 a vol.

²A Whirl Asunder. By Gertrude Atherton. New York and London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.: 1896.

daughter and a stray Englishman. The girl keeps a bachelor hall up at Guerneville a company with the magnetic Englishman in the Bohemian High Jinks. The girl is worth a billion and had been engaged fifteen times without losing her dear heart. The Englishman however, hypnotizes her and she has hysterics. He tires of her everlasting kisses in the chapter and takes the train for San Francisco which is happily wrecked and he is whisked away, greatly to the relief of the reader. The style of the story is a bad imitation of Alexandre Dumas.

Dumas's Twenty Years After.³

AS THACKERAY in his "Roundabout Papers" enthusiastically thanked Dumas for the pleasure he had derived from the great Frenchman's velous novels, so this generation should thank the publishers of the present edition of *Twenty Years After* for its charming setting in English. The author only lays "The Three Musketeers" down.

³Twenty Years After. By Alexandre Dumas. B. Little, Brown & Co.: Two vols.

gh to take up its sequel, *Twenty Years After*. no less remarkable to read of the wonderful bits of D'Artagnan, Aramis, Athos, and los, than it is to consider the wealth of historical material at the author's command during lives. The regency of Anne of Austria (1649) is crowded with events that are usually ed over a decade,—the opera-bouffe war of the Fronde, the close of the tragic civil war in England with the beheading of Charles I.

Louis XIV. is only ten years old at this time when the wily Anne of Austria under the domination of Mazarin controls the destinies of France. The beautiful Duchesse de Longueville and *La Mademoiselle* are of the historical characters most vividly drawn, and the moving scenes in the ridiculous Fronde uprising. The flight of D'Artagnan to London and his fight to the death with Charles I. is an episode that Dumas has painted with all the skill displayed by Dickens in his invasion of Paris in his "Tale of Two Cities." The books are handsomely bound and printed. The illustrations are by Edmund Arrest, and the head of Madame De Longueville from the Petitot Enamel. The translation is excellent.

Holmes's Poems.¹

HAS long been the habit of all literary Americans to look to the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, as it did to its predecessors, for the standard of the works of the greatest American poets. This has been peculiarly the case with the great group of New England poets, now all—Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes. The "Cambridge Edition" of Holmes's poems, the most recent of these, fulfills all requirements of the most exacting of the kindly Autocrat. It is complete, elegant, and in every way in the best taste. The poems themselves are too well known to be quoted, yet it may be permitted to say that reading of them gives the same sense of admiration that Americans are proud to claim as a birthright.

Architects of Fate.²

MARDEN'S book, which has for its subtitle "Steps to Success and Power," should be in the hands of every boy and girl. It does not merely assert that there is lots of work at the top, it draws from all history to complete the Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Cambridge Edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1896.

Architects of Fate. By Orison Swett Marden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895. \$1.50.

prove that any boy, however humble, can place himself in the front and win everlasting name.

The lives of our great men are held up for emulation, and in a charming, easy style the author shows how men like Columbus, Garfield, Blaine, Lincoln, Clay, Jackson, and a host of others, won their place in history.

It is a book of inspiration to character-building, self culture, and noble achievement. It is a book for the school library and the reading circle. It is illustrated with twenty-six portraits of famous men and women.

The Men of the Moss-Hags.³

IT IS hardly fair to compare the chronicle of the struggle between the Scotch Covenanters and James Stuart as related in *The Men of the Moss-Hags* with J. Fenimore Cooper's frontier tales of Indian cruelty, but one can hardly help making the comparison. The outrages narrated are as ghastly and horrible as any in the Leather Stocking Tales or in the current dispatches from Armenia. Neither the blood-thirsty King's Dragoons or the grim old Covenanters thought of giving or asking quarter in their bloody forays. Both sides fought and burnt in the name of religion. The wild borderland ran with blood, and the history of the time puts to shame the savage outbreaks of the Apaches.

Yet, withal, Mr. Crockett makes his characters human. The manly Wat of Lochinvar, daring, gallant, and debonair; his cousin, the teller of the story, William Gordon of Earlston; sweet Maisie Lennox and her stern old father, and a host of others, all stand out clear and strong against the somber setting. The story is one of action and mighty deeds,—of deaths, murders, and martyrdoms; yet the tone is sweet, almost gentle. Were it not for the Scotch brogue which detracts from the interest, the book would be thoroughly enjoyable. In places the Scotch is so in evidence that one almost loses the thread of the story, and then it is annoying to be always struggling with a foreign language.

It is to be hoped that his future books will be done into English by an intelligent translator.

This Goodly Frame, The Earth.⁴

AS AN indifferent record of a globe-trotter's trip, *This Goodly Frame* may be of interest to its author, but it contains little of value to "shut-ins" and nothing of merit to the traveler. The descriptions of places visited are not clear and

³The Men of Moss-Hags. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1895. \$1.50.

⁴This Goodly Frame, The Earth. By Francis Tiffany. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1895. \$1.50.

the information is not trustworthy. While spending twenty-four hours in Singapore the author takes a ride and remarks that his gharry (cab) driver was a Malay, whereupon he describes a Kling, or native of India. So from cover to cover the text is full of little slips that annoy the better informed traveler and destroy the value of the work. The whole performance is amateurish and hurried. The book is not worth reading.

Briefer Notice.

*A Lieutenant at Eighteen*¹ is a boy's story of the Civil War by Oliver Optic. The scene is laid in Kentucky, and it narrates the adventures and incidents of a company of cavalry, which is known in "The Blue and Gray" series as the Riverlawn Cavalry in pursuit of the bands of guerrillas that swarmed in the State. The story is interestingly told and will delight all lovers of Oliver Optic.

F. TENNYSON NEELY has brought out in paper covers and on good paper Zola's famous novel, *Lourdes*. There is nothing in this novel that recalls the works by which the author is best known. It is a piteous story, a story and a history in one. Zola has tried to place himself in the position of an impartial observer on the wonderful pilgrimage to the great continental shrine after which the book takes its name. It is a strangely curious record.

*The Paying Guest*² is rather a senseless tale of how a young married couple took for a boarder a vulgar middle class English girl with money and a temper. It is the regulation played out English magazine story. A thrashing over and over of old straw. The only thing an American has to be thankful for after wasting an hour over it is that the vulgar girl is not an American. The book is not worth reading.

*A Jesuit of Today*³ has so little reason for existence that it is a wonder it ever even reached the manuscript state. No lesson is taught, no

¹*A Lieutenant at Eighteen*. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard: 1896. \$1.50. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey.

²*Lourdes*. By Emil Zola. F. Tennyson Neely: New York: 1896. Paper, 5^c cents.

³*The Paying Guest*. By George Gissing. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.: 1895.

⁴*A Jesuit of Today*. By Orange McNeill. J. Selwyn Tait & Sons: New York: 1895.

moral is woven in the story. The hero, Bob, who starts out full of promise, finally finds self a member of the Society of Jesus. The one having a knowledge of the inner work of the Society of Jesus the stuff that Orange McNeill, the author, tells about it is the idiotic drivel. The heroine breaks her heart over this trifler who prefers the Church to his own affinities. Roma is a self-sacrificing invalid. The author was afflicted with an itch for writing without well knowing what to write about.

*The Fat and the Thin*⁵ is one of the few novels from the pen of Emil Zola that does not end with the filth of realism. Much of the book is beautifully written, but the reader is confronted with the uselessness of the beautifying when no play is ever staged. Except literary curiosity, the reader never feels interest in the gossip of fishwives and vegetable dealers, and poor Florent's woes might adorn a tale that taught a moral. Theolute uselessness of it all is wearying. The redeeming trait is that between the fat and the thin there is nothing to remind one of the filthiness of "Nana" and "La Terre."

THE "Gray Nunnery," from which the *Notes from a Gray Nunnery*⁶ takes its name, turned out to be no nunnery at all, but a pleasant country house in which the author studies for a year. There are some bits of charcoal word painting in it. It is illustrated with tones of birds, flowers, and trees.

*The Missing Pocket-Book*⁷ is a story for the well known writer, Harry Castlemon. The scene is Texas and the actors are cattlemen and the human sharks who are always found in the wake of all great ventures. The heroes of the story are three sturdy young fellows who started out to make their way in the world. They meet with a variety of adventures in the search of the lost pocket-book and are a wide-awake and ready for a good time. Illustrated from wash drawings.

⁵*The Fat and the Thin*. By Emil Zola. F. Tennyson Neely: New York and Chicago: 1896.

⁶*Broken Notes from a Gray Nunnery*. By J. S. E. Boston: Lee and Shepard: 1895. \$1.25. For sale in San Francisco by Doxey.

⁷*The Missing Pocket-Book*. By Harry Castlemon. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.: 1895.

Go

our doctor for advice; he is the man to tell you what medicine need. Go to your druggist for medicines; he knows more about drugs than a dry-goods man. Ask to your doctor and to your druggist if you're a sick man, but go to your druggist for advice, finally if your doctor has told what to get. If your doctor says to get

Scott's EMULSION

cream of cod-liver oil, with phosphites), it is because he sees of scores of cases which have been benefited by its use; he knows that it has a record more than twenty years' results of it.

You have no right to let your doctor advise you against this preparation and induce you to try another medicine, the value of which is doubtful, for the sake of the few more he may make. Let your doctor or your butcher, or your fool you if you will, but it comes to a matter of health, that you ask for.

Druggists sell Scott's Emulsion. Two sizes—
and \$1.00.

A
FEW
DROPS
of this

put on this



applied every day

and a little of this
used twice a week (a box of Powder
with every bottle)

will preserve the teeth, perfume
the breath, and harden the gums.

Sozodont
PURE AND FRAGRANT.

All Druggists. Small sample free, by mail, if you mention this publication. Address the Proprietors,
HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York.

once finished,

your next concern is the *wear* of your skirt. Any binding may *look* well enough in the beginning, but if you don't want to be perpetually mending—

Insist on having

S·H· & M· TRADE-MARK

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding and the
mending is saved.

If your dealer will not supply you we
will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

HAILED WITH DELIGHT!

Crown Lavender Pocket Salts

CHARMING NOVELTY.

THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,

Of London, call attention to one of their most charming novelties,

The Crown

Lavender

Pocket Salts

Bottles as shown or

Which can be carried in the
Made by them for many years in England,
this country. Made

**CROWN LAVENDER
CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS
WHITE LILAC
VIOLETTE**

THESE POCKET SALTS

Deliciously perfumed with the Crown
with the world renowned **Crown Lavender**, the creation of the **Crown Perfumery Co.**, known to their London and Paris clients.

PRICES: Standard Size, 50 cts.
Smaller Size, 40 cts.



The Crown

Perfumed

Pocket Salts

in dainty kid purses
pocket with perfect safety.

but now for the first time introduced
in the following odors:

YLANG-YLANG

VERBENA

MATSUKITA

And all other odors.

ARE PERFECT GEMS.

Perfumes, and identical in
standard Salts and various per-
fumery Co., so long and f-

In Kid Purses, 75 cts.
Smaller Size, 60 cts.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THEM

or by sending either of the above amounts to Caswell, Massey & Co., New York; Melvin & Badger, or T. M. Boston; Geo. B. Evans, Philadelphia; E. P. Mertz, Washington; Wilmet J. Hall & Co., Cincinnati; or W. Ham, Chicago, Ill.; one of these bottles of Pocket Salts will be sent to any address. Name the odor required.

Sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations.

STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS

To prevent fits and convulsions during
mothers should always have on hand
Soothing Powders.



600 SECOND-HAND BICYCLES

All MAKES and MODELS, must be chosen
Agents wanted. Send for descriptive book
A. P. MEAD CYCLE CO., 287 Wabash-Ave.,

A Pretty Girl.
A Beautiful Form.

**A Flexible
Moulded
Corset**

ENHANCES THE FIGURE

THEY DO NOT LOSE THEIR
Sent direct, postpaid, in
able from your dealer.

Price, \$1.50, \$2.00
Brocades, \$3.00

Write for booklet, "How to Select The
CORONET CORSET."

Jackson, Mich.

OLD GLORY

**THORP'S
best grade
U. S. Standard, all wool**

**BUNTING
FLAGS...**

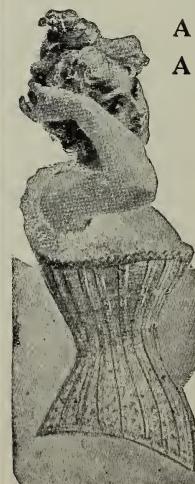
45 Stars

**4 x 6 feet . . . \$2.19 | 6 x 10 feet . . . \$4.22
5 x 8 feet . . . 2.97 | 8 x 12 feet . . . 5.95**

Sent, express paid, on receipt of price.
"Old Glory" Two-step March sent on receipt of
2 c. in stamps.

S. S. THORP & CO.
25 Fulton Street, NEW YORK CITY

Manufacturers of Sails, Awnings, Tents and all Canvas Goods
Flag Catalogue —FREE— Tent Catalogue





best, because it possesses all the de-
ful saponaceous qualities resulting from
onest, intelligent use of the best grades
Vegetable Oils, and is made in accord-
with the opinions of the highest Derma-
ical authorities.

10 CTS. IN STAMPS FOR
SOAP AND POWDER TO

PALISADE M'F'G CO.
YONKERS, N. Y.

A detailed illustration of a silverware set. It includes a large shallow bowl with a floral pattern, a spoon resting on the bowl, and a fork standing upright next to it. The pieces are ornate with intricate designs and patterns.

The
use
of
the

Bouillon Spoon

adds to the gentle art of entertainment at dinner—it lends charm as well as elegant convenience to the guest. The delicate chaste designs of our silverware are always a pleasure to the lover of the useful combined with the beautiful.—Jewelers will show you them. Interesting booklet about Spoons and Forks sent to any address free.

The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co.,

Bridgeport, Conn.

New York Salesroom, No. 2 Maiden Lane, 2d door from B'way [43]

Fiesta de Los Angeles

THE ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND THE SOUTHWEST

ting Day Parade of Spanish Ca-
s, Mexican Vaqueros, Indians and
. Magnificent Night Pageant of
ands of the Sun." A Carnival of
Maskers. A Beautiful Floral
of 300 Equipages covered with
t blossoms, worked out in unique designs—impossible elsewhere on the continent outside
y California. Reduced railway rates. Ample hotel accommodations at low rates.

For information about La Fiesta, address Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, California.

UNIQUE
CHARACTERISTIC
BEAUTIFUL

April 22-23, 1896.



FISHING TACKLE

An immense stock from which
to select your outfit

ALL THE NOVELTIES . . .



Guns and Hunters'
Equipments

E. W. SHREVE,
Market Street, - - - San Francisco

Opposite Examiner Office.

Unsaid Things

Are often important. We'll try to be explicit
and brief.

A good corset—drab—strong material—well
made—sizes, 18 to 30—long waist Our city
price, \$1.00. To readers of this paper, we'll
mail it, (the Kid Fitting) for

\$1.00

SMITHS' CASH STORE 414, 416, 418 Front St.
San Francisco, Calif.

That Busy Big Department Store

THE MODERN OXYGEN CURE FOR DISEASE

Electropoise

Pacific Coast Agents WATSON & CO. 124 Market St., San Francisco

Send for Book



8 Years Cured:
W. L. WEDGER,
Roslindale, Boston, Mass.

7 Years Cured:
J. L. TREVILLYAN,
24 5th St., N. E., Minneapolis,
Minn.

8 Years Cured:
MRS. A. P. FOSTER,
Chelsea, Mass.

5 Years Cured:
J. W. GILLESPIE,
Black River, N. Y.

5 Years Cured:
WM. E. WELLER,
164 Cherry St., Burlington, Vt.

TO HAY-FEVER SUFFERERS WE OFFER

A Cure That Stay

Our constitutional treatment not only gives relief, but eradicates the cause of the disease and cures to stay cure.

Particulars and blank for free examination on application.

DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N.Y.

Rose Cold, June Cold, Hay-Fever, Asthma.



863 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Candies sent by mail or express to all parts of the world.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM



TOILET POWDER

Approved by highest medical authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation for infants and adults. Positively relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, Pimples and Tan, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Delightful after shaving Decorated Tin Box, Sprinkler Top. Sold by Druggists or mailed for 25 cents. (Name this paper.) Sample by mail.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

ARNICA TOO SOA

OTHERS IMITATE! NONE EQ

25c. All druggists or by mail. C. H. STRONG & CO.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling off. 50c, and \$1.00 at Drugists.

HINDERCORMS.

The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Drugists.

Blair's Pills

Great English Remedy for GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE. Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.

HYPNOTISM My original method \$2. 100 per session. 10c. One on Personal Magnet. Prof. Anderson. O.M.S. Masonic Temple, Chicago.

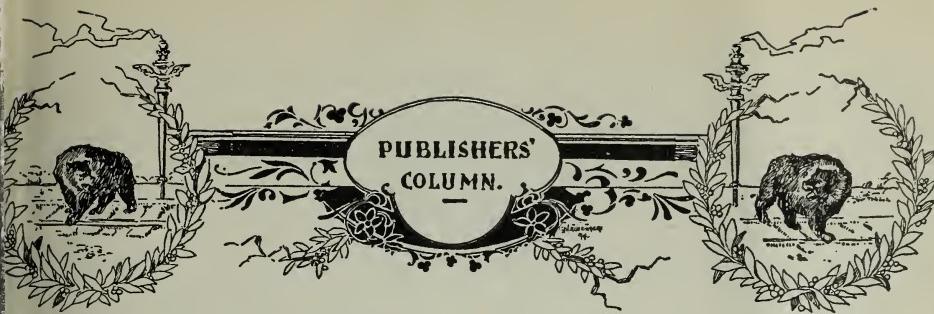
PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for Club and Parlor. Catalogue. T. S. Denison, Publisher, Chicago.

TOURS

SELECT PARTIES—
Orient, etc. UNEQUALLED ADVANTAGES. Steamship Circular R. R. Tickets. A. De Potter, 1468 Broadway.

Shorthand

for note-taking in a few weeks reporting in a few weeks shading, no position. Write WORLD'S FAIR AWARD. Leading everywhere. Free and circulars. Write H. M. Pernin, Author, Detroit.



PUBLISHERS' COLUMN.

the PRIZE STORY CONTEST the *March Bicycle* awarded to Oscar H. Raymond, 708B Guerrero St., San Francisco, for the best story, the title which is "The Streets of San Francisco." contestants to whom six months' subscription copy of Mr. Rounsevelle Wildman's charmovel, "The Panglima Muda," was awarded consolation prize, were as follows:

E. Baker, Dundas, Minn., "A Storm on the ."

William W. Robinson, 37 Worcester Square, n, Mass., "A Modern Day Vicissitude."

Charles P. Nettleton, Haywards, Cal., "The of a Story."

C. Sawyer, 360 Crittenden St., San José, "A Call."

J. Lighty, Cedarville, Cal., "Bribing Fate."

H. Piota, Santa Cruz, Cal., "At No. 32."

W.ache Trask, Avalon, Catalina Island, Cal., Artist."

These are the best of fifteen hundred and twenty-stories received from all parts of the world. Delay in publication was caused by the time needed in ascertaining the identity and address of the winner in the contest, who had failed to give than his initials and who had removed since the contest was entered into.

—o—

"What is this?" thundered the chairman; "here is a newspaper report of an 'anarchist washed . Who has broken the rules of this or-

"was dead," said a member rising, "or he never have submitted."

Echoes, Elmira, N. Y.

—o—

Buying footwear it is most satisfactory to find e carrying a large and well assorted stock of Goods from which to make a selection. one is the SAN FRANCISCO SHOE HOUSE, Market St. The entire stock is new; the f the best known manufacturers; prices are able and the service prompt and obliging.

—o—

The new designs in French and English ery goods for the spring season can be found E. ALMA E. KEITH's establishments, 24 ey St., and 808 Market St., S. F.

The WILDER S. S. Co., of Honolulu offer you a trip of seven days, coasting the Island of MOLOKAI making three stops on the Island of MAUI, giving a magnificent view of the crater of HALEAKALA, four stops on the Island of HAWAII, skirting the richest sugar and coffee lands in the world. A carriage ride of thirty miles over a fine macadamized road; traversing a primeval tropical forest, interspersed by sugar and coffee plantations. Eight hours from HILO to the VOLCANO. Two DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS AT THE VOLCANO. Fifty dollars pays all the expenses of a trip to the Volcano and return, on the largest and fastest steamer in the Hawaiian Islands. The accomodations are first-class in all respects.

—c—

To buy California wines of known purity and excellence it is well to order direct from the Producers. GEORGE WEST & SON, of Stockton are owners of EL PINAL, the oldest, and one of the most celebrated vineyards in California, for the production of sweet wines. An order sent direct to them for a few cases of the various and most desirable kinds, would receive prompt attention.

—o—

For the information of those interested in patients, we note the REMOVAL of MESSRS. BOONE & MURDOCK, Patent Attorneys, to larger and more commodious offices at 214 Pine St., San Francisco.

—o—

Good roads, charming natural scenery, diversified with cultivated orange, olive, and other fruit orchards, are the characteristics of the country around Oroville, and very naturally they offer a temptation, to strangers especially, to take a drive. It is a delightful method of recreation, as well as a good way to become acquainted with the country. ATKINS & FARWELL, proprietors of the OHIO LIVERY STABLES, corner of Montgomery and Huntington streets, keep everything necessary to send out a party, large or small, single or double, in the most approved style. These gentlemen are well acquainted with the country in every direction and the parts that are the best worth visiting. Information received from them can be relied upon as correct, and a competent driver will be sent whenever such service is required.

Don't put off that little outing too long. The country along the line of the SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC road, from Tiburon to Ukiah, with branches to Glen Ellen, Guerneville, etc., never looked more beautiful than it does just at this present. The fields are clothed in the bright green of the springing grain, the orchards are gloriously in bloom, every little brook and every river is rushing joyfully, and all the roadsides, pasture lands, and railroad embankments, are gay with wild flowers. It is beautiful enough to make a painter enthusiastic and prosperous enough to gladden the heart of those that look at the more substantial things.

—o—

Bear in Mind. The two young women who thus call our readers' attention to their business in our advertising columns, describe themselves not as "new women," but as "bachelor women." They have been enterprising enough to establish in a little over a year, a Florist business of considerable importance. They are "up to date" in every particular and their artistic arrangement of all orders intrusted to them has caused the success they have achieved.

—o—

Biddy. Yis, and the poor thing kept sinking, and never revived until after she had breathed her last.

Mary Ann. Yis, and even thin she was spachless, Oi've heard. *Echoes*, Elmira, N. Y.

—o—

IT IS A GRAND RECORD for any financial institution in San Francisco to have more than doubled its assets in the two years of dull times just past. The CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION has done that very thing, and moreover, has almost trebled the number of its shares in force, having out on December 31st, 1895, shares to the amount of \$1,740,000. These shareholders have never made less than twelve per cent return on their shares, and the Company has the original and distinguishing feature beside that it will accept ordinary deposits from its shareholders and pay six per cent interest thereon. The Continental started business in 1889, but has been vigorously pushed by its present management for the past two years only. It has built hundreds of dwellings, and thus diverted large amounts of money from the hopeless and improvident paying of rent to the gradual acquisition of real homes.

—o—

Bound copies of OVERLAND MONTHLY, \$2.25; including one copy of "The Panglima Muda," a novel of Malayan life, by Rounsevelle Wildman, \$3.00.

The *News* is always glad to see a new issue of OVERLAND. There is a crisp, peculiar California flavor from cover to cover that appeals to all who are interested in the Pacific Coast. Were we of the East and unable to have but one of the many monthlies, we would unhesitatingly choose OVERLAND. Personally, we do not know Wildman, the editor, but there is an individual about his work that makes us believe we would like to know the man. He has certainly placed life in our old favorite, until, as we said, we prefer the OVERLAND to any monthly that comes to our desk. *News*, Santa Barbara, Cal.

If you buy your hat of HERMANN, 328 KELLOGG ST., you are sure the style, quality, and price are correct, for they are manufacturers.

Step into the San Francisco agency of HOLMES & EDWARD SILVER Co. at 120 South Market St., and examine the novelties in STERLING SILVERWARE and the Silver Inlaid Forks and Spoons. The latest designs are shown and every article accorded visitors.

—o—

Rounsevelle Wildman is giving his best efforts to the proper development of the OVERLAND MONTHLY. The March number of this Magazine has a cover by Boeringer that is sufficiently characteristic of the Pacific Coast to please the representative committee from the Society of Pacific. The OVERLAND consistently sticks to its motto, namely, that it is a Western magazine, devoted to Western subjects and interests. *Call*, San Francisco.

—o—

GEO. W. SHREVE will supply your entire outfit for the spring season. He carries a full line of sporting goods at 719 Market St., San Francisco.

—o—

REDLANDS, California, Feb. 22
To OVERLAND MONTHLY, San Francisco,

GENTLEMEN,—

I have your receipt for advertising three months in OVERLAND. I shall not require more during this season, but as the returns have been satisfactory I shall probably wish to have my ad renewed another season. Yours truly, F. M.

—o—

DURKEE'S SPICES, SAUCES and EXTRACTS are on the list in all that is desirable in that line. All first class grocers keep them.

—o—

Remember that fifty-four out of the fifty counties of the State have placed the OVERLAND on their school library lists. This means new readers.



EUTZ & GELDERMANN, Ay, France,
"Gold Lack," Finest Dry, and
"Green Seal" Champagne, Medium Dry.

DE LUZE & FILS, Bordeaux, France,
Clarets and Sauternes.

MAREY & LIGER-BELAIR, Nuits, France,
Burgundies, Red and White.

M. PABSTMANN SOHN, Mainz, Germany,
Fine Rhine Wines.

CHARLES MEINECKE & Co.

Agents Pacific Coast, San Francisco, Cal.
Sacramento Street, S. F. Telephone 1918 Main

SAMUEL BROS. & CO.

132-134 FIRST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

The Old Bourbon Whiskies

CONTROLLERS

ome Comfort Diamond Bee
Golden Pheasant Club

OWNERS OF

CARMELITA AND
MT. DIABLO VINEYARDS

THE BICYCLIST WANTS

ment are as exactly fine as the human body or an accurate watch. Its very color, so attractive and pleasing to the eye, is merciless toward any defect of workmanship—simply refusing to mask badness. Under the exposure of its own light it proves to be the epitome and quintessence of all the qualities that go to make the perfect wheel.

Not any wheel, but THE Wheel. How shall his choice be governed? What has put the golden stamp of popular favor on the STEARNS wheel? To begin with, the Stearns is a structural unity. The relation and adjust-

STEARNS

E. C. Stearns & Co.

304-306 Post St.
SAN FRANCISCO

MADE BY THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.

HARTFORD
SINGLE TUBE
TIRES

IS A GOOD GUARANTEE.

SPEED and SAFETY

IF IT'S A HARTFORD TIRE IT'S RIGHT

You will insure your comfort and pleasure in riding if you insist on having Hartford Tires. They cost most, but they give satisfaction.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Branches—100 Chambers Street, New York.
335 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

ERIE

Bicycles

HONEST
BICYCLE

\$75⁰⁰

Material
Construction } Unexc
Finish }

...SEND FOR CATALOGUE
QUEEN CITY CYCLES
Buffalo, N. Y.

Why They Say It

You hear it on all sides—this, that, or the other bicycle is “just as good as a Columbia.” *

There is but one Columbia agent in a town, and he sells Columbias (and Hartsfords) only. None other.

But other bicycle dealers must do business. Hence the continued comparison with *



Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Columbias sell for \$100
to all alike. *

Beautiful Art Catalogue free from the
Columbia agent; by mail for two
2-cent stamps.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.

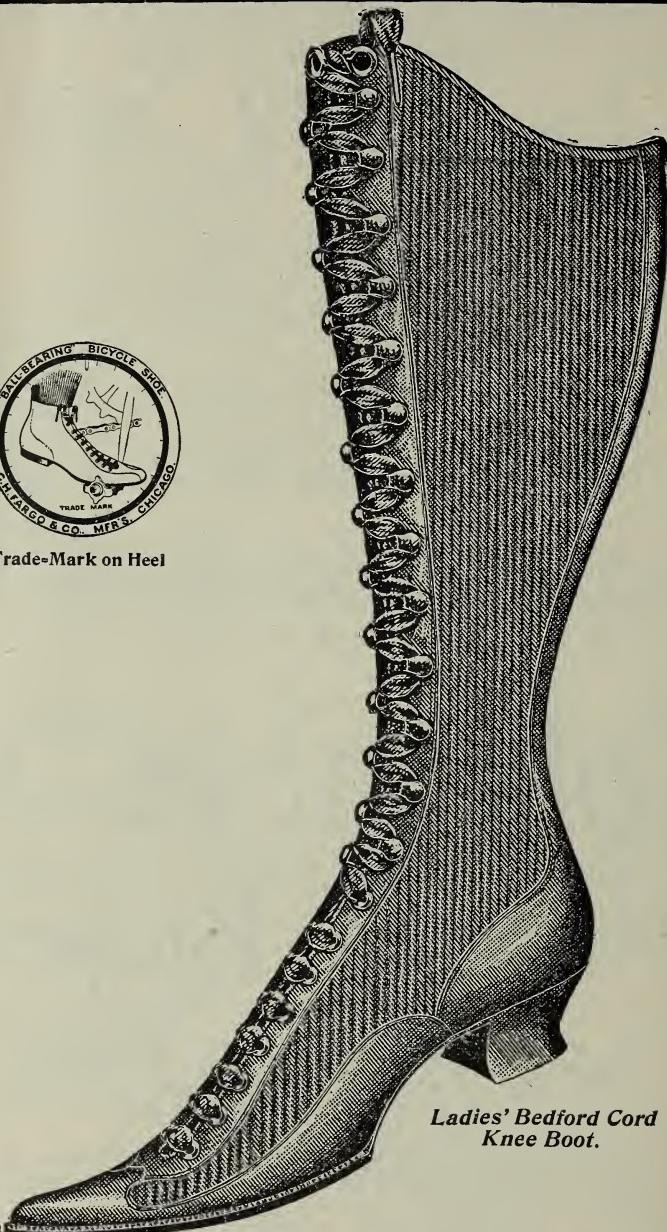
General Offices and Factories,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town.
If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.



Trade-Mark on Heel

Ladies' Bedford Cord
Knee Boot.

"Ball-Bearing" Bicycle Shoe

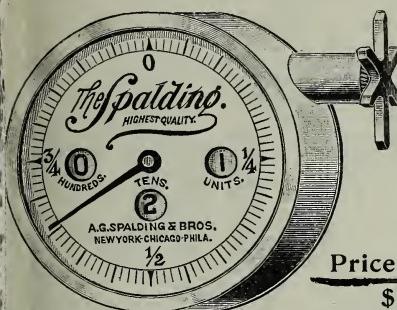
Many Styles—Men's—Ladies'—High or Low-Cut. Corrugated Soles. Pratt Fasteners. No tying—no untying. Price, Black, \$3.00; Tan, \$3.50. Ladies' Bedford Cord Knee Boot, \$6.00.

Be sure to get "Ball-Bearing" Shoes. We send them everywhere, express paid, when not found at dealers. Booklet Free.

C. H. FARGO & CO. (Makers), CHICAGO.

The Spalding
HIGHEST QUALITY

CYCLOMETER



Price, \$1.50

Registers 1,000 miles and repeats; dial divided into 1-100 mile and visibly records each revolution of the wheel, can be plainly read from the saddle; is perfectly less and dust-proof, and can be easily attached to bicycle. Made for 26, 28 and 30-inch wheels. Other made to order.

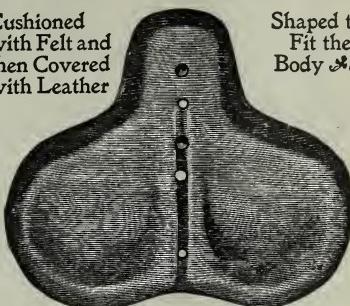
SENT FREE—HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

J. Spalding & Bros. New York, Chicago,
Philadelphia.
LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD OF
cycles, Athletic Supplies, Bicycle Supplies, Clothing

Duplex Safety Saddle

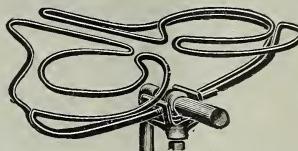
Cushioned
with Felt and
then Covered
with Leather

Shaped to
Fit the
Body



It Yields Most in the Center.
Under Weight of Rider it Hollows out like a
Chair. No Pressure on Sensitive
Parts of the Body.

The
Spring
is the
Secret



Sent prepaid on receipt of price, \$4
Illustrated Circular Free

DUPLEX SADDLE CO.

200 South Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Limited

VIA

— Santa Fe Route



Pullman's Newest Sleeping Cars, Vestibule Reclining Chair Cars and Dining Cars, through without change every day, Los Angeles to Chicago and Kansas City, with annex cars on sharp connection for Denver and St. Louis.

HOURS QUICKER THAN THE QUICKEST COMPETING TRAIN

Ticket Office in San Francisco is 644 Market St., Chronicle Building, and in Los Angeles No. 129 North Spring St.

A Fast Tire

makes a bicycle run easy—a slow tire makes it run hard, and that is the difference between a true single-tube and a hose-pipe tire. (The hose-pipe is stiff and lifeless, and very slow.)

Palmer Tires

are the fastest tires ever put on a bicycle, and are the only true single tubes. They cost more than other tires, but are worth the difference in point of easy riding, durability, and quickness of repair. CATALOGUE TO ANY ADDRESS.

The Palmer Pneumatic Tire Co., Chicago



RIP VAN WINKLE went into a sleep that lasted forty years, and his first sight appears to have beaten the record; but any such concession can only be reached by a superficial view. Living fossils are not likely to find that have been asleep twice as long as he. The world of men and things is in rapid flight. Not a day passes but records its advance at some point; sometimes this is on all the lines; to note them and to take advantage of whatever may be good is the work of wisdom, to be exercised only by those who are awake.

The entire tribe of Rip Van Winkles is taking it easy; "don't do any new things; old fashioned ways and methods suit well enough." But all such, in whatever association or walk in life you find them, "left." It may be in the learned professions or in those allied to them, no one wants the services of a Rip Van Winkle. In journalism it is the wakeful "early bird" that "makes the scoop." In railroading it is the "Sunset Limited" that does it. San Francisco to New Orleans in three days. Every Tuesday and Saturday evening at 10 o'clock.

MONARCH

JANUARY. FEBRUARY. MARCH. APRIL. MAY. JUNE.



IN THE WORLD
OF CYCLING
MONARCH
REIGNS
SUPREME

KING OF BICYCLES

JULY AUGUST SEPTEMBER OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

TRADE MARK

FOUR STYLES \$80 & \$100
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

MONARCH
CYCLE MFG. CO.
CHICAGO
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO



San Francisco Branch, 3 and 5 Front Street

Sketches
OF
Wonderland

OUR
TOURIST BOOK

1896

FOR

TELLS ALL ABOUT THIS REGION

"To see GIANT GEYSER in eruption is one of the grandest sights in YELLOWSTONE PARK. A vast accumulation of hot water and steam sailing into the air to the height of 250 feet, with a retching and growling ominous to those near by, it is a



sight that a picture can describe, must be seen to be appreciated. The displays of this wonderful geyser are undoubtedly the finest, the most stupendous and awful, of anything of similar character in the world."

IN
YELLOWSTONE

• PARK

REACHED BY

THE
**Northern *
Pacific *
Rail *
Road ***

SEND SIX CENTS IN STAMPS FOR OUR TOURIST BOOK, TO
CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.,
or T. K. STATELER, General Agent
638 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

A LIVING VOLCANO

The Wilder's Steamship Company have perfected arrangements by which the Volcano can be reached with trifling inconvenience.



THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD

Fine iron steamboats fitted with electric lights and bells, convey the passengers from Honolulu to the shore. A greater part of the voyage is made in smooth water. The steamers pass close to the coast at the shore can be readily seen. Natives engaged in their simple occupations, planters raising cane, and cattle men in the midst of their herds give life to an ever varying scene. The scenery is finest in the world. Leaving Honolulu the rugged coast of Oahu and Molokai is passed, thence beautiful and fertile island of Maui. After crossing the Hawaia Channel a continuous view of sixty miles of the coast can be had. First high cliffs, against which the ever restless waves dash. Just below, the black rocks and further up, the cliffs are decorated with a most magnificent tropical growth. A few hundred feet cataracts and waterfalls lend an ever changing beauty to the scene. From the base of these cliffs fields of sugar-cane stretch back for miles; beyond, the heavy dark green of the coffee plantations and the tropical forest form a sharp contrast to the lighter shade of the fields of cane.

The sea voyage terminates at Hilo Bay, pronounced by all who have seen it, by far more beautiful than any of the far famed ports of the Mediterranean.

The sailing time of the steamers has been changed and the speed increased so that only one night is spent on the water. Tourists are conveyed from Hilo to the Volcano over a fine macadamised road leading its way through a dense tropical forest of great trees and huge ferns, beautiful climbing and hanging vines.

The Volcano House is modern in all its appointments. The table is supplied, not only with all the market affords, but also with game, fruit and berries from the surrounding country.

Steam sulphur baths have been entirely renewed and refitted. Wonderful cures from consumption, miasma, gout, paralysis, scrofula and other blood ailments have been effected. Those suffering from various prostration regain complete health in a few weeks, the pure air of the mountains and the steam bath being the necessary remedies. Beautiful walks in all directions give ample employment to those to whom brain work is prohibited.

For further particulars inquire of **Wilder's Steamship Company (Limited) Honolulu.**

CHINO RANCH COMPANY

(A Corporation)

CAPITAL, \$3,000,000.00

C. H. PHILLIPS, President

C. H. PHILLIPS, Jr., Vice-President

C. W. GATES, Sec'y and

CHINO RANCH, NEAR LOS ANGELES, 41,073 ACRES.

The Ranch consists of 20,000 acres of moist alluvium for Beet Culture; 10,000 acres of land for Citrus Culture; and 11,000 acres of delightfully located Dairy Land, well watered.

As showing the relative position of Chino to all the other beet sugar factories in the United States, the value of the lands that produce the beets, the following table is published as taken from the Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the year 1893:

	Acres Farmed	Tons Harvested	Sugar Produced, lbs.
Chino.....	4171	49 353	15 063 367
Alvarado.....	1803	20 324	4 486 572
Watsonville.....	6388	65 291	15 539 040
Lehi, Utah.....	2755	26 801	4 708 500
Grand Island, Neb.....	1617	11 149	1 835 900
Norfolk, Neb.....	2807	22 625	4 107 300
Staunton, Va.....	50	350	50 027

YIELD OF SUGAR.

	Per Acre of Beets.	Per ton of Beets.
Chino.....	3611.4	305.2
Alvarado.....	2488.4	220.7
Watsonville.....	2432.5	238.0
Lehi, Utah.....	1492.3	153.3
Grand Island, Neb.....	1093.8	164.7
Norfolk, Neb.....	1463.2	181.5
Staunton, Va.....	1012.5	144.6

Annual consumption of sugar in the United States, 4,162,204,200 pounds.

Annual production of sugar in the United States, 664,863,826 pounds.

The great disproportion in the sugar consumed and the sugar produced in the United States, is convincing evidence that lands producing the HIGHEST GRADE SUGAR BEET EVER GROWN will always be sought for.

The Chino Ranch has the greatest Beet Sugar Industry in the United States, the largest in tons per acre and the highest percentage of sugar per ton in the world.

LANDS FOR RENT or SALE to intelligent and thrifty farmers.

For pamphlets, copies of letters from Chino beet growers, etc., apply

CHINO RANCH CO.,
Chino, Cal.

OR

CHINO RANCH CO.,
404 South Broadway, Los Angeles,

Santa Clara Valley.

MORGAN HILL AND SAN MARTIN RANCHES.

PRUNE, PEACH, APRICOT, OLIVE AND VINE.

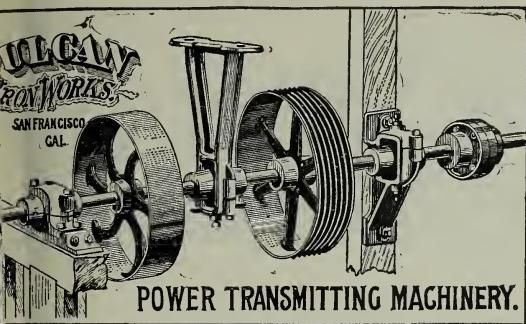
Out of the 19,000 acres in these two ranches, we now offer 8,000 unsold on easy terms and at rates of interest. These lands lie on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad, between the cities of Jose and Gilroy, in one of the most favored spots in Santa Clara Valley. The coast line now in course of construction will place these lands on the main through overland route to the east, the completion of which road will insure a great influx of additional settlers on these ranches. The rapidly growing towns of Morgan Hill and San Martin, situated on the ranches bearing their respective names, already have the fastest train service on the Pacific Coast.

One can paint an ideal picture of a ten or twenty acre tract, and we can fit the picture, for the reason that we have every variety of soil that can be found in Santa Clara Valley. We have sand soil; sediment soil; black loamy soil; adobe soil; gravelly soil; land heavily timbered with live oak, white oak, sycamore, laurel and buckeye trees; hill land cleared or timbered; hill and valley land, composed of separate, land near town or remote; land on either of three creeks; land with ever-living springs thereon. As a matter of fact, there is not a body of land of its size in California that has such a variety of soil so well located. Churches and good schools are already established, and the hundred purchasers, now resident, who have planted thousands of acres of orchards, can testify to the excellent climate and favorable location.

APPLY TO

C. H. PHILLIPS, - 32 East Santa Clara St., San Jose, Cal.

VULCAN IRON WORKS



Manufacturers of
ICE, REFRIGERATING
AND...
MINING MACHINERY

San Francisco, Cal.

UNION IRON WORKS

Office, 222 MARKET STREET. Works, POTRERO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sarine, Mining and Milling Engines and Machinery



SHIP BUILDERS, , , ,

BUILDERS OF U. S. WARSHIPS,

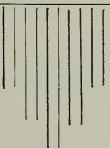
HYDRAULIC LIFT DOCK, ,

York Office, 145 Broadway.

Cable Address, "Union."

C. WILSON & COMPANY

Telephone No. Main 1864



COAL

Family
Trade
Solicited

BATTERY STREET, CORNER OF VALLEJO STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Branch Office, 1058 Broadway, } OAKLAND, CAL.
Yard, Fifth and Webster Sts. } Telephone No. 54



Queen Lily Soap

THE FINEST LAUNDRY SOAP IN THE MARKET. Washes without rubbing, and does not injure the clothes. The Largest Family Washing in the city can be done in three to four hours. A girl of twelve years of age can do a washing with this soap.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

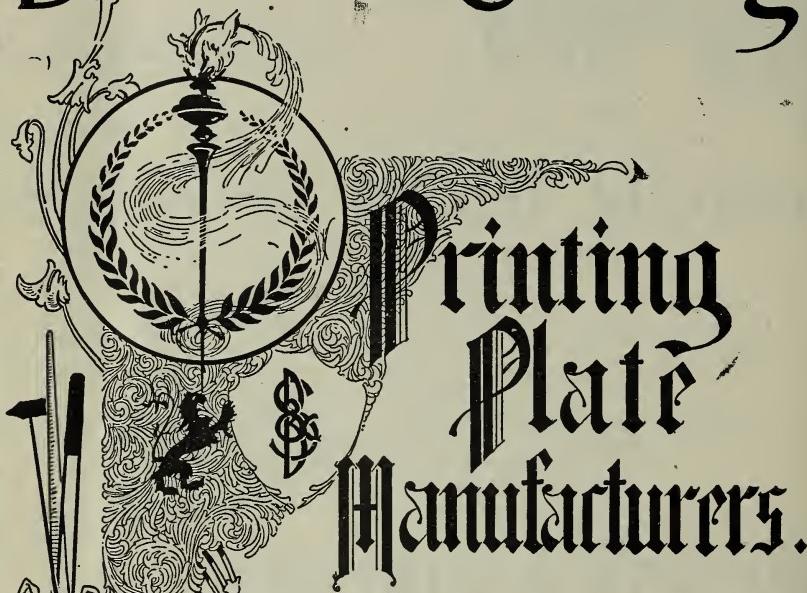
MANUFACTURED BY THE

NEW ENGLAND SOAP CO.

Office, 307 Sacramento Street
Factory, 17th and Rhode Island Streets

SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

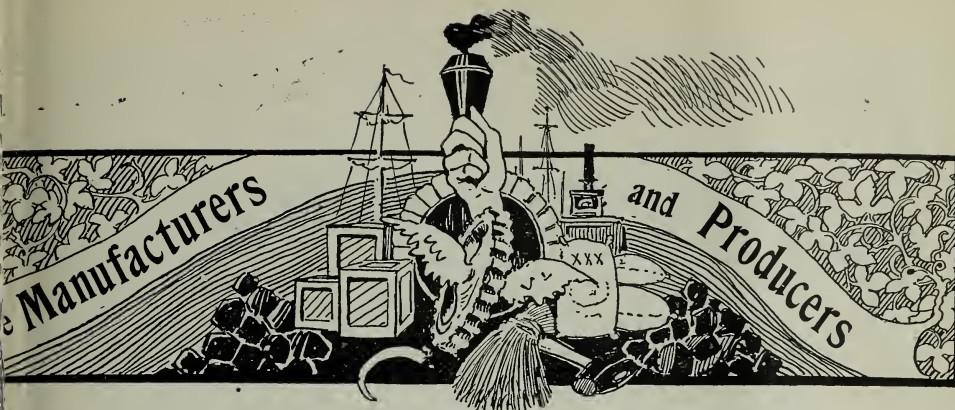
Bolton & Strong



HALF TONES A SPECIALTY

510 · 512 · 514 · MONTGOMERY ST.

▼▼▼ SAN FRANCISCO.



In Francisco and California have always found the OVERLAND a strong ally.
In furtherance of this mutual help we give a classified list and
Roll of Honor of some of the most prominent.

Artificial Stone and Concrete Work.
Goodman, 307 Montgomery.

Book Binders.
Bros., 505 Clay.

Building Paper and Roofing.
Paint Co., 116 Battery.

Canners' Supplies.
Robbins, 324 Fremont.

Card and Invitation Engravers.
ischer & Co., 402 Montgomery.

Commercial Photographers.
ters, 110 Sutter.

Engineers' Supplies.
inans, 220 Fremont.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers.
Martin & Co., 118 Geary.

Hardware Dealers.
Carrigan & Hayden Co., 17-19 Beale.

Metal Furnishing Goods, Manufacturers.
ter Bros., S. W. cor. Sansome and Pine.

Paper Dealers.
ll & Co., 401-403 Sansome.
erbach & Sons, 419 Clay.
ette Pulp and Paper Co., 722 Montgomery.

Photo Apparatus Manufacturers.
S. Slayton, 124½ Geary.

Photo Engravers.
Bolton & Strong, 510 Montgomery.

Photo Mounts and Advertising Novelties.
Stuparich Manufacturing Co., 523-529 Market.

Press Works.
F. A. Robbins, 324 Fremont.

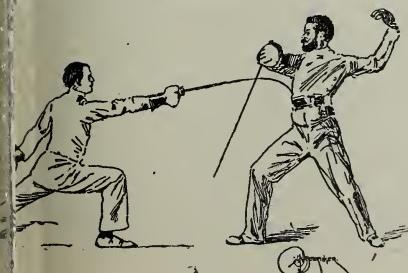
Printers and Publishers.
Commercial Publishing Co., 34 California.
E. C. Hughes, 511 Sansome.
C. A. Murdoch & Co., 532 Clay.
George Spaulding Co., 414 Clay
Pacific Printing Co., 543 Clay.

Punching and Shearing Machinery.
F. A. Robbins, 324 Fremont.

Sheet Metal Specialties, Presses and Dies.
F. A. Robbins, 324 Fremont.

Tinware Manufacturers.
W. W. Montague & Co., 315 Market.

Woolen Manufacturers.
Golden Gate Woolen Manufacturing Co., 535
Market.



FENCING ACADEMY.

PROF. H. ANSOT,

Fencing, Broadswords, Single Sticks, Boxing.

HEADQUARTERS, CALIFORNIA FENCERS' CLUB.

PHYSICAL CULTURE. Private Classes for Ladies

LURLINE BATH BUILDING,

Cor. Bush and Larkin Sts.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

AND SUN PASTE

"FOR A QUICK AFTER-DINNER SHINE APPLIED AND POLISHED WITH A CLOTH"

Morse Bros. Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

HOLBROOK, MERRILL & STETSON

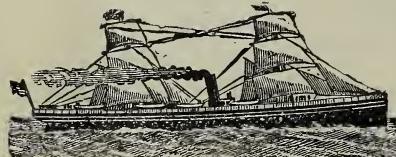
SAN FRANCISCO and SACRAMENTO

CALIFORNIA

Distributing Agents

FOR THE

PACIFIC COAST



Oregon Railway and Navigation Co.



MAGNIFICENT
SHORT SEA TRIP

BETWEEN

**SAN FRANCISCO and ASTORIA and PORTLAND,
For All Points North and East.**

No Traveler Should miss a ride on the beautiful Columbia River. * *

Tickets at Lowest Rates at

**130 MARKET STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.**

W. H. HURLBURT,
General Passenger Agent,
PORTLAND, OR.

F. F. CONNOR, General Agent.

DURKEE'S SPICES & MUSTARD

Guaranteed
Absolutely Pure
Highest Strength
Richest Flavors

Finer Goods
Cannot be Made

E. R. DURKEE & CO.
NEW YORK
Your Grocer Keeps Them



for Catalog to OVERMAN WHEEL CO., Larkin and McAllister Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

HEALD'S

BUSINESS COLLEGE
The Leading
west of Chicago.
24 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO
Shorthand, Typing,
keeping, Drawing, Telegraphing, Penmanship, ELECTRICAL
and the English Branches. 20 Teachers. 35 Writing Machines.

Thos. Cook & Son
621 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO EUROPE AND ROUND THE WORLD
Steamships and Railroad Tickets by all
Lines. Programmes & Information free.

COOK'S TOURS

IVORY SOAP

99 $\frac{4}{5}$ $\%$ PURE

"A good complexion needs no artificial toning or heightening." Use a pure soap like the Ivory and leave nature to do the rest.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

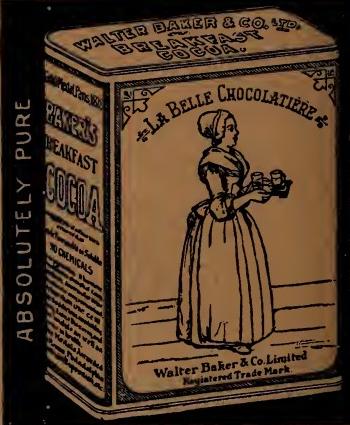
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

WONDER!

We are daily receiving New Goods comprising all the Novelties of the

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED.
Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.

Breakfast Cocoa



Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast Cocoa

Made at
DORCHESTER, MASS.

It bears their Trade Mark
"La Belle Chocolatiere" on every can
Beware of Imitations.



The \$1000 Rambler

all silver-embossed, jeweled with amethysts and pearls, with gold parts, created a sensation at the New York Cycle Show.

It was generally remarked, however, that the beautiful

\$100 Rambler

are fully as rich, tho' not so gaudy. Ramblers were voted

The Standard Wheels for People of Good Taste.

HANDSOME CATALOGUE FREE.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
CHICAGO, BOSTON, WASHINGTON,
NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, DETROIT.

NOVELTIES IN MILLS
THE WONDER Hat Flower F
1026 MARKET STREET

Branch Stores in Oakland and San Francisco.

STATE UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
OF NEVADA

Overland~ Monthly~

May ~~~
8 9 6



Overland Monthly Publishing Company
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

One Dollar a Year

Single Copy 25 Cents

The Largest Shoe House on this Coast.



San Francisco Shoe House

931 & 933 MARKET STREET, (OPPOSITE MASON)

WITH BRANCH FOR

MEN'S and BOYS' SHOES

AT 906 MARKET STREET

"The Oakland" Shoe House

1059 & 1061 Washington Street
Oakland, Cal.

With its branches at Berkeley and Alameda, are all first class Shoe Houses—up-to-date in every particular, with Fine Footwear at Moderate Prices.

G. E. FAIRCHILD, President & Manager

Goodyear Brands OF RUBBER HOSE

"Gold Seal" brand

The Best Made.

"Badger" brand

Excellent Quality.

"Conqueror" brand

Fine Quality.

"Elk" brand

Good Quality.

"Pioneer" brand

Medium Quality.

"Anvil" brand

Fair Quality.

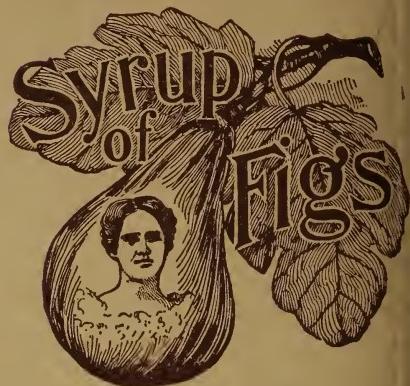
GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.

R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager

577 & 579 Market St. - San Francisco, Cal.
73 & 75 First Street - Portland, Or.

One of the Greatest Factors

in producing a clear, clean skin and the
fore a perfect complexion, is the use



Agreeable

preventives taken in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver & Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headache, Racking Colds or Fevers. Syrup of Figs is

Mild and Sure,

pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable. Taken regularly in small doses it effects will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

Manufactured by

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP COMPANY

For Sale by all Druggists.

DRINK NAPA SODA Why?

Because it is
Healthful,
Refreshing,
Palatable and
Invigorating
Beverage.

Because it
MAKES
THE BEV
LEMON
ON EAR

Because it is
unexcelled as
Table Water.

Because it aids Digestion and cures
Dyspepsia and Rheumatism.

IT APPEALS TO YOU

AND

SAYS

TO

FAMILIES

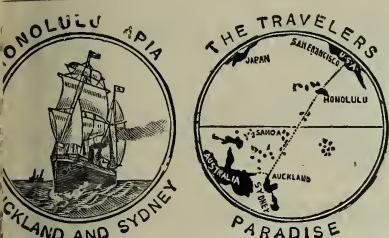
I want to be taken in your Ho

I want to be taken in our Clare

I want to be taken in the morni

I want to be taken in a Lemonad

Delivered in Boxes containing 2 Dozen Bottles
from Office, 619 HOWARD ST., S. F.



The Wonderlands of the Great Pacific

Hawaii,
Samoa,
New Zealand and
Australia
ARE REACHED ONLY
BY THE
splendid American Steamers
OF THE
OCEANIC S. S. CO.

tual Spring. Rarest Tropical Luxuriance
A Traveler's Paradise.

sea, on Hawaii, the largest active Volcano in the World.
d trip tickets to Honolulu at \$125.00. Through
to Auckland or Sydney allow stop-overs at Sand-
islands and Samoa. Send 10 cents in Postage
for "Kilauea," a pamphlet of exquisite photo-
es. Address:

D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS,
Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

Reduction in Price

**COPPER=PLATE
ENGRAVING**

**100 Cards
FOR
100 Cents**

**Crocker's
Post Street Store**

227-529 Post St.

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVII.

No. 161.

SECOND SERIES.

NTISPIECE.—Son of N. B. Strong	469
Portrait in Oils by J. D. Strong, Jr.	
NTISPIECE.—“For He’s a Jolly Good Fellow”	470
From Painting by Dendy Sadler.	
NTISPIECE.—A Spanking Breeze on San Francisco Bay.....	471
Photo by Lowden.	
NTISPIECE.—Irving M. Scott.....	472
Photo by Taber.	
ALKED IN THE SANCTUM. By the Editor.....	473
PLORED REGIONS OF THE HIGH SIERRA. I. THE SOURCES OF THE SAN	
JOAQUIN. Theodore S. Solomons.....	477
Illustrated from Photos and Sketch Map by the Author.	
ISE AMID THE PINES. Clifford Trembly.....	487
QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS. Book II, XII-XIII. Horace Amnesley Vachell..	488
Picture by Boeringer.	
FORNIA ARTISTS. II.—JOSEPH D. STRONG, JR. Charles S. Greene.....	501
Pictures by Joseph D. Strong, Jr.	
TALES OF THE OLD WEST. XII.—DOC WILLIS. J. Cabell Brown....	510
Drawings by Tebbs.	
OKALANI. C. F. Nichols.....	526
Portrait by Tebbs.	
SIMPLE STORY OF A TAILOR-MADE OVERCOAT. Rounsevelle Wildman...	529
Pictures by Boeringer.	
ER THE ALMOND TREES. Estelle Thomson.....	533

(Continued on next page.)

CONTENTS—CONTINUED.

SAVED BY A GHOST. <i>Frank Elliott Myers</i>
NATURE'S THERMOMETER. <i>Edwin Wildman</i>
Illustrated by Tebbs.	
THE DESERTED HOMES OF A LOST PEOPLE. <i>Lorenzo Gordin Yates</i>
Pen Sketch by Boeringer and Photos by Brewster.	
BIRTH. <i>Elwyn Irving Hoffman</i>
THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION. <i>May L. Cheney</i>
Illustrated from Photos.	
WHAT LATITUDE SHOULD BE ALLOWED HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS IN ELECTION OF STUDIES? <i>Lewis B. Avery, Eugenie Fuller, N. A. Richardson, W. H. Housh</i>
WHAT SHALL BE THE MODE OF ADMISSION TO THE HIGH SCHOOLS? <i>F. E. Perham, James D. Graham</i>
THE SILVER QUESTION. <i>John P. Irish</i>
HARD TIMES. <i>Irving M. Scott</i>
ETC.....
BOOK REVIEWS.....
CHIT CHAT.....
PUBLISHERS' COLUMN.....

Overland Monthly Publishing Company

San Francisco: Pacific Mutual Life Building

The Pacific Coast: San Francisco News Co.
New York and Chicago: The American News Co.

**Eastern Advertising Agent, Frank E. Morrison, { 500 Temple Court, New York
514 Boyce Building, Chicago**

[Entered at San Francisco Post-office as Second-class Matter.]

GEO. M. PERINE, President

J. H. MALLETT, JR., Vice-President

GRANT CORDREY, Secy.

INVESTORS

ARE INVITED TO INVESTIGATE THE PLAN OF THE

Renters' Co-operative Investment Company

Of San Francisco, California

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF CALIFORNIA.

*And under the direct supervision of the State Bank and Building and Loan
Commissioners.*

OFFICE, 328 MONTGOMERY STREET

California Safe Deposit & Trust Co., Trustee, holding Securities and Funds of the Company
441 CALIFORNIA STREET

Continental Building and Loan Association

OF CALIFORNIA

**HOME OFFICE: 8. E. COR. SANSOME AND CALIFORNIA STS.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

**Subscribed Capital, over \$2,000,000
Monthly Income, over 25,000**

Does a general Savings and Loan Business.

A diverter of monthly payments of rents to the monthly payments on homes.

7 per cent. Paid up Coupon Certificates, protected by first mortgaged securities a species of coupons payable semi-annually at the office of the California Title Ins. and Trust Company.

DR. ED. E. HILL.....President CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE.....Vice-President

WM. CORBIN.....Secretary and General Manager

CALIFORNIA TITLE INS. AND TRUST COMPANY.....Trustee and Treasurer

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President

Statement for the year ending December 31st, 1895

Assets	\$221,213,721	33
Liabilities	194,547,157	58
Surplus	26,866,563	75
Total Income	48,597,430	51
Total Paid to Policy-holders in 1895	23,126,728	45
Insurance and Annuities in force	899,074,453	78
Gain in 1895	61,647,645	36

NOTE—Insurance merely written is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance fully issued and paid for in cash is included.

have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct

CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

Report of the Examining Committee

Office of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

February 11, 1896

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this Company, held on the 18th day of December last, the signed were appointed a committee to examine the annual statement for the year ending December 1895, and to verify the same by comparison with the assets of the Company. The Committee have carefully performed the duty assigned to them, and hereby certify that the same is in all particulars correct and that the assets specified therein are in possession of the Company. In making this certificate the Committee bear testimony to the high character of the investments of the Company and express their approval of the system, order, and accuracy with which the accounts and papers have been kept, and the business in general transacted.

(Signed) **H. C. von POST** **ROBERT OLYPHANT** }
CHAS. R. HENDERSON **WM. P. DIXON** } Committee
JAMES C. HOLDEN **J. H. HERRICK** }

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

El D. Babcock
e S. Coe
rd A. McCurdy
C. Holden
an C. von Post
May
r Harriman
W. Smith
t Olyphant

George F. Baker
Dudley Olcott
Frederic Cromwell
Julien T. Davies
Robert Sewell

Wm. P. Dixon
Robert A. Granniss
Henry H. Rogers
Jno. W. Auchincloss
Theodore Morford
William Babcock
Stuyvesant Fish
Augustus D. Juilliard
Charles E. Miller

Walter R. Gillette
H. Walter Webb
George G. Haven
Adrian Iselin, Jr.
George S. Bowdoin
Theo. A. Havemeyer
William C. Whitney
William Rockefeller

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Vice-President

WALTER R. GILLETTE, General Manager

F. LLOYD, 2d Vice-President HENRY E. DUNCAN, JR., Corresponding Secretary
IAM J. EASTON, Secretary ALBERT KLAMROTH, Assistant Secretary

FREDERIC CROMWELL, Treasurer

JOHN A. FONDA, Assistant Treasurer JAMES TIMPSON, 2d Assistant Treasurer
WILLIAM P. SANDS, Cashier EDWARD P. HOLDEN, Assistant Cashier

EMORY McCLINTOCK, Actuary

JOHN TATLOCK, JR., Assistant Actuary WILLIAM W. RICHARDS, Comptroller
CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor HENRY S. BROWN, Assistant Comptroller
JOHN C. ELLIOTT, Superintendent of Domestic Agencies
EDWARD LYMAN SHORT, General Solicitor

Medical Directors

AVUS S. WINSTON, M. D.

ELIAS J. MARSH, M. D.

GRANVILLE M. WHITE, M. D.

A. B. FORBES & SON, Agents

Mutual Life Building, No. 222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY

Fiction.

TOM GROGAN.

A Novel. By F. HOPKINSON SMITH, author of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," "A Gentleman Vagabond," etc. Fully illustrated and artistically bound; crown 8vo, \$1.50.

This is a very strong story and promises to enjoy great popularity, both because of the delightful quality of the story and its style, and also because of its frank attitude on certain phases of the labor question which multitudes are interested. It is sure to cause warm discussion, and equally sure to win a very large circle of readers who know by experience or by hearsay how charmingly Mr. Smith's stories are told.

THE SUPPLY AT SAINT AGATHA'S.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, author of "A Singular Life," "The Gates Ajar," etc. Printed on deckle-edge paper of high quality and artistically bound in cloth, with a distinctive design by Mrs. Whitman. With illustrations. Square 12mo, gilt top, \$1.00.

This is one of the strongest, most suggestive, most illuminating of all the stories Miss Phelps has written. The setting of the story is vigorous and skilful, the narrative is engrossingly interesting, and the revelation of the "Supply" at once startles and uplifts. The book is every way artistic and is admirable for a gift.

PIRATE GOLD.

By F. J. STIMSON (J. S. of Dale). 16mo, \$1.25.

A most readable story of Boston in the middle of this century, reproducing with great fidelity and charm the social atmosphere of the place and time. The season will bring few brighter novels.

THE PARSON'S PROXY.

By KATE W. HAMILTON, author of "Rachel's Share of the Road." 16mo, \$1.25.

An original, vigorous novel of the Southern mountain region. The hero is a rough native who injures a parson, atones for his wrong by taking the parson's place, and makes a supreme sacrifice in his place. There is much in the story to engage the reader's interest and admiration.

Biography and History.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

By JOHN T. MORSE, JR. 2 vols., crown 8vo. With a portrait. \$4.00 (*Early in May.*)

Two delightful volumes about one of the most delightful of men and charming of writers. It contains many and very interesting letters to Lowell, Motley, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Phelps and numerous others, and Morse tells the story of his life very skilfully.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

In the series of American men of Letters. By ALBERT H. SMYTH. With Portrait. 16mo,

"An admirable addition to an interesting series. This well-proportioned, judicious and appreciative biography puts into brief compass the facts of a literary career of great interest and the characterizes a man of singular force and attractiveness."—*The Outlook*, New York.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

In the series of American Statesmen. By THORNTON K. LOTHROP. 16mo, \$1.25.

A careful and judicious account of the public career of Seward and of his great services as Governor of New York, United States Senator, and Secretary of State.

JOAN OF ARC.

By FRANCIS C. LOWELL. With Maps. Crown 8vo, \$2.00.

"The story is one of the most thrilling, pathetic and pitiful in all history. Mr. Lowell tells it in a manner and style which leave nothing to be desired."—*Boston Advertiser*.

HISTORY OF PRUSSIA UNDER FREDERIC THE GREAT 1756-1759.

By HERBERT TUTTLE, late Professor in Cornell University. With a Biographical sketch of Prof. Herbert B. Adams. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

This book contains a thoroughly studied and admirably written account of the early part of the great Seven Years' War, untangling its diplomacy, describing its battles, and forming a valuable addition to the volumes Professor Tuttle had already written on the History of Prussia.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers,

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

THE GREAT MAGAZINE

A FEW good things:

Well Worn Trails.¹

By Rounsevelle Wildman, M. L., being a series of outdoor articles on the State in which we live.

"Santa Barbara," "Capay Valley," "The Geysers," "The Redwoods," "Santa Monica and Mt. Lowe," "Del Monte and Monterey," and "The Petrified Forest," which have already appeared, will be followed by

"Los Angeles," "Mendocino," "The Yosemite," "Castle Crags," "Lake Tahoe." "Santa Cruz."

The Fear of Japanese Competition.

By W. H. Mills, Esq.

A powerful arraignment of the calamity-howlers who are making political capital out of the threat of a Japanese commercial competition.

explored Regions of the Higher Sierra.

By T. S. Solomons.

1. The Sources of the San Joaquin.
2. The Sources of King's River.

3. The Grand Cañon of the Tuolumne, etc., etc.

This series of eight papers will cover a section of the State never before explored, and will contain photographs and surveys made by the OVERLAND'S author.

e Defenders of the Union—Part II.) By Comrade Frank Elliott
The National Guard of California. } Myers of Lincoln Post, G.A.R.

e Silver Question. Continued by Hon. Irving M. Scott, Col. John P. Irish, Pres. J. J. Valentine, Senator Wm. M. Stewart, and others.

historic Sonoma. By Charles S. Greene.

A beautifully illustrated review and description of Sonoma County and its charming cities—Santa Rosa, Cloverdale, Healdsburg, and Petaluma.

unicipal Conditions and the New Charter.

By James D. Phelan.

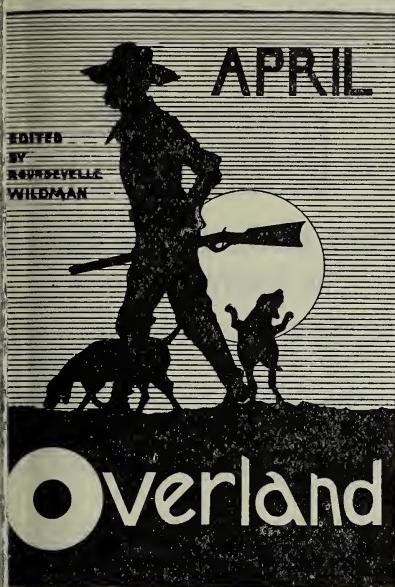
ucational Articles. By Presidents Kellogg and Jordán, Professors Branner, Brown, Bacon, Pierce, Pennell, Crosby, and Hudson. This series of articles is in line with the OVERLAND'S great circulation among Public Schools of the State, and will be made of the greatest helpfulness to them, as well as interest to the public.

e Study of the Classics. By Prof. Edw. B. Clapp, Ph. D.

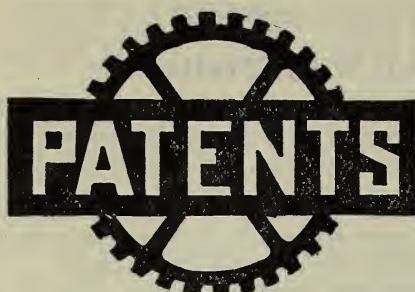
Pioneer School—San Francisco College. By Arthur Inkersley LL. B. Essays, Stories, and Poems, by Irving M. Scott, Wm. H. Mills, Senator Wm. M. Vart, Horace Annesley Vachell, Batterman Lindsay, Rounsevelle Wildman, John P. Irish, Gen. Lucius H. Foote, Joaquin Miller, Herbert Bashford, Charlesren Stoddard, John J. Valentine, Jas. D. Phelan, Charles S. Greene, and others.

¹(Back numbers containing these articles can be had on application.)

OF THE PACIFIC COAST



PIES OF THIS POSTER MAY BE HAD FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



BOONE & MURDOCK,

214 Pine Street, San Francisco.

PATENTS

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington,
D. C. No attorney's fee until patent is
obtained. Write for *Inventor's Guide*.

LAWYERS' DIRECTORY

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. W. FOOTE

310 PINE STREET

HENRY H. DAVIS

420 CALIFORNIA STREET

J. J. LERMEN AND JULIUS KAHN

310 PINE STREET

T. C. COOGAN

310 PINE STREET

WM. H. H. HART

ROOMS 149-152 CROCKER BUILDING

G. A. DANZIGER

21 CROCKER BUILDING

All Writers can
Make Money

IF THEIR EFFORTS
ARE PROPERLY
DIRECTED.

There are Hundreds of Markets for Poetry and Prose.

The Author's Journal tells where the markets are. It tells what class o matter the magazines want, and i tells what magazines pay contributors promptly. It offers suggestions to writers, young and old, and is, in fact, a Practical "WRITER'S TRADE PAPER."

Send 25 Cents for a three months' trial subscription to become acquainted. When once acquainted, you will never be without it.

Address,

AUTHOR'S JOURNAL,

1 William St., New York.

ESTABLISHED 1850

TELEPHONE

N. GRAY & CO.

UNDERTAKERS

641-643-645 SACRAMENTO STREET, corner

SAN FRANCIS

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY

"Distinctly a clever book."
—*Chicago Tribune*.



"Few works of the day contain more that is worth reading."

—*Chicago Record*.

"Interesting and clever."
—*The Argonaut*.



"Unfalteringly entertaining."
—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

As a Special
inducement
this volume
will be
sent with a
three months
subscription
to
THE ECHO
for \$1.00

The Echo is the
foremost humorous
and artistic
 fortnightly in
America, and con-
tains regularly
4 or more pages of
Poster-Lore

The Hit of the Season

A Novel of
To-Day, by
Percival Pollard,

CAPE OF STORMS

WITH COVER design (in red
white and black) by WIL-
H. BRADLEY and title
page by JOHN SLOAN. A lim-
ited edition on hand-made paper.

The most artistically finished
volume ever presented at so popular a price: 75 cents.

The right to advance this pri-
is reserved.

THE ECHO, Chicago

THE POSTER CRAZE

• •

LE limited edition, artist-signed posters published by the OVERLAND MONTHLY may be had at the following es:

	Each
-L. Maynard Dixon, the Haleakala, June, or Hawaiian Poster, Goddess of Fire (out of print) is quoted at..	\$5 00
Nov. Poster, Shepherd (Dixon)....	25
Dec. Poster, Bear and Indian (Dixon)	25
The Oct. Poster, Man and Powder (Boeringer).....	50
Jan. Poster, Indians at Fire (Dixon) 1	50
Feb. Poster, Indians and Setting Sun (Boeringer).....	1 50
April Poster, Hunter and Dogs (Bruce Cornwall)	15

Posters will be furnished Poster Col-
ors (not subscribers) during month
sue at ten cents each, in tube, post-
prepaid. To collectors who are
cribers the posters will be sent each
th for 25c extra per year to pay
age, if requested when subscribing.

to the OVERLAND

The Midland Monthly Is Your Home Magazine

The Pacific States are filled with men and women from the Middle-Western States. The and Monthly Magazine pictures the old middle-western life so familiar to all such, also in the New Middle-West, with its astonishing growth and development.
ts Descriptive Papers, Stories, Poetry, Midland War Sketches, Representative Men Series,
e Themes, Literary, Economic and Educational Papers, Cash Prizes for Stories, Poetry,
—with its splendid typography and profuse illustrations—all together make a magazine
way representative of the Middle-West, and one which, as such, is finding many delighted
ers both in the far East and in the far West.

Send 10 cents postage for a late copy. Price, \$1.50 a Year. Address

JOHNSON BRIGHAM, Publisher

The Midland Monthly, DES MOINES, IOWA

Louis Roederer Champagne

Three Kinds, all of Equal Excellence

BRUT, an Extra Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC, a Dry Wine

CARTE BLANCHE, a Rich Wine

THE HIGHEST GRADE

IN THE WORLD

Used by all the leading clubs, hotels and restaurants,
and may be had of all first-class grocers and wine merchants.

Macondray Bros. & Lockard

124 SANSOME ST.

SOLE AGENTS PACIFIC COAST

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

THE LIVING METHOD FOR LEARNING

How to Think in French.

The most successful means yet devised for learning and teaching how to speak French.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.00.

"I am sure the book will accomplish precisely what is set to be its purpose."—Prof. James W. Bright, Johns Hopkins University.

"You have done a great and beautiful work in the publication of your manuals."—Bishop John H. Vincent, Chancellor of Chautauqua.

How to Think

in German.

Sent, post-paid,
on receipt of
\$1.50.

"As a practical book to aid in quickly acquiring the power of correct and fluent speaking of the German language, this work has no equal.—Scientific American, Nov. 11, 1893, p. 316.

How to Think

in Spanish.

Sent, post-paid,
on receipt of
\$1.50.

"The learner is not obliged to think of rules or of English words when he wishes to speak Spanish."—N. Y. School Journal.

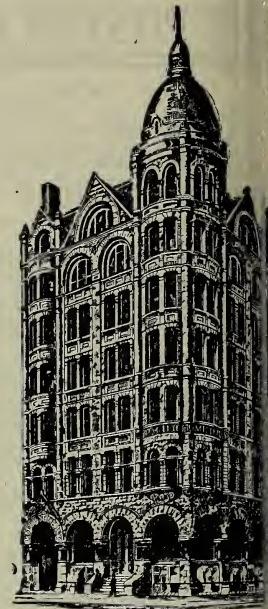
Prof. C. F. KROEH, Author & Publisher

Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J.

**Security
Liberal Terms
Profitable Returns**

ASSURED BY THE "UP-TO-DATE"
POLICIES OF

**The Pacific Mutual
Life Insurance Co.**



The Only California Company

Best and Safest Legal Organization
for Policy Holders

**ORGANIZED 1868
CLAIMS PAID OVER \$7,000,000**

LIFE POLICIES—Combining protection with investment

ENDOWMENT BONDS—Producing specified returns

ANNUITIES

ACCIDENT POLICIES—Superior in benefits and conditions

KILGARIF & BEAVER, General Agents Life Department for California
F. W. VOGT & BRO., Pacific Coast General Agents, Accident Department

PACIFIC MUTUAL BUILDING

N. E. Cor. Montgomery and Sacramento Streets
SAN FRANCISCO

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

For the Best Value in
HATS or CAPS, go to

C. HERRMANN & CO. THE HATTERS

328

Bearny Street

NEAR PINE

Entire Building)



The ONLY Manufactur-
ing Retailers on
the Coast.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue,
mailed free.

NOTHING

Your name and address is
all we want. Then we will
send our monthly 36-page
catalogue a full year . . .

...FOR NOTHING

SMITHS' CASH STORE 414, 416, 418 Front St.
San Francisco, Calif.

That Busy Big Department Store

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM



TOILET POWDER

Approved by Highest
Medical Authorities as a
Perfect Sanitary Toilet
Preparation for infants and
adults. Delightful after shaving.
Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed
Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples, makes
the skin smooth and healthy. Take no substitutes.
Sold by druggists or mailed for 25 cents.
Sample Mailed. (Name this paper). **FREE**

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

TELEPHONE NO. 5531

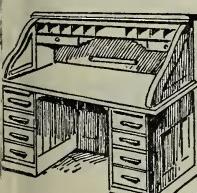
WM. F. WILSON PLUMBER

FINE. AND. SANITARY. PLUMBING

204 STOCKTON ST. OPPOSITE UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO



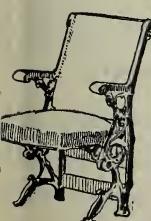
best Sanitary Appliances
Fine Plumbing Material



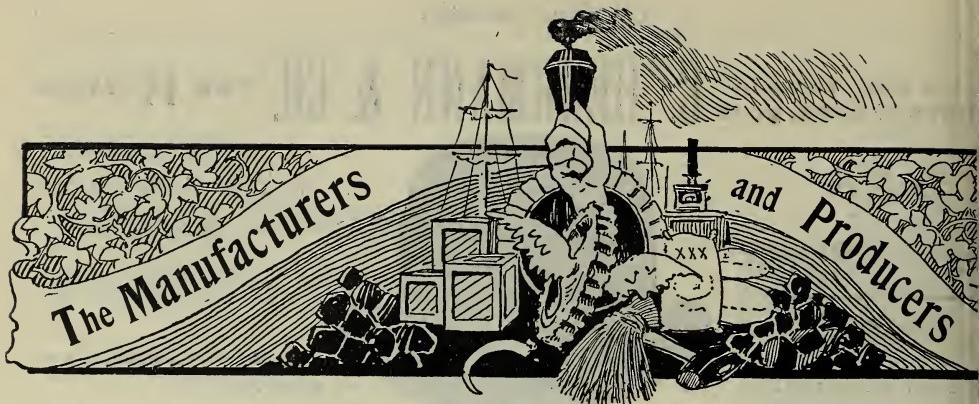
Geo. H. Fuller
Desk Company
MANUFACTURERS

638 & 640 MISSION STREET

San Francisco
Calif.



When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."



Of San Francisco and California have always found the OVERLAND a strong
In furtherance of this mutual help we give a classified list and
Roll of Honor of some of the most prominent.

Artificial Stone and Concrete Work.
George Goodman, 307 Montgomery.

Book Binders.
Phillips Bros., 505 Clay.

Building Paper and Roofing.
Paraffine Paint Co., 116 Battery.

Canners' Supplies.
F. A. Robbins, 324 Fremont.

Card and Invitation Engravers.
S. E. Fischer & Co., 402 Montgomery.

Commercial Photographers.
R. J. Waters, 110 Sutter.

Engineers' Supplies.
J. C. Winans, 220 Fremont.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers.
A. W. Martin & Co., 118 Geary.

Hardware Dealers.
Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co., 17-19 Beale.

Men's Furnishing Goods, Manufacturers.
Neustadter Bros., S. W. cor. Sansome and Pine.

Paper Dealers.
Bonestell & Co., 401-403 Sansome.
A. Zellerbach & Sons, 419 Clay.
Willamette Pulp and Paper Co., 722 Montgomery.

Photo Apparatus Manufacturers.
S. Slayton, 124½ Geary.

Photo Engravers.
Bolton & Strong, 510 Montgomery.

Photo Mounts and Advertising Novelties.
Stuparich Manufacturing Co., 523-529 Market.

Press Works.
F. A. Robbins, 324 Fremont.

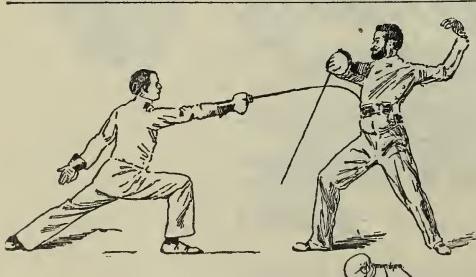
Printers and Publishers.
Commercial Publishing Co., 34 California.
E. C. Hughes, 511 Sansome.
C. A. Murdock & Co., 532 Clay.
George Spaulding Co., 414 Clay
Pacific Printing Co., 543 Clay.

Punching and Shearing Machinery.
F. A. Robbins, 324 Fremont.

Sheet Metal Specialties, Presses and Dies.
F. A. Robbins, 324 Fremont.

Tinware Manufacturers.
W. W. Montague & Co., 315 Market.

Woolen Manufacturers.
Golden Gate Woolen Manufacturing Co.,
Market.



FENCING ACADEMY

PROF. H. ANSOT,

Fencing, Broadswords, Single Sticks, Box-

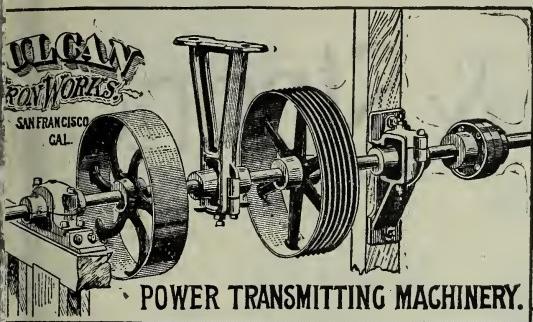
HEADQUARTERS, CALIFORNIA FENCERS' CLUB.

PHYSICAL CULTURE. Private Classes for L

LURLINE BATH BUILDING,

Cor. Bush and Larkin Sts.

VULCAN IRON WORKS



Manufacturers of

ICE, REFRIGERATING
AND ...
MINING MACHINERY

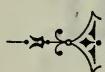
San Francisco, Cal.

UNION IRON WORKS

Office, 222 MARKET STREET. Works, POTRERO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

rine, Mining and Milling Engines and Machinery



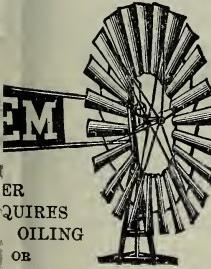
SHIP BUILDERS, , , ,
BUILDERS OF U. S. WARSHIPS,
HYDRAULIC LIFT DOCK, ,

York Office, 145 Broadway.

Cable Address, "Union."

GALVANIZED GEM STEEL WIND MILL

WITH GRAPHITE BOXES



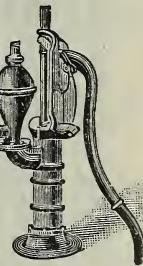
ER
QUIRES
OILING
OB
BING
TOWERS

Guaranteed more durable without oil than other mills that are oiled. Practically these mills require no attention. Truly a Gem and worth its weight in gold. It combines beauty, strength, durability and simplicity. Governs itself perfectly, is easily erected, and is sold on its merits, in fact, it is the best on earth. The mill is made entirely of Steel and Cast Iron. Each one of our Gem Windmills is guaranteed.

NOTICE.—We carry a full line of all kinds of pumps—for hand, windmill and power use. Pipe, Pipe Fittings, Brass Goods, Hose, Tanks, etc.

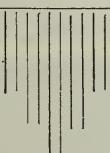
Send for Catalogue—Mailed Free.

Woodin & Little 312-314 Market Street
San Francisco



C. WILSON & COMPANY

Telephone No. Main 1864



COAL

Family
Trade
Solicited

BATTERY STREET, CORNER OF VALLEJO STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Branch Office, 1058 Broadway, } OAKLAND, CAL.
Yard, Fifth and Webster Sts. } Telephone No. 54

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

Bolton & Strong

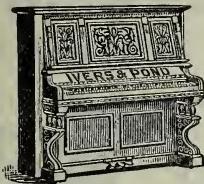
Printing
Plate
Manufacturers.

HALF TONES A SPECIALTY

510 · 512 · 514 · MONTGOMERY ST.

SAN FRANCISCO.

IT WILL PAY YOU



KOHLER & CHASE

28 & 30 O'Farrell Street

IF YOU WANT A

ANO OR AN ORGAN

Or any other MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

Mention that you saw Ad in Overland



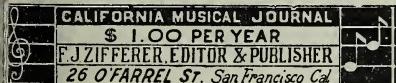
aines Bros.' Piano

PATTI'S PREFERENCE

ALSO RENOWNED

ish & Gerts Piano

L. BANCROFT & CO., 324 Post St., S. F.



ICH CATALOGUE SHALL I
SEND YOU?

Mandolins, Violins, Violin Music,
in Cases, Violin Bows, Banjos,
Guitar Music, Guitars, Guitar Music,
Flutes, Flute Music,
Flutes, Cornet Music, Harmonicas.
STORY, 26 Central Street, Boston, Mass.

YOU USING WELLINGTON'S IMPROVED EGG FOOD FOR POULTRY?



IF NOT,
WHY NOT?

Every Grocer,
Every Druggist
Sells It.

SEEDS

Alfalfa Grass
Clover, Vegetable
Fruit and Every
Variety of Seeds

TRADE SUPPLIED.

B. F. WELLINGTON
425 Washington St., San Francisco.

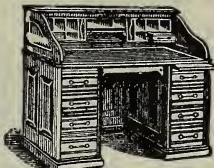


OFFICE, BANK and SCHOOL FURNITURE

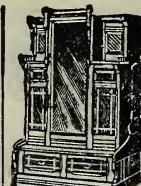
76 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

MANUFACTURED BY
A. H. ANDREWS & CO.

215 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.



FINE BANK, OFFICE AND LIBRARY FITTINGS, DESKS, CHAIRS, ETC.

Upright Cabinet
FOLDING

BED.

Numerous Styles.

Adjustable Cable Suspension Spring.
Guaranteed not to Sag.

SCHOOL SEAT

OF ALL KINDS

OPERA AND CHURCH SEATS

Send for Illustrated Catalogues.

C. F. WEBER & CO.

UNION CLUB BUILDING,

SOLE AGENTS FOR
PACIFIC COAST.Cor. Post & Stockton Sts. 229 SECOND STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

AND

PORTLAND, OR.

BONESTELL & CO.

PAPER

WAREHOUSE

All kinds of Printing and Wrapping Paper

401 & 403 Sansome Street

San Francisco

MRS. H. M. CASTILLAR,

Book and Pamphlet Binder

605 MONTGOMERY ST.

Work Promptly Done at Low Prices.



THE BAR-LOCK TYPEWRITER

The New Nos. 6 and

Will do more work in a given time than any other Type writer.
Will do more work for a longer period than any other Type writer.
Will do more work automatically than any other Type writer.
Will do more manifolds with less effort than any other Type writer.

Will do more kinds of work accurately than any other Type writer.

THE COLUMBIA TYPEWRITER MANUFACTURING

Head Office and Factory

116th St., 5th and Lenox Avs., New York, U. S. A.

SCOTT & BANNAN, Pacific Coast Agents

321 Montgomery Street San Fran

Have you seen the beautiful
work of the

No. 4 YOST?

IT HAS ALL THE NEW IMPROVEMENTS

IS THE EASIEST TO KEEP IN ORDER

UNEXCELLED FOR MANIFOLD WORK

WEARS THE LONGEST PERMANENT ALIGNMENT

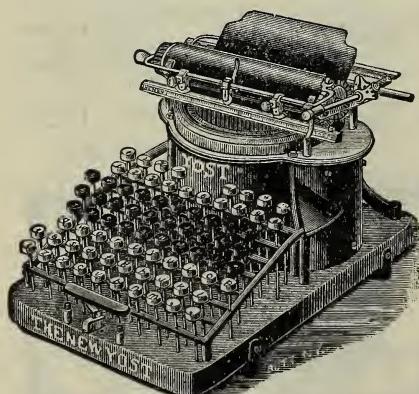
SPEED UNLIMITED HAS NO SUPERIOR

YOST WRITING MACHINE

61 CHAMBERS ST., N. Y.

40 Holborn Viaduct, London, Eng.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE



UNITED TYPEWRITER AND SUPPLIES CO.

663 MARKET STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO

EDUCATIONAL

Summer School for Boys

MOUNT TAMALPAIS MILITARY ACADEMY

Summer Session at Blue Lakes, Lake County, Calif.

EIGHT WEEKS—June 10th to August 4, 1896

T—for the entertainment and care of boys.
ND—for the instruction of those who wish to make up back work, or to prepare for Fall examinations.
e charge for the session will be \$85; for a shorter period \$12 week. Payable in advance. Instruction fifty cents per hour.

ARTHUR CROSBY, A. M.
Headmaster.
Rafael.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. Denison, Publisher, Chicago Ill.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS, THE STANDARD PENS OF THE WORLD.

Numbers 303, 404, 604 E. F., 332, 601 E. F., 1044, and stubs 1008, 1043, and others.
Highest Awards, Paris Exposition, 1878 and 1889, and Chicago, 1893.

PAUL P. BERNHARD & CO.
P. O. Box 214,

UBBER STAMPS
STENCILS AND SEALS
134 MONTGOMERY STREET

BOOKS. BOOKS. BOOKS.

Our entire stock of Books, comprising all classes of Literature, at greatly reduced prices. Send us your list of wants.

KING'S OLD BOOK STORE
15 FOURTH ST., S. F.

MISS DANA'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,
Morristown, New Jersey, prepares for any College. Resident native French and German teachers. Advanced courses in Music and Art. Nearness to New York affords special advantages. Certificate admits to Smith, Wellesley, and Baltimore Colleges. Terms, boarding pupils, \$700.

O GONTZ SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,
established in 1850, removed in 1883 from Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, to Ogontz, the spacious country seat of Jay Cooke. For circulars apply to Principals, Ogontz School P. O., Ogontz, Montgomery County, Pa.

VAN NESS YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY
1849 Jackson St., San Francisco, under the ownership and direction of DR. S. H. WILLER, aided by a corps of twelve teachers. Numbers in the family limited to twenty-five.

Santa Barbara Business College, Santa Barbara, Cal.

A high class English and Commercial Training School, with department of Modern Languages. Skilled teachers and specialists. Write for illustrated catalogue giving particulars. E. B. HOOVER, Principal.

OLD BOOK STORE

**Books, Magazines and Pamphlets
BOUGHT AND SOLD.**

Special attention given to Literature published on and relating to the Pacific Coast.

206 POWELL STREET, S. F.

A. A. DALY. H. L. CURRAN.

RARE BOOKS. CURIOUS BOOKS.

BOOKS OLD. BOOKS NEW.

A choice assortment of *Valuable Books* for libraries to be had at reasonable prices. Call and make your selections.

H. H. MOORE,

542 California Street.

CRITERION
STEREOPTICONS,
MAGIC LANTERNS,
ELECTRIC
FOCUSING LAMPS, &c.

AGENCIES:
50 Broadfield St., Boston, Mass.
339 South 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
166 Broadway, New York City.
13 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.
415 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.
189 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
39 Morris St., Atlanta, Ga.



IRVING INSTITUTE

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Nineteenth year. Twenty-five Teachers. Seminary College preparatory and Normal courses.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, with Eleven Professors, and complete courses for Voice and Instruments.

Primary and Kindergarten department for children Carriage will call.

For Illustrated Catalogue Address:

REV. Ed. B. CHURCH, A. M., - Principal

1036 VALENCIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE

ONE OF THE MOST
RELIABLE INSURANCE
COMPANIES IN THE WORLD
LOSSES PAID MORE
THAN \$15,000,000.00
A PROMPT AND
PROGRESSIVE
COMPANY

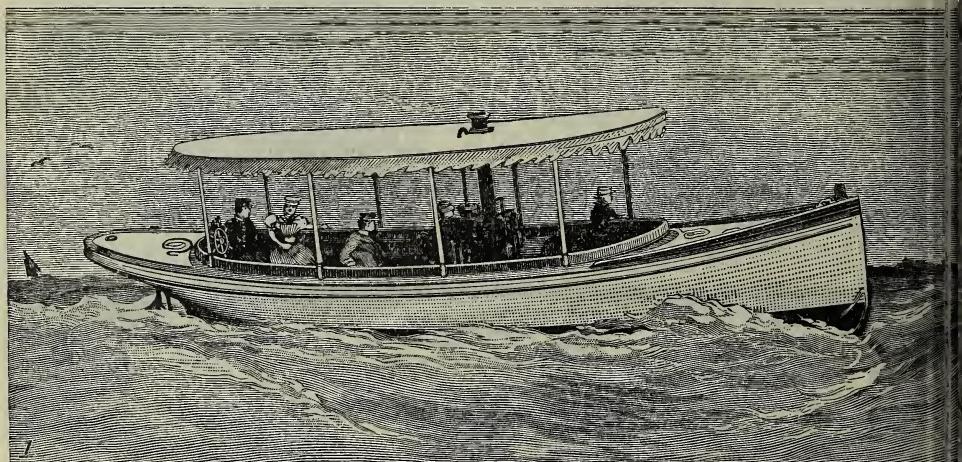
ASSETS, \$3,200,000.00.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.00.

FIREMAN'S FUND INS. CO.
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA.

ORGANIZED
1863

D. J. STAPLES,
President.
WM. J. DUTTON,
Vice-President.
2d
BERNARD RAYMOND,
Secretary.
J. B. LEVISON,
Asst' Secretary.
LOUIS WEINMANN,
Gen. Agent.
STEPHEN D. IVES,



UNION GAS ENGINE CO.

309-313 Howard Street

San Francisc

Largest Manufacturers of Gasoline Engines
and Launches in America

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

J. D. STRONG, JR.



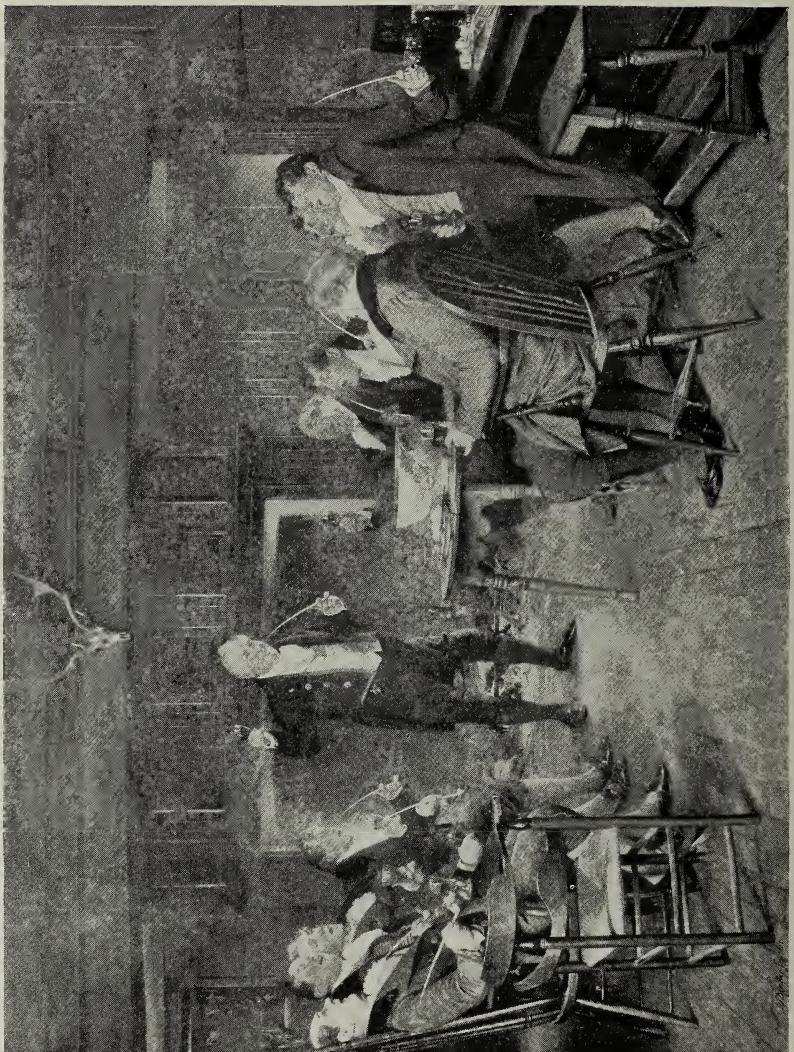
Painted in Oils by J. D. Strong, Jr.

SON OF N. B. STRONG.

Courtesy of W. K. Vickery.

"For he's a jolly good fellow—"

Halfone by Bolton & Strong.





CROSS & VESTEY CO.
PHILA.

IVES

Photo by Lowden.

A SPANKING BREEZE ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

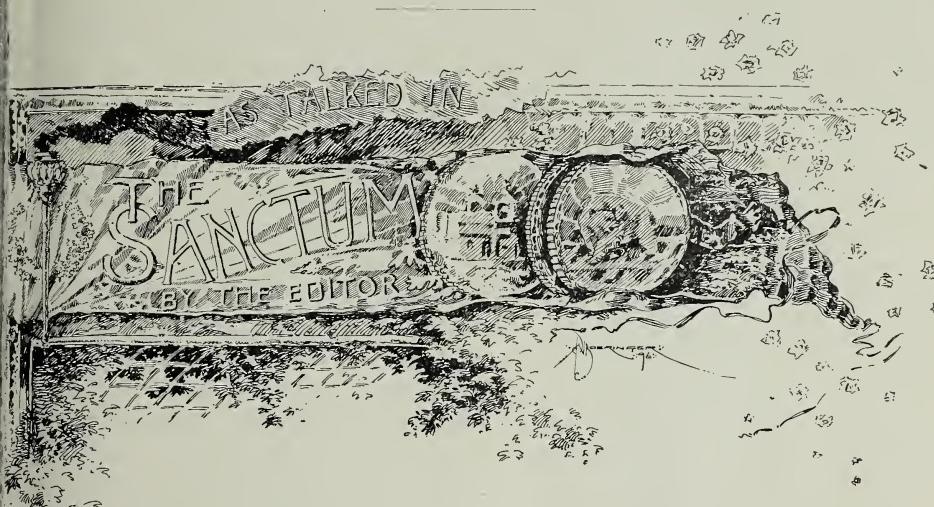


Photo by Taber.²

IRVING M. SCOTT.

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVII. (Second Series.)—May, 1896.—No. 161.



HERE are certain pat sayings—axioms if you please—that are forever staring one in the face, meeting you at every crossroad, looming up like a pillar of by night and a pillar of cloud by day. They are sanctified by age—so very hoary that their white hairs command your reverence outwardly even while your whole mind and soul revolts. Only personal experience will convince the reader of their honesty. The Sanctum from a purely worldly point of view is not a success. It does not contain a rich member. So when one of the directors or stockholders in the Company—that is of the Publishing Company—solemnly assures us that riches do not bring happiness, we listen respectfully and as respectfully doubt it. We are like the Scotchman—I am not sure but I have used this simile before—who was willing to be convinced, but would like to see the man that could convince

If a man cannot be happy with the means to supply every bodily, moral, and mental want then, we maintain, there is something wrong with the man.

There was a romantic little story running through the press that Mr. Huntington, as his palatial private car drew up to the charming station at Santa Rosa,—would be willing to give up all my millions and be a brakeman on one of my own freight trains if I could have my youth and eat my lunch from my tin pail on the dusty side of this little depot, and watch the red-cheeked, sunny-haired maidens of Santa Rosa come out day after day to see trains pull in."

We all have these fugitive wishes,—they are idyllic and very creditable but

foolish. It is one thing to be a handsome, strong young brakeman with a good gesticulation, among a bevy of pretty girls, and quite another thing to be a brakeman and crippled from long service.

No doubt the railroad president looks back with pleasure mingled with regret at the days when he was a brakeman, as Lincoln surrounded with all the cares and anxieties of a great Civil War may have longed with a genuine longing for the quiet country law office in the quiet Illinois town.

It is to be deplored that none of us have ever had actual experience with rich men. We all have our day dreams, even now, of what we would do in case we were Huntington, Gould, or Vanderbilt,—how we would make ourselves happy in making others happy,—and we are in a continual state of surprise that our rich friends do not take kindly to our crafty suggestions. It is so easy for one of them to write a check and make so many people happy and at the same time do so much good, that we are amazed that they do not do it. It is useless to specify here our wishes if any of our wealthy readers are in want of our advice it is as free as water.

A philosopher is simply a person who observes, draws conclusions, and puts his conclusions down in intelligent form. The Parson and the Contributor are young, their minds are stored with more than a half century of experiences, but if you listen to their genial Sanctum talk day after day, the following thought takes shape.

How years of work, and struggle, and great events, are forgotten, and certain moments and days that seem of no significance or importance cling like life itself to the memory. A commonplace saying, an ordinary action, or a trivial happening remains when the memory of things seemingly of the greatest moment fades away.

The Parson never talks of his daring charge at Antietam or of the time he piled his life to rescue a boat load of picnickers in Raccoon Straits,—even a comrade's praise does not seem to spur his memory. A camp-fire story or a boyhood prank remain as vivid in his mind as the day when they took place.

Here is the opportunity for the philosopher. He asks himself the why of it. It is a universal experience. Then there must be a reason. Was the camp-story or the boyhood prank a turning point in the Parson's career? Unbeknownst to him did it have some great and lasting influence on his life? Do we not have such moments in our lives that we do not recognize?

“There is a tide in the affairs of men.”

Will the sage please point out the hour of high tide?

Shakspere was no doubt a philosopher, but he left no chart whereby you can recognize these supreme moments. Consequently as an amateur philosopher I am inclined to assert that there is something within us that recognizes and treasures the memory of the tide times of our life even when our reason and senses pass by. We entertain many an angel unawares as we refuse bread to many a deserving beggar.

THE Typewriter. “There is a party out here that will not leave until he sees the editor. He has discontinued his subscription and has his reasons for doing written out. He wishes to read them to some one in authority.”

The Reader. “Poetry or prose?”

The Ex-Subscriber. “Excuse me, gentlemen, for intruding on your valuable

and interrupting your puerile drivel, but I want you to understand that I am of the original subscribers to this magazine. I am no chicken, if my hair is long. may have seen my letters signed 'Veritas' in the *Guinda Populist?*'"

The Reader respectfully removed his hat.

The Ex-Subscriber. "Do you follow me? Good. Now what I pick on is this. don't abuse the Railroad. You say nothing. You go along as though it was a t and good institution like the corner grocery and the primary. You take no in such burning questions of the day as whether the *Examiner* did or did not sell rotection for one thousand dollars a month. What we want up in the country ore vim and backbone and personalities. Show up the iniquities of the rich and elp the poor. We can live longer and enjoy better health if we know that the atory rich are not sleeping comfortably between their two feather ticks. Down the railroads. Why, sir, they refused me a pass last Christmas back to my hood home in Vermont. I who came to this country before railroads were ght of. The railroad is a tyrant and California is the last of the slave States. ou hear me? Take my name off your books. I am one of the people."

The Manager. "Certainly. There is four years due,—will you pay now?"

The Ex-Subscriber. "Pay! Never! Collect it of Huntington and Crocker. juggernaut!"

The Manager. "Thanks. We prefer to collect it from your estate after you e talked yourself to death."

The Contributor. "I have long wanted to meet 'Veritas.' Since my boyhood I have read his scholarly essays on the 'Want of a New Sewer on M Street,' 'An Appeal to the Self-respecting Citizens of the Eighth Ward.' He is catholic in choice of mediums. The Whitesville *News* and the New York *Tribune* are honored e with his brilliant pyrotechnics. His communications to the editor bristle with xclaims from the orators and poets of the Fourth Reader. With Wendell Phillips exclaims, 'Revolutions are not made; they come,' and with Daniel Webster, 't our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.' is a first cousin of Old Subscriber, Tax-payer, Old Settler, Pioneer, 49er, and Populi. He is a brother of Pro Bono Publico. His rhetoric is as picturesque is grammar is original. He fears neither libel suits or public opinion. From the ny side of the corner grocery he formulates State constitutions and regulates lily jars. Veritas is the friend of the poor, excepting his own, and the advocate he other people's down trodden. He is as old as the printing press and as fresh spring poem. To have met a modest self-confessed Veritas is better than to e been received by the Queen. Would that the Sanctum group could make him of them."

HE Manager. "I have often thought I would take up philosophy as a profession, but I never could make a beginning. Now there was the time the Contributor, O'Brien, and myself, salted that little woman's mine at Smartsville. Our orts were all in the right place, but our brains were in a bog. The Parson was ing that no good action was ever done that some one was not the better for it. never whoever received the benefit in this case I know the Contributor suffered, the laugh the boys had on him beat him for judge in Stanislaus County."

The Artist. "But he got the title of Judge, if he did lose the office."

The Manager. "Talk about trivial things being impressed on your memory. I

can see it all as though it happened but yesterday, while I cannot even remember the fee I paid the minister that married me. One hot summer day back in the fifties a big, strapping fellow, with as dainty a bit of a wife as a man ever clapped eyes on, clambered out of the old Marysville coach at Smartsville and moved into a little cabin over at the foot of the hill. The very next morning we saw her standing in her cabin door with her big blue eyes swimming with tears. Some of the people thought the husband had been beating her, and were for divorcing them there. We talked it over all the forenoon and in the afternoon the little woman walked down to the store and asked the storekeeper where she could stake a claim. She was sobbing like her poor heart would break as she told him her husband had taken with rheumatism and could n't move, and that they did n't have any money. She thought she could do a little mining alone if she just had a show. We all wanted to give her a little dust, but her eyes snapped so they dried up her tears when we thanked us and said she was no beggar, but could work for a living.

She walked straight out of there and over to the side hill and staked out a claim on a piece of ground that was as barren as the top of Ararat. A man could n't find color there if he had gone clean through to China, but she shoveled away with her soft little hands that blistered almost as soon as she touched the handle, then cooled them in the water while she washed the dirt. Tim and the rest of us felt mighty sorry for the delicate little creature, a-working away so bravely to support herself and her sick husband, so, it was the Contributor who thought it all right we slipped around that night and salted her claim pretty heavy. The next morning we all sat in front of the saloon and watched her work out her first pan of dust, netted somewhere about \$200 in coarse gold, and she felt so good that she fell down on her knees and thanked the good Lord. We all kind of choked and wiped our eyes, and made a bee line for the bar. The little woman was so happy she worked away so cheerily all that day that the boys could n't help giving her another salting.

"The husband, a nice, patient kind of a chap, kept sick for weeks, his noble wife kept digging and working away, and the Contributor and the rest of us helped salt her claim, for we could n't bear to think of her disappointment if we should let it peter out. Our own claims were n't paying any too well, the water was bad and what with standing around and watching her all day, we made so little that it was n't very long till she had pretty nearly all the dust in camp. Finally, when we found her claim was n't paying and her husband was better, she decided to take departure. We were all mighty sorry to see her go; for she was a bright clever little creature, and as pretty as a picture. The sight of her made us all kind of religious, and the Contributor had collected somewhere in the neighborhood of a hundred dollars for a church. But with her went our yearning after a parson, and by a standing vote we made her a present of the whole collection. During the election it was told that the Contributor surreptitiously added his diamond stud."

The Contributor. "Regarding which my memory fails me."

The Manager. "Our divinity's husband took sick again at Rough and Ready, and the boys there salted her claim until she broke the camp. He took sick again at Boston Ravine, and then over again at Selby Flat, and I think he carried that rheumatism into and all the gold dust out of every camp in the State."

The Contributor. Is n't it about time for the proof?"

The Office Boy. "Proof."



Mount Ritter, 13,072 feet.

Height of Lake, 12,200 feet.

Banner Peak, 13,000 feet.

GLACIERS OF THE NORTH FORK SAN JOAQUIN RIVER.

UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF THE HIGH SIERRA.

I. THE SOURCES OF THE SAN JOAQUIN.

NEARLY fifty years have elapsed since the settlement of California by the American people, and yet the story of its scenery has remained only half told. The scenic portion of State, *par excellence*, is the region of Sierra Nevada, the southern half of which constitutes the highest mountain range within the boundaries of the United States, and exhibits an extensive area of grandeur that gives it a place among the celebrated mountain

ranges of the world. This region has been called the Californian Alps, nor is the implied comparison an unwarrantable one, for in totality of scenic value, so to speak, it is not unlikely that, in the future, the Sierra will be judged superior to the European Alps. Certainly there is no locality in the central portion of this continent capable of producing so profound an impression on the traveler as the mountains of Eastern California.

A few volumes and a number of fugitive magazine articles represent all that has been written on this large subject, and these deal only with a comparatively small portion of the range. In the child-

hood of the State, an intelligent legislature organized the Geological Survey of California, the subsequent cutting off of which in the prime of its usefulness was a lasting disgrace to our people.

The Survey died in harness, however, for before its demise its Chief, Professor Josiah Dwight Whitney, maintained its vitality from his own private resources until the larger portion of the field work already accomplished had been published to the world. The single volume on geology contained the first reliable accounts of the Yosemite Valley and some little description of the High Sierra, especially of the portions drained by the Merced, the South Fork of the King's, and the Kern River.

This was nearly thirty years ago. At

about the same time Clarence King, member of the Survey, published "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," describing in a more popular way with a delightful admixture of anecdote and adventure several of the localities treated by Whitney. King's book may be called the first real literature of the Sierra. A few years later John Muir began publishing in this magazine and in periodicals his very poetical descriptions of Yosemite and the adjacent mountains, and still later, Mr. J. M. Hutchings put into permanent form the rich store of information—of history and legend, anecdotes and statistics—that he had cumulated during his many years of residence in Yosemite. This is practically



Mount Ritter and Banner Peak.

SOURCES OF THE MAIN FORK SAN JOAQUIN RIVER. TAKEN FROM AN ALTITUDE OF 11,500 FEET.
LOOKING SOUTH SOUTHEAST.



FIELD NEAR HEAD OF MONO CREEK, SOUTH FORK
JOAQUIN RIVER. HEIGHT OF PEAKS, 13,400 FEET.

Englishmen and English women,ists from Boston and here and there, e "done" the State, visited the Yo-
mite Valley and added their little dab
orroritative comment on the wonders

of that locality. The existence above and beyond of a vast domain of sublime scenery of which this Yosemite was, geographically at least, only a tiny province, apparently was never dreamt of by these, our visitors.

As for the natives, Heaven forgive us, but we have been an unæsthetical people, and are only now beginning to visit our Yosemite, let alone these unknown alps. Whitney's fervid exhortations went out of print and out of mind ; Muir's really valuable work was mostly concerned with the Yosemite region,— and the great expanse of Californian alps, with its yosemites, its cañons, gorges, falls, lakes, glaciers, and towering, snow-clad peaks, slumbered unmolested and unthought of for years and years. Then, along in the eighties, residents of Fresno and Visalia, notably Mr. Lil A. Winchell, began to talk about the great cañon of the South Fork of King's River and to compare it with Yosemite. Mount Whitney also attracted some attention ; it was climbed by a few parties each year ; the fishing in the Kern was a drawing card, and altogether, the King's and Kern Sierra has been growing steadily more popular with adventurous vacation parties from the Valley towns. Travel thither from more distant parts of the



Southern Flank of Mount Goddard.

SOURCE OF SOUTH FORK SAN JOAQUIN RIVER, 12,200 FEET.

Amphitheater and Frozen Lake.



A Group of Minarets.

SOUTHEASTERN GLACIER OF MOUNT RITTER. TAKEN FROM AN ALTITUDE OF 13,000 FEET.

State was also stimulated by the publication by John Muir of an article in the *Century* on the King's River Cañon.

This is a brief history of general exploration and travel in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, up to the time of the organization in this city of the Sierra Club. A

glance at the accompanying map show how large a portion of the range has been neglected. Leaving out of account certain parts of Tuolumne, Tuolumne and Kern counties, which have been omitted from the map because their scenery is relatively inferior, it may be seen



Mount Heckel. Mount Spencer. Evolution Lake. Mount Fiske. Mount Huxley.
Mount Goddard.

SOURCES MIDDLE FORK SAN JOAQUIN RIVER. LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM AN ALTITUDE OF 13,000 FEET.

it almost all of the High Sierra of Madera and Fresno counties, an area of about twenty-five thousand square miles, bounded by the San Joaquin and the northern branches of the King's, has remained *terra incognita* to the outside world. I say outside world, for of course the topography of these regions is fairly well known to certain classes, — the sheepherders, and that picturesque fraternity, the professional prospectors. The sheepherders have the whole western slope of the mountains divided off into "ranges," which are subject to transfer and sale as though they were personal possessions and not the property of the government. They know all the pasture grounds, have made rude trails hitherto and built log bridges over all the larger streams. Yet I have never met one who could draw an intelligible diagram of the geography of even his own range, and as to the other ranges they are commonly densely ignorant.

On the published State and county maps this territory has been represented partly by blank spaces and partly by a system of streams. Of the two, the non-committal policy is much to be preferred, for the filled-in portions, or the surveyed townships are very triumphs of diagrammatical mendacity. Of the whole area of the High Sierra lying be-

tween the Yosemite Valley and the South Fork of the King's River, of which it is the purpose of these articles to give a general description, not a dozen square miles were found accurately laid down. The topography on the accompanying map was sketched by me from my own observations. Only approximate accuracy is claimed for it. A well equipped survey alone can cope with the roughness and intricacy of these mountains,—a survey such as that of the Federal Government. This, indeed, may now be hoped for, since the whole western slope of the Southern Sierra has been reserved as a National Park, though the people of the State do not seem sufficiently aware of this gratifying fact, or at least sufficiently interested in it, even to urge upon the government the necessity of protecting this new park in like manner as the Yosemite Park. It is not altogether unnatural, however, that the people should remain indifferent to the preservation of a property of the very existence of which they are profoundly ignorant.

In size the second river in California, in importance perhaps the first, it is curious that the sources of the San Joaquin should so long have remained unknown. Hundreds of thousands living in the San Joaquin Valley, or riding



Mount Lyell.
13,042 feet.

Mount McClure.
12,890 feet.

THE LYELL GROUP, HEAD SOURCES NORTH FORK SAN JOAQUIN RIVER. LOOKING SOUTH, FROM ALTITUDE OF 12,000 FEET.

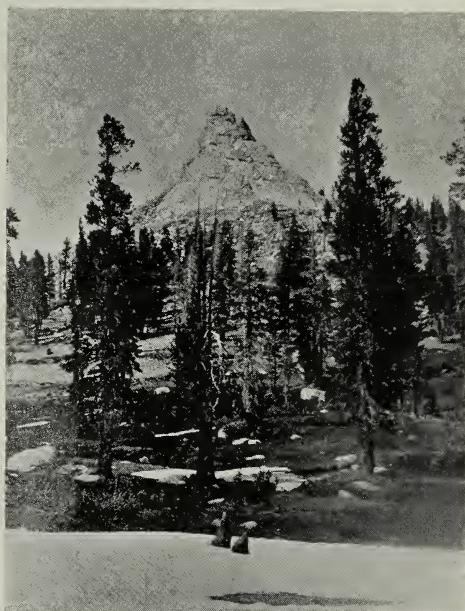


Mount Goddard.

KING SOUTHEAST UP CANYON OF SOUTH FORK SAN JOAQUIN RIVER NEAR ITS HEAD. ALTITUDE, 8,000 FEET.

ough it on the trains, have watched glittering array of bristling peaks amongst which the river rises. Yet we have heeded their mute invitation, the waters that are the very life of great valley gush forth from glacial leys that all these years have never been trodden by human feet. Follow San Joaquin on the State map in its course through the foothills and pine forests, and where it begins to branch extensively in the High Sierra it will be seen suddenly to lose all continuity and character. The main fork curves imaginatively northward and patches of great South Fork alternate with blank squares "unsurveyed."

The San Joaquin flows through a great depression that reaches back northeastwardly to what has long been known as the Mammoth Pass. In the vicinity of this pass the larger branches of the river come together. The main stream heads on the eastern slopes of the Ritter Group; the North Fork, heading just south of Mount Lyell, flows sout. east and empties into the main river at ut fifteen miles from the crest; the Chiquita Joaquin, Jackass Creek, and Granite Creek, take



A CRAG OF THE SOUTH FORK. ALTITUDE, 10,000 FEET.



EXCESS OF MONO CREEK, SOURCES OF THE SOUTH FORK SAN JOAQUIN RIVER. ALTITUDE, 10,000 FEET.

the water from the Merced Divide; Fish Creek, flowing through a Yosemite-like cañon, drains the crest to the east, and the great South Fork, bearing the drainage of the whole crest as far south as the King's River, empties into the main stream about five miles below the mouth of the North Fork.

A railroad has been surveyed up this depression of the Main San Joaquin, crossing Mammoth Pass and thence descending to the desert. A competing



SKETCH MAP OF THE UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF THE HIGH SIERRA, BETWEEN YOSEMITE VALLEY AND THE KING'S RIVER CANON.

scontinental line might easily be here and here only, for southward stretches "the highest continuous mountain wall in North America," and northward no pass occurs lower than ten thousand feet for a distance of sixty miles.

The highest sources of the main fork of the San Joaquin are the snow slopes of the Ritter Group. As viewed from the north these splendid peaks, which over thirteen thousand feet high, are to form the culmination of the range in this locality, and the terminus of the lofty ridge by which they are erected with the Lyell Group. Little spires nestle in all the hollows on the stern face of this ridge, and about Banner and Banner Peak alone there are less than six of these diminutive spires of ice. In this region it would appear that there is found just the proportion of altitude to latitude for the maintenance of residual glaciers. Farther north the altitude is insufficient; farther south the altitude is not sufficiently great to compensate for the diminished latitude, and the snowfall, therefore, is heavy enough to perpetuate the smaller glaciers, except in a very few instances, so far as I have observed. Spires are spoken of by travelers as existing near Mount Whitney, Mount Williamson, and Mount Barnard, in the vicinity of the King's-Kern divide, but these possibly are only snow-fields. A diligent search, however, may reveal small residual glaciers among the higher peaks all the way from the Ritter Group to the Whitney region.

The crest about Mount Ritter is of metamorphic slate, and still farther south, in the vicinity of the depression of the Kern, abundant evidences of former volcanic action are found. Lava and basalt, slate of all kinds and colors vie with purity of the granite in capturing the

admiration of the traveler, while the picturesque forms which these alien rocks assume add immeasurably to the richness of the general mountain sculpture. At intervals of from ten to twenty-five miles these igneous and sedimentary masses darken the surface of the range from Lassen Buttes to the low ridges of Kern County.

Immediately south of the Ritter Group the ridge is broken down in a number of fantastic black pinnacles, called the Minarets. East of these the main stream from Mount Ritter curves into the great depression, and on the west flows the North Fork. The alpine region is entered again on the southern side of the depression, some twenty miles from the Minarets. The Red Slate Peaks are the outposts of a vast array of peaks and mural ridges that is maintained uninterruptedly to Mount Whitney. The northern third of this great mass of crest is drained by the South Fork of the San Joaquin, of which Mono Creek is the first large tributary as we ascend the river. This stream runs back to the axis of the range by a nearly uniform gradient, which thus furnishes an ideal route across the summits. The Mono Creek trail is almost such a route. But for the crossing of the great trough of the South Fork it would be about the best trail over the Southern Sierra. Starting from Bacon's Meadow at the end of the Toll House Road from Fresno to Big Pine Ridge, it rises over the billows of a virgin coniferous forest, into the tamarack groves and meadows of the plateau overlooking the South Fork. Winding down into the cañon to a good ford, or, if the season be a late one, crossing the river at Jackass Bridge, ten miles above, the trail ascends out of the gorge to Mono Creek, and makes straight for the crest, passing at first through a finely timbered, rolling country, then into beautiful Ver-

milion Valley,—the Park, as the sheepmen call it,—and finally into the Upper Cañon. Here side streams enter on either hand from a number of magnificent alpine recesses carved in the solid flank of the mountain. North, east, and south, the traveler is shut in by pinnacled walls and isolated peaks that rise five and six thousand feet above him to an altitude of from twelve to fourteen thousand feet. I spent four days circling about among these recesses of Mono Creek, plodding up the steep snow-slopes on their northern faces, over jagged walls and down into gorges only to climb up again and over into others deeper and grander. Each evening I descended several thousand feet to the juniper groves, ate my supper, and walked slowly around the fire to dry my wet clothing, while I watched the alpine glow till it died on the higher snow fields.

Bear Creek drains the next section of crest. Its alpine features are, if anything, superior to those of Mono. The higher ramifications of the creek, after draining many snow-choked gorges, unite in two main streams, which break through a north and south wall that forms with the Mono divide and the divide of the next creek a quadrilateral area into which it is almost impossible to penetrate. The two vents that discharge the drainage from this Garden of Rasselas are merely notches torn in the wall by the force of the old ice and the later torrents. Their sides are quite perpendicular and the wall elsewhere than at the vents is, I believe, quite precipitous. As viewed from the Seven Gables, one of the peaks that rise from the wall,—and a mountain of striking and unique form,—this upper Bear Creek region is sublimely spectacular. Nowhere in the Sierra have I seen it matched in utter wildness, sternness, and desolation. I can fancy several hotels—perish the

thought—pitched in the glacial just in front of the wall with the The most-used path of the many are to lead from these Swiss-like ei will ascend the Seven Gables, a register in the monumental cairn on its summit will be filled with eu scrawled in all languages.

Another valley of future hotels—masses will not come to worship cushions are ready for their knees that of the Middle Branch of the S Fork, where, a thousand feet below highest alps of the San Joaquin Si trees, grass, and flowers, birds, and offer one of those remarkable cot that everywhere delight the travel the Sierra.

The North and Middle branches of South Fork succeed Bear Creek, a journey southward. The latter is true head of the San Joaquin River, the Evolution Peaks, as I have ventured to name them for the sake of identification, amongst which it heads, a noble parents of a noble stream. Humphreys, Mount Darwin, Haeckel, and Mount Wallace, are all fourteen thousand feet high; and Spencer, Mount Huxley, Mount Franklin, the Hermit, and a host of others, are little inferior to them, either in height or in striking appearance. Here the granite reigns supreme, but just to the south of the divide between the King's and San Joaquin, the volcanic and metamorphic rock appears again, weird and dark, like a line between day and night.

The space of a volume would be needed adequately to describe the peaks of the San Joaquin, and another to describe those of the King's. The course of every little tributary is a separate and interesting chapter in the story. The poetic, the artistic, scientific mind will find little of monotony in the Sierra. To say that the lan-

very case is made up of rock and in its loftier parts and of forest meadow in its lower is to give no of the wonderful fertility of resource vised by Nature, or of her ingenuity vising out of the same materials an te variety of forms and effects. It y the dull or the unloving who will i tiresome repetition; though it must imitted that the sense of apprecia of certain kinds of mountain scenery ten a matter of education. Even

no other rock than granite is e and no other colors than the te's gray, the white of the snow, he blue of the lakes and the sky, landscapes are as varied as form

e traveler in the Sierra, too, need vant for excitement. Though the of the ice that menace the Alpine er are almost entirely absent, he

will find a perfect analogy in all else pertaining to Alpine travel and adventure. Our gorges are deeper than those of the Alps, our valleys more beautiful, our peaks as lofty and precipitous, and every danger that the most reckless pervert could sigh for, save those of the ice, may be encountered without much search. On the other hand, the absence of large bodies of ice and snow makes exploration so easy and safe as to practically insure to the moderately cautious all the pleasures and benefits of true Alpine life, with none of its serious disadvantages. For those who love ice and snow in the mass, the Alps doubtless offer superior attractions, but those who desire a great variety of mountain scenery in an air the mildness and salubrity of which are almost out of harmony with the region it bathes, should go to the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

Theodore S. Solomons.

SUNRISE AMID THE PINES.

HAIL, orb of light, celestial torch of morn!
Thy pilgrimage anew begin this hour.
Unloose the petals of each sleeping flower,
And with thy gold the hills and vales adorn.
Ride on, and in thy splendor do not scorn
To cast thy golden shafts in every bower,
And toilers with thy matchless wealth endower.
Ride on, ride on, in majesty unborn
Until thy birth! Bedeck the pine trees' tops,
And kiss the waters of the glassy lake;
Awake the songsters with thy rosy light;
Nor cease until the nightly shadow drops
Across the way, and then reluctant take
A glorified departure from our sight.

Clifford Trembly.



THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.¹

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM," THE "CHRON
OF SAN LORENZO," ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.

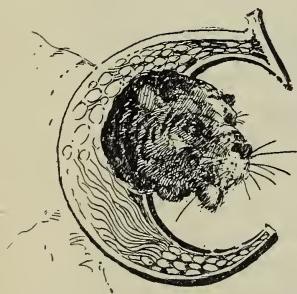
XII.

HETWYND, conscious of his weakness, but relying upon his own iron will, had allowed himself the dangerous latitude of friendship. After his experience with Edith Darcy the rôle of Paris was most offensive in his eyes.

Even granting that Menelaus, in this

case, was a sot and utterly unworthy, yet there were others to consider. Chetwynd, since his last visit to San Francisco, had learned to consider. In Siberia, on the frozen steppes, in the glacial twilight of the short winter days, he had found ample time for reflection, and his thoughts had taken a new departure. Instead of radiating, as before, toward the self, they now radiated from the self, and the difference was very considerable. As the circle of his sympathies widened he allowed his fancy to

¹Begun in August Number, 1895.



Californian pastures. An overing desire consumed him to see once more and note the issues for evil of her union with such a manesmond. When this desire was antly gratified, when he realized, d cavit, that the marriage had a dismal failure he ought, unques- lly, to have gone his way, giving tention to the book about Siberia ulfilling his engagements to lecture cago and elsewhere. But a sorrow- iosity and the instincts of chivalry d him to the feet of his mistress. or her part, welcomed him warmly house ; played Chopin to him ; ran nut of a thousand topics, and never oned the name of her husband. She uched lightly upon her illness, and ynd, with the perfect sympathy of r, had understood its significance. measure accurately the difference en the Chetwynd of 1890 and the ynd of 1892, the change in his outnan must be considered. He was ; grimmer, and altogether older, he flight of two short years war- ; his step had lost its spring ; his portion of their brilliance. Hard- had traced deeper lines across his brows, and the rigors of an Arctic e had thinned his cheeks.

ou need rest," said Helen, in her incisive tones.
est," he returned, " is as hard to s happiness. The Christians have t both are only to be found in n."

eaven,— I am tired of the word. not make heaven out of earth ? it can be done. A strong man's gence might, one would think, comhe task. We all have a chance of g a heaven and most of us pass it I know what material I have had e use I have made of it. It is not a t that I care to discuss. And we

women are cruelly hampered. Metaphorically speaking, our petticoats are continually staying our progress. Our great mistakes in life are chiefly to be laid at the door of ignorance, but men cannot plead that as an excuse for themselves. Take yourself, for instance, petticoats and ignorance have not hampered you. Do you know, Mr. Chetwynd, you are an enigma to me."

" Every man is an enigma to himself."

" Most men," she continued, lying back in the soft cushions of her couch, and speaking slowly, " hang out their bravest bunting to the world, but you prefer to flaunt a black flag in the faces of your friends. Why did you once take such very particular pains to make me think ill of you ? "

She was standing upon the brink of the abyss, but like her father, she prided herself upon her freedom from vertigo.

" Your question provokes another. Why, taking me at my own valuation, as you say, a low one ; why did you court a renewal of — "

" Friendship," interrupted Helen. " I can count you as a friend, Mr. Chetwynd ? "

" You can indeed."

" Friendship," said Helen, " between man and woman is a dainty fabric ; easily soiled and torn. Shall we, for an experiment, try and keep its woof intact, and," —she smiled,— " forbear mutually to ask ill-considered questions ? "

" So be it," he answered, somewhat displeased at her coolness. There was, however, a quality about it, that fascinated. He admired pluck and presence of mind, but Helen's intellectuality argued — so he reflected — a certain hardness of heart, a bluntness of that sensibility which men most value in the weaker sex. At her express wish he called often at her house and they met continually at the houses of friends. San Francisco is so

small and the persons who compose the upper crust of society are upon such inconveniently familiar terms with each other that this intimacy naturally begat some gossip. A married woman in America finds the orbit of her flirtations constricted. She has not the license of her more fortunate sister in Paris or London, but if she entertains handsomely and is upon good terms with the press she can do, within certain limits, what she pleases. The editor of the *Hornet* may have been tempted to infuse a little venom into his paragraphs, but he probably remembered that passes are only issued for the current year and governed himself accordingly. It pleased Mrs. Desmond to sit in corners with Chetwynd and to play the piano to him. It pleased Chetwynd to hire a small yacht and make up select water parties. It pleased Hector to play polo at Santa Monica and catch yellow-tails off Catalina Island, and take unmentionable misses for moonlight drives in his tally-ho.

Good-natured ladies with indiscreet husbands whispered to Helen some startling stories which came from the South, but she turned to her kind friends an indifferent ear.

"I'm really delighted to hear," she said at a very swell ladies' luncheon, "that Hector is enjoying himself away from me. I have pictured him torn in two between love and duty. His love, you know, for Santa Monica, where I understand he is quite looked up to as a superior being, and his duty to me."

After that sally she was unmolested.

But Hector was not enjoying himself at Santa Monica,—quite the reverse. He had left town in the hope of washing off those carking worries which defied Roederer and the best French cognac. Care, his doctor had suggested, often fattens on brandy, but dislikes, as a general rule,

salt water and plenty of polo. Care ever, in Desmond's case stood her going bravely and made herself quite home in the saddle. To tell the truth, Hector was furiously jealous. He heard of the piano-playing and the parties at Sausalito. Some of his friends—under the influence of strong wine—chaffed him openly. The women he simpered and sympathized. Both sympathy and chaff were alike unendurable on a hygienic diet. Accordingly, ignoring the commands of his physician, he commenced drinking again, harder than ever. Polo affords an excellent excuse for absorption of juleps and iced punches and salt water, as we all know, leaving an odious taste in the mouth for whisky. O. P. S. Bourbon is an amazing corrective. His troubles came upon him in talions. Cattle, all over the State, were selling for a song; his sheep onmond's Island were dying of disease, his hotel of his, appraised value, \$100,000, burned to the ground, uninsured!

He made a confidant of Chris Casper, who had shaken quiet Santa Monica to its center by his presence and execellent genius. This gentleman had abated the classic shades of Del Monte in his spleen, (due to the presence of a saucy Italian marquis, who had the bad taste to introduce and lead matinee cotillions), but the sunshine of Santa Monica chased the frowns from his round, dimpled face, and gloomy thoughts of revolution were put to flight by the elaboration of his intricate bathing suit figure which danced by moonlight on the sand, *fuoco*, and the fame of which filled all the hotels. Moreover, he made the best chowder in the world, and his baked in sea-weed were the despair of amateur cooks.

To Chris, Desmond complained bitterly. They were sitting together on the sand, smoking cigarettes.

won't stand this much longer," he throwing a stone at a wounded emot which fluttered, with broken , along the edge of the water. en I think of what I've done for woman."

lave you done very much, Desmond? you, I've a very sincere liking and ct for your wife. Why, man, I ht her out, and danced her first ger-with her. I'd stake my last bean rs. Desmond. She's a chip of the ock."

You've hit it, Chris. She takes after old man, damn him. She looks at me as he does, as if I were dirt."

Well, Desmond, you did come from od, you know." (Chris Candy's were as mild as his cigars.)

She isn't a bit like an ordinary an. She won't kiss and be friends. irl was ever loved as I loved her. e we were engaged I could n't eat." You've made up for it since."

Or sleep, or enjoy a game of poker. ; the craziest fool you ever saw." n my humble opinion, Desmond, are a crazy fool still. Look at the you go on. Drinking, gambling, and e. Do you expect an American an to stand that?"

She drove me to it."

I don't believe it. Your wife is too for you, dear boy. She is too sen-to—"

Cold as a frog," murmured Des-1, lighting another cigarette.

She is too sensible, I say, to play neek, submissive, loving wife. That played out. The Amelia Osborne of woman is a back number. Our siecle wives (Chris was a bachelor) more after Becky Sharp. Not that spare Mrs. Desmond to Becky,—perhe thought."

Who the devil is Becky Sharp? I r met her. Stick to the text, Chris.

I say my wife never sized me up right. I'm just as good as the next man. I pay my way. I go to church. I subscribe handsomely to all the charities."

" You come up to your own standard, no doubt, but your wife won't accept that, and a good thing, too. I should like," said the genial Chris, tracing a true lover's knot in the sand, " I should like my wife to set a high standard for me. It would spur me on, I fancy, to attain to it. No, no, dear boy, Mrs. Desmond has sized you up according to your deserts. She's not going to worry herself ugly because you've proved yourself of inferior clay. You've come to me with a tale of woe, and I'll give you a pointer. I'm older than you and a heap wiser. If you doubt it, ask Billy, the bartender. He will tell you that I always know when to quit, and you don't. Now there is one of two things for you to do. You can either brace up, like a man, and turn over a new leaf, or you can go to the bow-wows coolly without making an absurd fuss. At the clip you've set lately I give you one year and then!" He pointed expressively to the sand at their feet.

" Pooh! I'm as strong as a horse. I could pitch you into the sea from here, Chris, and I've half a mind to do it. No one gets mad with you, but you've gone far enough."

" I say you'll go pop one of these days. Drink has laid out many a Hercules."

Desmond rose to his feet and walked moodily away. He had asked for bread and Chris, the volatile Chris, had tendered him a stone, nay, had flung it at his head. Candy's friends, their name was Legion, spoke of him disrespectfully to his face and behind his back. Only his enemies gave him credit for the rich common sense latent beneath the veneer of frivolity.

The private car "Menominee" sped eastward through the smiling corn lands of Nebraska, and in its wake — but forty-eight hours behind — traveled the report of Caleb Haskins, the private detective. The secret agent had prosecuted his inquiries faithfully and diligently, but, for a season, fruitlessly. Miss Stella Johnson, despite her striking personality, proved an unknown quantity. Chance, however, perfidious jade, furnished a clew which ultimately gave Mr. Barrington the information he sought.

It happened — fortunately for Caleb Haskins — that our old friend, the historian Cassius Quirk, was in Los Angeles. To this gentleman, who was a walking *chronique scandaleuse* with the memory of Charmidas, Mr. Haskins addressed himself. Cassius had been of service to him in the past and the agent for his part had furnished the reporter with more than one valuable "scoop." These facts smoothed the way.

"Desmond?" said Mr. Quirk, who still wore frayed linen (he had a mother to support) and indecent boots. "Why, certainly I know Desmond. You mean the son-in-law of Uncle Rufus?"

"Yes, Hector Desmond. He owns the Desmond Block and the Lord knows what besides."

"A wine-drinking sport," said Cassius, winking his left eye. "At least he used to be. Jee whillikins, but he made things hum down here, but he did it on the quiet. "Handsome Hector," the girls called him. Fresh as a daisy."

"Very fresh, so I understand," said Mr. Haskins gravely.

"One of the boys," assented Cassius, "but fond of the girls."

"Surprising, Charley, ain't it, that he should have married the daughter of Mr. Barrington?"

"Not at all. Desmond has a nice little song and dance."

"A nice little what?"

"I mean he impresses people favorably. Touch of the blarney without the bray. Reg'lar lady killer. Sings like a canary."

"Lady killer," repeated Mr. Haskins thoughtfully. "I don't like that business, Charley."

"You ain't put up right for the world," said Cassius with engaging candor. "Indeed Mr. Haskins had a somewhat insignificant presence. He limped slightly, carrying a bullet in his left leg which impeded locomotion, and his hair (what there was of it) and complexion suggested ginger. A small man, without a man's self-assertion, he halted the life unnoticed save upon rare occasions when, in the eyes of evil-doers, he denly assumed the proportions of a giant."

"Never mind me," replied the detective good-humoredly. "Tell me, Charley, did n't I once hear some talk about Desmond and a dark-haired, white-faced girl?"

He drew his bow at a venture. The banker had shrewdly surmised from the manner that Stella herself might be the girl in question. Acting upon this hint Mr. Haskins spoke.

"You're a sharp 'un, you are," said Cassius admiringly. "I thought your story was buried away down deep in the hills. Old Benton, who used to edit the *Courier*, got the facts from me. I turned to the racket by chance, but the business was squared."

"Dear me," sighed Haskins, "wouldn't it be nice if there, Charley, that you don't know. I wish I'd met you before. Say, Charley, would you eat a dozen oysters on the half shell?"

"Could I?" said Cassius, taking a briskly the hypogastric region. "Could I, Charley? Yes, sir, I think it might be done."

They adjourned to a quiet restauran-

re Mr. Haskins ordered a snug meal two. Oysters, a tenderloin, a couple bottles of Pilsener, and a crab salad. All these viands were disappearing. Haskins talked upon indifferent topics, not wishing to broach what was uppermost in his mind until the vessel was ready to receive it and, so to speak, incited.

"Charley," he began, when Cassius had a third helping of crab salad, "you're much too fly to fool with. I'm going to be square with you from the word 'I want the inside history of that set of Desmond's. That's what I'm after. Now, if you can give me the facts I'll take particular pains to give, some day, value received. More I'll pay over ten per cent of my fee, which will be a handsome one."

"There's no reason," replied Cassius thoughtfully, "why I shouldn't give the papa away. Benton got a big wad for pinning his mouth shut, but he never died. Not a nickel did I get, and the weeks in those days loomed up big as years to me. To be honest with you, Caleb, I'd like to make a little turn. Times are tight as wax, and I went on a man's note and had to pungle. Yes, sir, spondulicks would come in mighty handy, but the facts, Caleb, as you were saying, are cold, and I don't know that I ought to warm 'em up again. You see," he expanded his chest and cocked his chin, "you see, Caleb, I'm on pretty intimate terms with the Barrington family."

Mr. Haskins laid down his knife and fork in sheer amazement.

"Now, Charley," he murmured re-approachingly, "that don't go."

"But it's a fact, all the same," retorted Mr. Quirk. "Dick Barrington is a friend, my personal friend. You can't that down, old feller, for keeps. I'd be my friend, and a white man,

as white as they make 'em, by golly, and Handsome Hector being his brother-in-law, I propose naturally to keep my mouth shut."

"But," cried the detective eagerly, "if I told you, Charley, that this information was in no way to be used against Mr. Desmond. If I told you, and I will tell you because I know you won't give it away, that Mr. Barrington himself wants this information, — what then?"

"Why then," cried Cassius, winking furiously, "you'd better order some more beer and the cigars!"

"The story," said Mr. Quirk, sucking contentedly at his cigar, and speaking by fits and starts, "ain't a clean one, Caleb. It ain't to the credit of Handsome Hector, — and that reminds me of the headline old Benton had in pickle for him. Let me see. Yes, yes, I have it, a lovely bit of alliteration. 'Hell howling for Hector!' Neat, eh? — and appropriate. Benton had quite a gift for headlines. Why I remember one he —"

"Charley," entreated the detective. "Don't let that memory of yours jump the track. I can only keep one thing in my head at a time."

"Well, sir, at that time I was on the staff of Benton's paper, and boarded just out o' town with some people of the name of Ramage. Mrs. Ramage was on the sick list, peaky as a chicken with the gapes, and forever complaining like Mrs. Gummidge, but she must have been in her day a sparkler. Ramage, too, was a good looking man, but he'd lost his grip: been in the jug for embezzlement and could n't look a feller square in the eye. But the daughter — there was only one child — by the beard of the Prophet she was a stunner. Perhaps you've seen her?"

"No."

"Caleb, old man, she'd have stirred your sluggish pulses like wine. Miss

Ramage was a stunner, and brainy, too, with a memory nearly as good as mine. I don't know exactly how she and handsome Hector first became acquainted, but pretty soon he was coming regularly to the house evenings, and making himself solid with the old folks. Singing sentimental songs to Mrs. Ramage and giving the old man cigars. That was one of the dirtiest features of the case. He went to work deliberately. You see, Caleb, there may be some excuse for a young full-blooded feller makin' up to a pretty girl, but when he begins by blarneying the mother and doping the father with a view to future monkeyin' with the girl, why then it's tough."

Mr. Haskins shook his head solemnly.

"Charley, you're a slick writer, but I tell you this here monkeyin' with innocent females, unless legitimate and matrimonially O. K., ain't to be excused on the score of blooded youth. No, sir."

"Brayvo!" cried the historian, applying himself with renewed vigor to the Pilsener. "Brayvo, Caleb! Bully for you, old son! I'll admit from the family man's point of view it ain't according to Hoyle, but I say excuses may be found for the sinners and it would n't do for me or for an old pachyderm like you to throw rocks at 'em,—eh? But when a feller plots and plans with devilish cunning to ruin a girl who thinks him first cousin to the angel Gabriel, why then, Caleb, lynching, in my humble opinion, is too easy a death for him."

"That's so," admitted Mr. Haskins. "How would biling tar go?"

"First rate, Caleb; but wait till I get through and then think of something even more lingering, as the Mikado would say. To tell the truth," he continued, "I had my eye on Hector from the fall of the flag. His gait did n't suit me a little bit. He didn't trot true to my notion and his eye was wild. But Mrs. Ramage was

forever singing his praises and one Ramage comes to me. 'Charley,' says, 'I understand that this young mond is well fixed.' 'Yes,' I said, 'father'—this thing happened just b— the old man died—'owns half the ea— 'D' ye think,' says Ramage, 'tha— could stick him for, say, fifty dollar; be repaid with interest?' Caleb, i— there I had an inspiration. I knew t— Handsome Hector was close as a — with his coin. I'd struck him myself a dollar, just one dollar, and he told to go to Tophet. 'Now,'—thinks I, Ramage gets fifty dollars out of He— this thing is serious and it's more — likely that the feller will pungle, bu— he asks for five hundred at one lick, — scare him to death, and Hector will qui—

"That was smart," said Mr. Has— approvingly. "I did n't give you cr— Charley, for being able to calckilate that. Sech work is perfessional."

"If I were you, Mr. Ramage," I sa— 'I'd ask Desmond for a clean five hundred. That will straighten out yo— affairs in good shape. He calls him your friend. Use him.'

"That was what I said, Caleb, w— the best of motives, but I wish inste— I'd sewn my mouth up. For Rama— took my advice and —"

"He never got the money?" cried M— Haskins, his small eyes aglow with citemtment.

"Yes," replied Cassius gloomily, "got the cash. A miser would n't ha— begrudging twice that sum for such sweet morsel as Stella Ramage. Caleb, five hundred dollars was the pr— Desmond paid for a girl worth a mil— I quit boarding with the Ramages wh— saw the trend of things and knew th— could n't, to save me, put a spoke in Hector's wheel, but I got the facts fr— the old man. He died at the Cour— Hospital, and just before his call came

for me. It seems that some three weeks after I left Mrs. Ramage took to bed and died. The old gentleman e that Stella went down upon her s and asked her lover for the money nd her mother to be treated by some alist in the city, but he'd got in his lish work and wouldn't put up a el. Mrs. Ramage died easy, slipped cable, so her husband said, in her and in ignorance of what had been Stella. And now, Caleb, comes ueer part of the story. As soon as funeral was over Stella tells her r all and he naturally went crazy rage. He admitted to me that he fool enough to think that Desmond ed to marry his daughter, and that g him money, he did n't like to inconvenient questions. Hector, of se, was banking on that very thing. ever, the old chap loads up a Colt's -five caliber, which he had by him, claps the muzzle of it against Des d's face. 'Marry my girl,' says he, by God, I'll kill ye.' Well, sir, dsome Hector wilted; went to pieces swore by the holy poker he'd marry a. But the girl—she was nervy, eb—would n't have him. Told him t there what she thought of him, let have it right and left; and Lord, n it came to talking, was n't she a ilder striker. Ramage said that when got through with Handsome Hector e was n't enough man left in him to e up with blotting paper. He whined a cur and slunk from the house. I'd to have snapped him off with a ak just then. The starch was out of , you bet, and the swagger."

Mr. Quirk once more applied himself he beer. He prided himself upon his versational powers, and felt that he "in the vein." Mr. Haskins made a or two, and ordered twenty-five- fift cigars. The ordinary brands—two

for a quarter—were, under the circumstances, not quite enough.

"Of course," continued Cassius, "I've only the word of Ramage for this yarn, but I don't think he had the nerve to face his Maker with a lie upon his lips, and he died the very next day. Stella? No I don't know what became of her? Desmond offered her money, and upon my soul, I wonder she did n't kill him. However, when Ramage was under ground I began to study over his reasons for telling me the story, and I came to the conclusion that, I being a newspaper man, he wanted me to hold the cuss up to public scorn. So I told Benton. Green of me, was n't it? Of course Benton hogged the whole thing and left me out. That was the reason I quit Los Angeles; and mother being at Menlo, I was glad to do odd jobs for the *Enquirer*. It all turned out for the best. Here I am now on the staff of the biggest daily west of the Rockies, and making a name for myself, I might have used the story, but I decided to keep it to myself. It has n't improved with age, either," he added with a smile, "I've given you, Caleb, the cold facts."

More talk followed and more beer flowed. Finally the thirst of the historian was temporarily slaked and the two men shook hands cordially and parted.

"I'm under the biggest obligations to you, Charley," said Mr. Haskins, "and when the fee comes I'll drop you a line."

He hobbled to his hotel, produced from his satchel paper, pen, and ink, and commenced his report, coloring the points of the narrative with pigments supplied by Cassius which imparted a still more Stygian hue to the villain of the story, the honey-lipped knave, Desmond.

The following morning he took the cars and rolled contentedly back to the metropolis. Upon arrival he learned, to his dismay, that Rufus Barrington had gone East.

XIII.

WHILE Desmond was furnishing motive power to the tongues of the good gossips of San Francisco, Stella Johnson, after many hours of painful consideration, had taken a somewhat remarkable step. Remarkable, that is to say, if the reader will bear in mind the character of the woman. She was possibly one of the last persons in the world to abuse the privilege of her sex. Change of mind was odious to her. She had, like Tito Melemma, a talent for reticence, a talent which tickled agreeably her sense of humor. An insinuating silence misleads inquisitive folks most comically. Nine women out of ten will infer more from a raised eyebrow than they could deduce from a dozen sentences. At the hospital Stella had practised assiduously this art. Her smile in itself was a three-volume romance, and her frown an epic. Both smile and frown had engrossed unduly the conversation of her fellow nurses, each having a theory of her own constructed upon the frailest evidence, the testimony of facial expression.

But Stella had another side of her character. Her code of honor, carefully formulated, was iron clad as Cato's. It might be her whim and pleasure to throw dust into the eyes of a pack of inquisitive girls, but to wilfully deceive a loyal friend was another matter. The warmth of Helen's friendship had evoked at last a response. Recognizing the limitations of her (Helen's) nature, to wit:—a quick temper, passionate prejudices, an almost morbid intolerance of meanness and sensuality, and a headstrong indifference to the censure of others, she had learned to love and admire her many good qualities, and amongst these her engaging candor. Early in their intimacy the thought presented itself that this friendship, which had ripened on her part so slowly, was

likely to prove a sensitive plant. It had thriven, so it seemed to her, in the artificial atmosphere of deception, but would bud and blow under natural conditions. It was true that Helen had repelled rather than invited an avowal of her ill-doings, but this fact, now spurred her to the confession. Accordingly although she had missed sadly the hope of plenary absolution at the hand of her friend and patroness, she decided to tell her frankly the whole wretched story, merely suppressing the name of Hector. After the letter she had written to him the mention of his name would be unwarrantable.

Having thus decided, she seized the first opportunity and recited concisely and without extenuation, the unvarnished facts. The realism of these, graphically described in an even, monotonous tone, cannot be set forth. With an eye to the eternal fitness of things the girl had selected the laboratory for a confessional box; the laboratory with its whitewashed walls, its bare boards, its dustless windows. The hard, practical work-a-day environment gave a neutral setting to the story. It emphasized the immense difference between speaker and listener; it suggested, in connection with Stella's severely simple dress, the struggle for daily bread; it threw into cold relief the well defined angles of poverty and suffering, and of sin.

She stood, like a prisoner at the bar, her head slightly inclined and her hands upon the edge of the table. A few feet away Helen sat, rigidly upright, in a chair. The summer sun streamed into the room, touching with prismatic tints the glassware upon the shelves and transforming with magic rays the brass instruments into gleaming gold. It fell also, upon the stern features of the speaker, accentuating the pallor of the cheeks and the purple lines beneath the eyes. She might have moved, sure

to the shadow away from the dazzling
re, but probably she courted the
it, willing that it should shine upon
, and if it were possible, bleach her
il.

"He stripped me," she concluded sor-
vfully, "of my self-respect. He left
a thing of shame, set apart from pure
men, branded with infamy. He has
bed me, I suppose, of your friendship
l the friendship of others like you."

"No, no," cried Helen, springing from
chair, "he has not done that, Stella.
u willfully misinterpret the feeling I
ve for you. Do you count me a fair
ather friend? If you do, I shall find
hard to forgive you. See, I can kiss
u more tenderly than I could have done
hour since. My poor Stella."

"You are a noble woman, Mrs. Des-
nd."

"I?" she laughed scornfully. "I no-
! Why, Stella, if I were truly noble I
uld forgive and pity not only you but
so the sorry scrub who wronged you.
ut for him I have nothing but hatred
d contempt. It is extraordinary to me
at you did not kill him with your own
nd. Not a jury in the West would
ive convicted you."

"I intended to kill him," admitted
ella slowly. "When he begrimed
e few paltry dollars which might have
ved my mother's life I made up my
ind to kill him as soon as she was in her
ave. Sitting beside her bed at night
atching the insidious progress of her
sease, I thought of nothing else. In
ancy my fingers were continually at his
roat, strangling the life he valued as he
ad strangled the desire of life in me.
ill him? I could have killed him a
ousand times."

"What prevented you?"

"Hysteria," said the girl curtly. "My
isurable body over-powered my will.
fter the funeral I broke down. I had

fasted for days, for a week I had not
slept a full hour, for a month I had suf-
fered the tortures of neuralgia. Yes, I
broke down like any other girl, and
sobbed out my story to father. No need
then for me to think of killing. But, as
I told you, he—he offered to marry me,
and that stayed father's hand."

"Your father was wrong," said Helen
savagely. "Such men are not fit to be
at large. Have you kept track of him?"

"Yes."

"Has he done more mischief?"

"I fear so."

"Exactly. He is at once a menace
and a disgrace to society. You say he is
rich, young, handsome. Probably he has
married?"

"Yes, he has married."

"His wife," said Helen with a harsh
laugh, "is to be envied. Of course he
married her under false pretenses. Your
little story, for instance, was not sub-
mitted to her together with the engage-
ment ring. Why, the man should hang
high as Haman, a scarecrow to other
birds of prey, but, Stella,"—her voice
softened delightfully,—"I'm forgetting
you in my indignation. So you really
thought that this would sever our friend-
ship? Foolish girl. It has rather
cemented it. Had you married this man
when to save his worthless life he was
willing to make you his wife, then, my
dear, I should have despised you."

Stella for answer bent her head and
kissed Helen's hand.

"I despise myself," continued Helen.
"I married a man, knowing that the love
and respect which a wife should accord
her husband could never be his. But he
loved me, my body, that is to say, and
his passion made a brave showing."

A few days later, their relations be-
coming hourly more confidential, Stella
suggested divorce as a drastic remedy.

"I'm too proud," said she, "to do that, and he will not try to divorce me and with me this house and his position in society. No, no, the farce must be played out to its ignoble end. I could not drag my troubles in the ooze of the courts and Mr. Desmond"—the scorn in her voice was indescribable—"will never forget that he is the son-in-law of Rufus Barrington. Before he went to Santa Monica his absurd jealousy prompted him to speak of his rights. Of course I laughed in his face. Stella, you and I have suffered at the hands of men, but our suffering has been deserved. We cannot ignore that. But the salt of life has not lost its savor. I'm intensely interested in others. Not the hum-drum kind, but men and women who have suffered and are strong. I admire strength. There is Mr. Chetwynd. What do you think of him?"

"I have only seen him once or twice. I heard him lecture. He impressed me as a very strong man with a tremendous grip upon himself."

"He has more self-control than usually falls to the lot of a man. Men are poor creatures when it comes to governing themselves. A school girl could give many a gray-beard lessons in the art of choking down the baser instincts. Mr. Chetwynd, as you say, is a strong man, but the strongest men have their moments of weakness. I never see a caged tiger but I wonder what he would do if he were loose."

"Some women loose the tiger," said Stella. "It's a dangerous experiment."

"I think I could keep my head," said Helen proudly.

Her thoughts wandered afield. Chetwynd, of late, had seemed to shun her. In a thousand ways, only to be appreciated by a woman, he had given her to understand that their frequent meetings for him were a source of pain rather than

pleasure. She had imperiously ignored this. That he loved her was beyond question. That his love would remain audible expression was not so certain. They met, as men cunningly fence meet daily in a salle d'armes, respecting and admiring the skill of the other. To Helen these meetings were inexplicably fascinating. Sure of herself she accepted gladly the intellectual pleasure of Chetwynd's society. Her heart—so she told herself—was under control, and the baser, physical part of her nature was under control.

It never occurred to her that in such case no parallel can exist between a man and a woman, and it annoyed her to note the change of attitude on the part of the man. It argued weakness, and she admired in Chetwynd was strength. Only the day before he had spoken of his publishers and the imperative necessity of a trip East to launch his new book, now almost completed.

"Let your publishers see it through the press," she had suggested.

"Impossible."

"Then throw it into the bay."

He frowned and made no reply. Sometimes her flippancy distressed him. She was not serious, he was aware, in her suggestion. On the contrary she had taken the keenest interest in his manuscript, listening delightedly to the corrections he had read aloud, and suggesting some notable improvements. Her critical faculty was well trained and her comments upon certain hastily written portions unpleasantly caustic. On the score therefore, of indifference to his fame as an author he had no complaint to make. But he had recognized in her an element of selfishness which, although he made allowance for it, disturbed him. "Of course she is selfish," he thought, "but an amazing thing is that she can consider others at all after such an experience."

had remarked, however, that her con-
ration for others was rather circums-
cribed by the horizon of her own sym-
pies and tastes. Hum-drum folk —
he had told Stella — were not to her
taste. Since her return home she had
fitted and equipped an extra ward in the
man's Hospital. She had again and
again placed herself and her carriage at
the disposal of some sickly, anaemic soul
whose only claim to her kindness was an
absence of red blood corpuscles. When
healed to by other charitable organiza-
tions she would subscribe a small sum,
if pressed, reply with a smile, "I am
interested in your work, you know. I
do what I can for women and children.
It is my line. Good morning."

While Helen was sitting absorbed in
thought, Stella had resumed the daily
work of the laboratory. She was accus-
ed to her friend's fits of abstraction.
such times she knew, with an inward
sense, that the study of the inorganic was
giving in a livelier interest in the animal
kingdom. Helen's mental aberrations
had given her not a little. Her enthusiasm,
for instance, on the subject of microscopy
was certainly waning. Half of the morn-
ing she devoted to science and the other
half to art. "I must not neglect Chopin,"
she said apologetically, some ten days
after the microscope arrived, "and my
afternoons, of course, belong to my
hobbies."

Stella smiled discreetly and continued
her experiments. She liked her patron —
none the less because she had other
interests in life. She herself worked
away morning, noon, and night, begrudging
not the hours spent at table, in exercise,
or in sleep. But she always looked
forward only to seeing Helen in the
laboratory. Her very presence, in the
best of tailor gowns, revitalized her
energies, and her silvery laugh was a pos-
itive tonic. Had the two women been

thrown continually together their pleasure
in each other's society might have
been impaired.

Stella was experimenting with vegeta-
ble poisons; applying to them — under
the powerful lenses of the microscope —
the most delicate tests. From analyzing
all the groceries in the house, Helen and
she had proceeded by easy steps to the
field of toxicology. "Almost an undis-
covered country," said Stella, as they
entered it; and the phrase commended
itself to Helen. Anything or anybody
that whetted her curiosity appealed to her
strongly.

The girl, as she worked, hummed softly
the lilt of a song. She was feeling almost
happy, light-hearted with the conscious-
ness of an intolerable burden removed.
Her singing aroused Helen.

"Well," she said suddenly, in her
usual sprightly tone, "have you come to
any decision about the tiger. One would
like to see, not to feel, his claws,—eh?"

"Tigers are very interesting, no
doubt," said Stella, "but I'm giving my
attention this morning to toad-stools. Do
you see this sirup?" She held up a
small bottle with an air of triumph.

Helen looked at it with interest.

"I have just isolated that. It is one of
the most powerful alkaloids known to
chemists, and it leaves no trace in the
human system. I have tried again and
again and always failed. The German
method would not work with me, so I in-
vented one of my own, and see the result.
This will surprise Doctor Fortescue."

"And its name, Stella?"

"Muscarine. The active, poisonous
principle of the fly fungus, *Agaricus mus-
caria*. I found lots of them in Golden
Gate Park. You know the Czar Alexis
died from eating it."

"Stella, you have an awful power!
These vegetable poisons are terrible
things."

"Knowledge of them is confined to the few, and ultimately, I believe, science will find tests for them all and take away their danger. That is what fascinates me. If I could find some of these tests, I should be famous."

"Tell me more about muscarine."

"The fungus," said Stella, laying down the bottle and picking up a specimen, "properly prepared produces intoxication. Its physiological effects are identical with those of acute alcoholism. The Tartars use it for that purpose."

"I shall express some to Mr. Desmond," remarked Helen. "Go on."

Stella obeyed. Upon the subject of poisons she proved a very mine of information.

"How much you know," sighed Helen.

"I have worked hard," said the girl proudly, "and my memory is good."

"So is mine, Stella; but, as Papa says, I scatter too much. And I only remember the things that interest me. Now I can repeat what you have told me about this muscarine—almost word for word, because its subtle qualities appeal to my imagination, but I couldn't run over the names of the metals which I tried to memorize only last week. Yttrium, for instance. Is it possible to enthuse over Yttrium? No. Then why burden the memory with its name? But muscarine,—what strange fancies the poison evokes. I daresay some modern Brinvilliers will use it,—perhaps is using it now,—with deadly effect."

Stella smiled as she rattled on.

"After all, Mrs. Desmond, my toadstools are stronger than your tigers."

"Ah, the tigers! Mr. Chetwynd reminds me something of a tiger. He has the queerest look in his eyes at times. He has never been tamed. His claws are not cut. Stella, I must see those claws, just once."

"How queerly you talk at times."

"I feel queer at times," retorted Helen.

"I rebel against the commonplace. We are all so dull here in San Francisco, rot, like the 'fat weed.' I suppose women feel as I do an intolerable aversion to the conventionalities when the conventionalities tread too closely on the inclinations. It's the savage cropping. The point at issue with me is how may we trust these aboriginal instincts? I have absolute faith in myself, of course. Liberty, in my case, would never degenerate into license."

Stella winced. In her gay thoughtlessness Helen had stabbed her to the heart.

"My dear," she continued in the greatest distress, putting her hand upon the girl's shoulder. "Forgive me. I was speaking at random. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world."

"License," said Stella steadily. "The case of a young woman is almost a necessary corollary of liberty. Who should be so I cannot tell, but my experience is this: the aboriginal instincts, you call them, must be repressed, crushed down, strangled. I held my head as high as any girl. I was confident that under no circumstances would I forget what was due to myself, my better self. I asked myself this very question of yesterday. How far can I go? The woman who asks that question has already gone too far."

"Possibly. But life would be a bore if we only trod the beaten path. I am not afraid of the jungle."

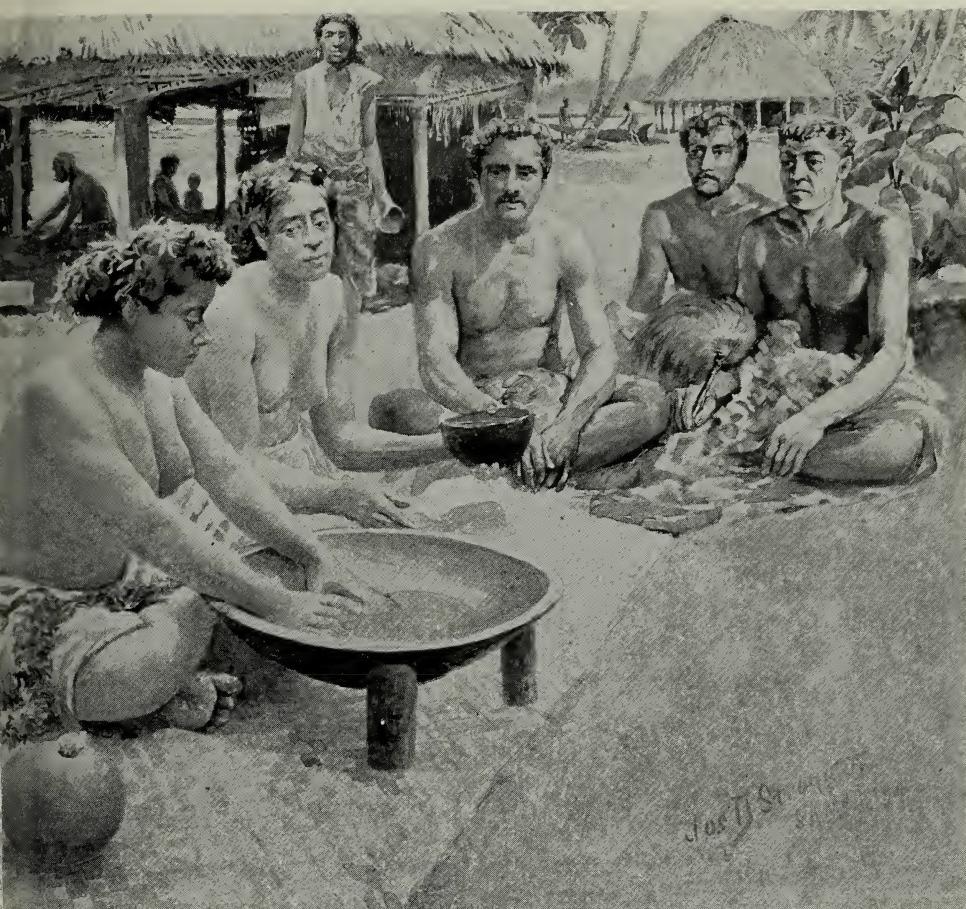
The door opened and the discreet maid presented a card upon a salver.

"Mr. Chetwynd, Ma'am," he murmured respectfully. "In the library."

When the door had closed behind the portly servitor Helen turned.

"The tiger is caged," she said with her gayest laugh. "Shall I examine his claws?"

Horace Annesley Vachell



MAKING KAVA, NEAR APIA. WASH DRAWING.

CALIFORNIA ARTISTS.

II. JOSEPH D. STRONG, JR.



DECIDED variety in the work of San Francisco painters is that of Dwight Strong, Jr., and the va-

riety is not only in handling and technique, but in subjects also. To prove this, it needs only to glance over the illustrations of the present article and to compare them with the work of Raschen, Robinson, or Miss Withrow, as shown in late numbers of the *OVERLAND*.

The South Seas have been the inspiration of most of Mr. Strong's work, so far as it is not just portrait painting, and the opportunities he has had of putting the dreamy life of the tropics on his canvases have not been neglected. His studio is

a strange mingling of Samoa and San Francisco. Savage chiefs look at the visitor from its walls. Palms and tropic sunsets, and the deep blue of the equatorial ocean, give color to the room, and yet all among them are the familiar faces of Mr. Strong's present day sitters, painted with a full brush and a clean stroke that causes the face to stand out boldly from the canvas.

Figure painting is Mr. Strong's best



MISS RITA KEENE. PORTRAIT IN OILS.



MISS RUTH ROBERTSON. PORTRAIT IN OILS.

hold and portraits his choice of subjects available in modern life, especially the portraits that can be made true character studies, full of strength rather than beauty. These he likes to paint as rapidly as the patience of the sitter will permit, objecting much to the piece work necessary when at least the whole figure is not gone over at a sitting.

He was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, of a family of brothers and sisters that have all shown much artistic taste, an inheritance from their mother. His sister, Elizabeth Strong, is the best known of these. When he was two years old he was taken to Honolulu, where his father, a Congregational clergyman, became pastor of the Fort Street Church. After six years of these earliest impressions of tropical life, the boy was brought to San Francisco and at ten went back to Connecticut where he stayed six years. On his return to San Francisco, at the age of sixteen, he began to attract attention by portrait work; for the boy had always had a taste for drawing, and



MR. JAMES HAMILTON. PORTRAIT IN OILS.



A WELL KNOWN MUNICH MODEL. SKETCH IN OILS.



GAUGENGIEGEL, THE ARTIST. SKETCH IN OILS.

nine years of age had had the determination to be a painter. His artistic taste was nourished and given bent by an intimacy with Toby Rosenthal in San Francisco. Rosenthal had then recently returned from Munich and was at work on the canvases that gave him his early fame, and the younger painter was a daily visitor to his studio. Of course Rosenthal sang the praises of Munich and its art opportunities, and thus fired young Strong with an ambition to go there. He continued his work, doing a notable portrait of Hon. J. West Martin at this time, and soon had so demonstrated his powers, that certain wealthy friends were willing to back him in his wish for a course of study abroad.

In 1872, just at the close of the Franco-Prussian War, Strong went to Munich. All Germany was alive with the patriotic flush of triumph, and her artists were aglow with the same spirit and showed it in their work. Carl Piloty was Strong's chief instructor, and Wagner, whose

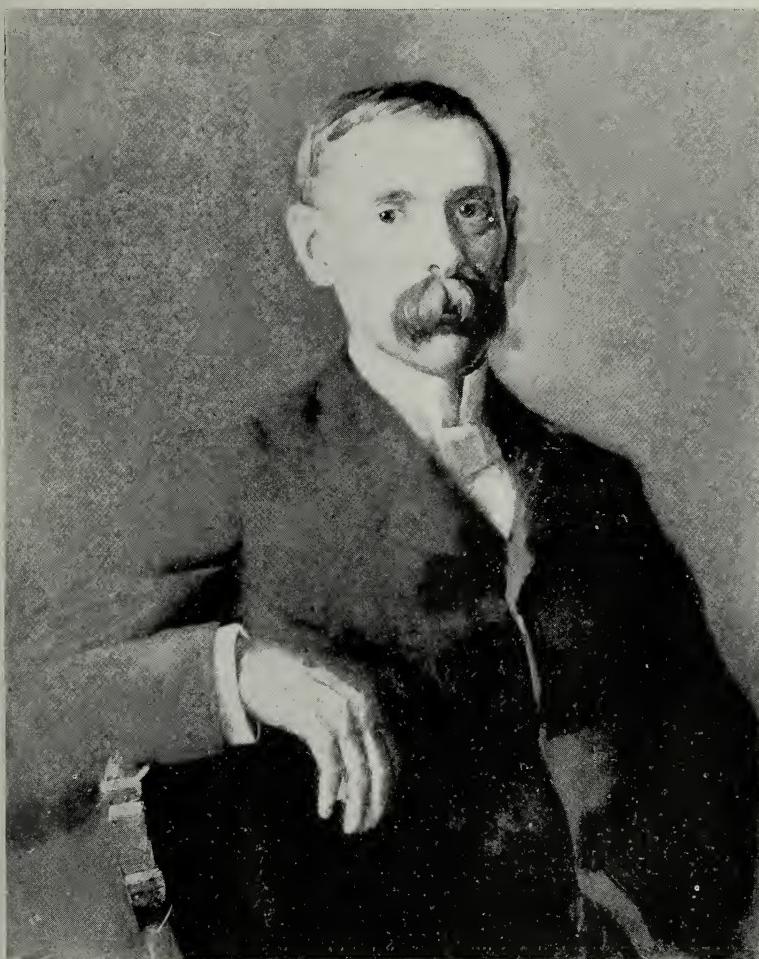


A WALLACE ISLAND CHIEF. SKETCH IN BITUME.

us Chariot Race has delighted the
d, was another. Strong remained at
ch four or five years, gaining in
tic stature from the instructions of
e teachers and from the study of the
asters, which is peculiarly encour-
at Munich.

they appeared in the photograph and
showed how he was aiming at the same
method in his work.

"Painters in the old days did not have
anything to worry about. There was
some respect for art in those days. The
painter did not have to paint his portrait



MR. HUGH M. BURKE. PORTRAIT IN OILS.

st the other day when I visited his
o I found him painting a portrait of
ittle nephew. On the table was one
ne fine Braun photographs of a Van
k portrait, and he called my atten-
to the handling and brush strokes as

to suit the whim of the patron, who was
liable to come for another sitting with a
new style of collar on, and explain that
the fashion had changed and want the
portrait altered accordingly."

About six years after Mr. Strong's re-



LAUNCHING FROM SOPHIA ISLAND. WASH DRAWING.

This Island belongs to Mr. H. J. Moors, and lies between the Samoan and Gilbert Groups.



MOUNT VAEA FROM MULINU POINT. WATER COLOR.

to San Francisco he was sent by the Beckels brothers to the Hawaiian Islands to make paintings there,—a continual commission; for the tropic scenes and peoples were his earliest recollections. He stayed in Honolulu six months and spent five years more in

finished paintings, made in the Pacific islands, besides all that have been made and sold to individuals and to leading Eastern and English periodicals.

In 1893 Mr. Strong cooperated with Mr. Harry J. Moors of Apia, one of the men best known "on the beach," as they say



PUTTING TO SEA FROM PUKA PUKA. A WASH DRAWING.

oa, the Gilberts, and at Sydney, to which last place he went for two winters to regain a health weakened by the long sojourn in the tropics. These years were years of fruitful work, so far as one can judge in such a climate, and the examples here shown are chosen from among a very large number of studies, sketches, and

in those islands, in bringing an extensive exhibit and company of South Sea Islanders to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and again in the following year, a new company to the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco. A multitude of our readers will remember those remarkable exhibits, the warm-skinned, brawny men



A TODDY TREE, GILBERT ISLAND. OIL PAINTING.

and comely women in their weird dances and plaintive or warlike barbaric singing.

Since that time Mr. Strong has lived in San Francisco and has resumed active work at his art, having painted the portraits of many prominent San Francisco people, examples of which are here given.

His work is characterized by strength in handling and boldness of color, and he likes to paint a strong, rugged face, full of determination and force, rather than the delicate and flower like beauty of children, yet that he can do such a child subject in a satisfactory manner is shown by the portrait of the little daughter of Mr. A. M. Robertson of San Francisco and of Miss Rita Keene.

It remains to speak of some of the examples I have chosen as representing Mr. Strong's work, for their subjects are foreign to civilized customs as to need explanation.

"The Making of Kava" is a common enough scene in Samoa and other groups of South Sea islands, for no occasion, ceremony, no formal visit, no large transaction, no important day, lacks this element of ceremonious hospitality. Kava is made from the root of the plant *Piper methysticum*, which is used either dried or green. The prettiest girl at hand is chosen to brew the drink, and if there is no girl in the house it is allowable to go out on the street and call in the first

en that passes to do the kava making a call on her courtesy that she may refuse. She is seated before the , kava bowl, and is given the root slices. She chews each slice in her fully rinsed mouth and thrusts the pulp into her cheeks. When these relishes are full she disgorges into the and continues until enough has chewed for the occasion. Then is poured on the mass and stirred a *fou*, or swab made of fibrous leaves. the attendant presents a *hipu*, or carved cocoanut shell, and it is by means of the spongy *fou*. All aiting crowd now clap their hands, tify the neighborhood that kava is , and the "talking man" calls out loud voice.

resent the cup of kava to his excel- Mr. So and So,"—naming the most guished person present. The cup goes round till the bowl is empty ll have had their share. Graters taken the place of the chewing white ideas of taste have made selves felt, but no sign of these ; in Mr. Strong's picture.

other peculiar custom is less striking shown in the beautiful painting of a interior in one of the Gilbert Is-

This island is an atoll, having a thin soil of coral sand and a small ture of vegetable matter. This accs for the open character of the as shown in the picture, which in tinting is gloriously filled with the al sunshine. The tree in the fore- is a "toddy tree," which is by the footholds, or rather toe-cut into the bark. These are chosen for the purpose of making intoxicating drink. The top shoot is f in such a manner that the sap from the wound flows into a cala-

When it first collects it is a honey liquid, but a fermentation of a few

hours transforms it into a violent intoxicant. This gathering of the sap is entrusted to certain men, who go up the trees in the early morning, and while doing their work sing a weird incantation to the spirit of the tree. These men are readily recognized by the enormous development of their great toes.

The launching scene at Puka Puka, a little atoll of the Ellice Group, on which about five hundred people live, shows what it is necessary to do to get off where a barrier reef makes a lagoon of still water, unaffected by the giant swell of the Pacific. This swell is sometimes twenty feet high and in the picture shown the wave has receded ten or twelve feet. The boat is poised on the edge of the reef, and when the returning swell comes, a vigorous push off is given, and the rowers pull for dear life to prevent being hurled back on the ragged edge by the next roller. The landing is made in much the same way, going over the reef on the crest of the swell and some of the crew jumping out and holding the boat so that the back wash will not carry it out to sea again.

Mount Vaea from Mulinuu Point, gives an idea of the surroundings of Apia. On the top of the mountain is the lonely grave of Stevenson. The Point itself is the seat of the native government, kept from the *eleele sa*, neutral ground, of the port of Apia, where the consuls rule, and was the scene of many fights in the wars between Mataafa, Tamasese, and Laupepa. The well ventilated character of Samoan architecture is readily seen.

The fine head of a Wallace Island chief recalls a pathetic incident of the Midwinter Fair, for the poor fellow died in San Francisco of pneumonia caught from the glorious climate of Golden Gate Park. But the climate was not wholly to blame, as he persistently refused to take the well meant advice of his white friends

and adopt their garments. A shirt seemed to be especially irksome to him, and he simply would not wear one. In the picture the hair is covered with lime, put on to bleach the natural black to the dull golden brown, which the natives much admire.

Mr. Strong's work has been so much figure and portrait painting, that perhaps

I have not given a proper mention to his landscape work. The glories of the sunset, the deep blue of the tropic sky, and the tangle of the tropic bush, live on his canvases in a way that makes one long to see the places themselves, more than do his fine portraits of Indian chiefs and warriors and fair Southern maidens.

Charles S. Green.

TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST. XII.

DOC WILLIS.



DOC WILLIS came to Paradise during the height of its boom as a mining town. A few days after arriving he purchased a large new log cabin at the lower end of Main Street, and hung out his sign. In fact, he hung out two of them; one of black tin at the Post Office, and the other, blue-sanded and gold-lettered, projected from over his cabin door. Although there were other doctors in Paradise, they were much too prudent to make themselves conspicuous by hanging out signs. Paradise in the past had been much favored by doctors, but the death of a patient being shortly followed by the hurried departure of the attending physician, sans everything but his bare life and the anathemas of the dead person's friends, the town had obtained the reputation of being inimical to the medical profession. Therefore, the reckless hanging out of two signs by Doc Willis was viewed with much astonishment by the natives.

Doc Willis was under the average size, quite reticent, wore eye-glasses, and always looked as neat as if he had just

stepped from a band-box. Whether boisterous or noisy in his amusements, still he was a merry little fellow, took things as they came—some that newcomers to the West seldom met with so gracefully—and laughed with a twinkle of his eyes and a humorous tremor of his lips. Except in keeping desirably fit and wearing well-fitting clothes, he was on no style or airs, and visited the various saloons and dance-houses, and everyone else in Paradise except the preachers. He neither drank, swore, nor attended church; nor did he ally himself with either the society "set," the Tongue-Club ("Distanggay" in the vernacular of Paradise), notwithstanding that they would have gladly welcomed him to their circles. Nothing was said of his past. He never spoke of his history or affairs, and although a hail石 had a way about him which made one hesitate before asking any impudent questions. If the "boys" attempted to josh or play practical jokes upon him, he invariably ended by his neatly and humorously turning the joke upon himself. No one tried to bluff or bully him, for he was too good-natured.

ing, and inoffensive, and moreover, never known to say a harsh thing of one.

here were two other doctors in Para-. Each had his headquarters in a -store, of which there were also two e town. The two doctors were at er's points with each other until Doc is came, but as he did not belong to "school," they did not hesitate to that he was an arrant quack, and edately sinking all past differences, ed an alliance, offensive and defen-against the intruder. The new doc-ad very little opportunity to show his ty until—after some months of tedi-waiting—he was called in, as a last t, to attend Shot-gun Davis, the less Company's messenger, who had filled with buckshot by road-agents drugged by the two other doctors his life was despaired of. These, n they heard that Willis had been d in, charitably remarked that, Davis g certain to die of his injuries any- all that Doc Willis could do would kill him a little quicker. However, is did not die, but in a month or so again in his seat as well and hearty ver.

ow the two doctors, having scientifi-given Davis only one day longer to were very indignant at his obstinacy etting well, and gave a thousand nt medical reasons why he should died on time, had he been a reason-and consistent man. His recovery, r the circumstances, confirmed their on that Doc Willis was a "quack," o self-respecting doctor would cure a ent after the patient had been given to die by two other competent and able physicians.

esently Cap Miller of the Lone Jack ng Company was laid by the heels typhoid fever. The two doctors id him up to the point where

they found it necessary to advise Mrs. Miller to reconcile herself and order his shroud, as it would be useless for them to call again. Mrs. Miller, being a decisive and energetic lady, instead of reconciling herself, immediately called on Doc Willis. He at first strongly objected to visiting a moribund patient of the other doctors ; but being a tender-hearted little fellow, he finally gave way to her pleadings and visited the Captain.

The two doctors were shocked at Mrs. Miller's conduct. Could n't she have waited a few hours longer for the Captain's life insurance money, and not have called in Doc Willis to give him quicker dis-patch ? When, a few weeks later, Cap Miller, with rosy cheeks and springy steps, was again attending to his outside business, the two doctors clasped hands and swore that never again would they resign a patient until the lid was screwed on the coffin. They convinced the under-taker, who was naturally a morose and pessimistic man, that he had been meanly swindled, and sarcastically advised that worthy to bury no more cadavers until the "little quack" had been consulted. They said that Willis's new fangled treat-ments were opposed to all medical books, according to which indisputable autho-rities Cap Miller should now be a gibber-ing ghost, and Mrs. Miller be trailing a widow's veil in the mud, instead of run-ning around advertising Doc Willis,—the mere existence of whom was against all medical ethics, modern or ancient.

Then the small-pox came from Chicago. It came in a letter, regularly stamped, and the government exerted itself to de-liver that letter to the dance-girl for whom it was intended ; every other letter she had ever expected miscarried. The dance-girl lavishly distributed the disease until it became epidemic. The two doc-tors went to Denver to attend a conven-tion of their "school," leaving Doc Willis

to attend to the small-pox,—which he did successfully, there being no quack convention to call him away.

When the cloud-burst sent its storm of waters down the cañon, leaving death and destruction in its wake, the other doctors in a dignified way, heroically did all they could to relieve the suffering; still it discouraged them to see the way in which their rival rushed around, as if he were on springs, and apparently everywhere at once. They were friendly enough to take him aside and reason with him that such extreme haste and constant flitting was undignified; but as he only twinkled his eyes and hurried off to look up a lost child for a frantic mother, they consigned him to oblivion as being impervious to the influence of medical ethics.

His increased popularity brought him increased practise, and he continued to cure patients at such an unreasonable rate that the other doctors were at their wits' ends. So exasperating was his successful and impudent quackery, that they flatly refused to say a patient was past hope until they heard the death rattle. They finally became so disgusted that one of them moved to Ironclad district, and the other went to work at his claim on Paradise Hill.

Night or day; rain, snow, or sunshine, found the little Doc—as he was now familiarly called—ready to visit, free of charge, any poor devil who called for his services. He seldom presented a bill, saying his patients would pay him what they could, when they could. He had fastened upon himself the affection and good-will of the townspeople. The old-timers swore by him, and would have permitted no one to chase him away; not if he had killed half the tenderfeet in town—in a professional way. But while everyone but the morose undertaker was his friend, he had no intimates. If he had any preferences at all, they were

for an Episcopal minister, and a retired profane prospector, and an old fellow known as Old Barnett. Being a humorous fellow, he no doubt enjoyed the contrast.

Nearly all of his spare time was spent in putting in and around his cabin. His little front garden bloomed every variety of the abundant wild flowers to be found in the adjoining hills and cañons. He stripped the bark from the log and timber beams, rafters, and inside walls of his cabin, and painted the timbers in various bright hues. A few well-chosen steel engravings hung upon the walls, interspersed with elk and deer-horns. In one corner stood an arms-rack, and in another was a rustic cabinet of mineral specimens and curiosities of various kinds, gathered from the surrounding country. Near the broad, generous fireplace was a room tastefully curtained off with figured muslin, this being his bedroom. A few volumes of standard authors and the latest magazines were neatly piled on his shelf, and scattered over the floor were a number of wolf, bear, and coyote skins, trophies of his skill as a hunter. His cabin was the show place of Paradise, and all who were fortunate to be admitted therein said that they had never seen a more artistic and home-like place.

The cabin was kept as neat and clean as if a woman paid it constant attention, but no woman's footsteps ever profaned its precincts, and consequently the people of Paradise were consumed with an extinguishable curiosity concerning the same, and many were the well-conceived but unsuccessful plots of the gullible creatures to gain admittance through his gate when they called, and there would treat them so courteously and so sweetly, that butter would not melt in his mouth. Neither delicious picnics, cakes, jellies, rare and covetous

er roots, nor sudden cramps, ever led the arch conspirators to get as h as a glimpse of the inside of that notorious cabin. Still, he was no woman ; he was simply a living, and to ladies, a tiresome, example that there at least one man on earth who could e a bed, sweep a floor, and keep but sewed on his clothes, without finding cessary to humble himself to a wo . Therefore the ladies had to be sat-1, perforce, by admiring his flowers or ingering at the gate when passing listening to him softly hum or whistle ches of opera as he fussed about in-

about a year a change began to p over the Doctor. It was one of e changes which come so slowly and liously ; that, when it becomes plainly ble, one is shocked at not having no-1 it before. He had as many kind is for the unfortunate, as much, or e, sympathy for the sick, and as h tenderness for the suffering ; but merry twinkle faded from his blue ; and the winning smile from his th, and he seemed to shrink more in himself daily. His clothes did not im as snugly, nor was he so prim and as formerly, and did not spend so h time fixing up around his pretty n. His actions and demeanor were hetic, as if he had lost all heart in his oundings. He ceased to frequent the ce-houses or saloons, and avoided vds, particularly if any horse-play or ramusement was going on. He be- e so thin, that his face, with the ex- ion of scraps of forehead and chin, almost entirely hidden by his glasses. p thinking spells came over him, in which he was with difficulty aroused ss his services were called for, and he displayed, in a half-hearted way, e of his old-time alertness. An ep- ic of headache raged amongst his

friends ; who wished for an excuse to call and cheer him up ; and the ladies were driven nearly frantic by the increas- ing mystery which seemed to attach to the cabin and its owner.

The little Doctor wrote every few days to a Mrs. Lewis Willis, Cincinnati. Whether this was his wife or mother no one knew. She seemed to be his only correspondent, and for the first seven or eight months, apparently, answered him very promptly ; for the postmaster's wife said his letters were addressed in a lady's handwriting, and often contained pictures or little parcels,— the wives of postmas- ters are seldom mistaken in such state- ments. When he received one of these letters his face brightened, as he strolled to his cabin reading it, and on these days he was merrier than usual. Presently the letters came at longer intervals, though his were mailed to Mrs. Willis with the same regularity as before. As the time between the letters lengthened, his face became proportionately longer, until when they ceased coming at all he was but a shadow of his former self.

Doc hugged his troubles to himself. He neither talked of them nor made complaint. If anyone called at the cabin to cheer him up, he listlessly set the whisky and cigars on the table and withdrew to one side, where he gazed into the fire, or vacancy, for hours, as if his thoughts were far, far away from Paradise and its cares. Sometimes he wandered out into the darkness and did not return until his well-meaning visitors, tired of waiting, had gone away. Gradually his friends abandoned all attempts to cheer him up, for Old Barnett said the "little Doc was plum' worn out with their infernal chatter." Their future efforts were limited to a cheery "Hello, Doc," accompanied by a hearty slap on the shoulder and an invitation to "take something" when they met him up

town. It would have been very unsafe in those days to have tried to impose upon our little Doctor.

He never failed to be on hand when the mail was distributed. Standing in the post-office, with eyes glued on the glass delivery window, he wistfully eyed the post-master as the mail was sorted. Once in a while, when the address was being read on an envelope similar to those in which his letters formerly came, his eyes brightened and his face flushed with expectancy; but when the letter was cast into the general delivery, his bright look faded, his mouth twitched, and his throat worked as if parched. When the last letter had been sorted he turned away with a face of unutterable sadness, and slowly returned to his cabin. The women said that at such times they had often seen tears in his eyes.

The winter had fairly set in, and the little Doctor made it his practise, of late, to reach the stage office some time before the stage was due in the evening, and wait there as if he expected to meet some one, or receive something by it. He selected one particular post, by which he always stood, and this becoming known as "Doc's post," was left vacant for him by the motley throng of idlers who were ever on hand — here, as elsewhere — to meet the coach.

One particular evening, Doc, as usual, stood aloof in the shadow of the awning, waiting for the coach to arrive. He had become so shy and reserved that he disliked to be seen, instinctively knowing that his wan appearance and evident distress excited pity and gave rise to good-natured comment. Quite a heavy snow had fallen during the day; therefore, when the stage drove up to the office an hour behind time, but few of the usual crowd had remained to receive it. After the way-bill, mail, and ex-

press-box, had been handed down, Shotgun Davis peered curiously into the shadows of the awning and called out,

"Isn't Doc Willis here?"

"Yes, Davis; here I am," he quickly answered, straightening up and stepping from the shadow of the awning.

"Hello, Doc, I've got a parcel for you — a prize package, and you'll want to handle it careful, old man, for it's something rare, such as you won't see like of every day. It'll be the principal ornament in your cabin. Here it is take it."

With these words, Shotgun, fumbling around a bundle of stage-coach and blankets that were on the seat behind him, carefully took something from the bundle and held out at arms-length the loveliest, blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl imaginable. She was of like beauty, about four years old, very small for her age. The little girl, so suddenly awakened, stared at her in a wondering, half-frightened way. Doc Willis, as if stricken by a thunderbolt, stood rooted to the spot, staring at the child that was held towards him. After a moment's pause, Davis claimed,

"Well, Doc, if you don't want the package, sign for it and give it to me."

With a convulsive start, Doc stepped forward and held out his arms, the light of the coach-lamps lighting up his distorted features. The child, now thoroughly awake, leaped into his stretched arms with a cry of joyous recognition. She wound her tiny arms around his neck, and laid her cheeks against his, crying out:

"It's my dear papa. I want to see papa."

The next instant her face was turned towards Davis, with her rose-bud lips puckered into a pout; as she made a sharp demand on "Unky Man" (



"DOC, I'VE GOT A PARCEL FOR YOU."

had told her to call him uncle) for her "sick dollie;" which "sick dollie" was his handkerchief, skilfully rolled and knotted into the semblance of a doll, and artistically furnished with mouth, nose, ears, and eyes, by means of a burned match. Davis handed her the "sick dollie" in consideration of a gracious kiss from the dainty little lips; and Doc, who had said nothing, — not even "thank you," — but had smothered the baby with caresses, carried her to his cabin. On his way home some of the by-standers good-naturedly joked him about his "prize package." He looked at them sadly, and in a voice trembling with agitation, said: —

"Boys, I know that you mean well, but don't, for God's sake, don't worry me now. My heart is breaking. Come to the cabin tomorrow and see me if you wish; you will be welcome. But not tonight; not tonight."

"And please tell Unky Man to come see Mabel and dollie," chimed in the fairy.

Many sympathizing looks and kindly thoughts followed Doc and his baby into the cabin. People, some of whom — in a mountain town — seem never to sleep, as they passed, could see through the chinks in the cabin walls the glint of the lamplight, until it faded into the stronger light of day. All intuitively knew that there was mourning over some great, and maybe tragic sorrow in that house; but, with that innate delicacy which is the heritage of mountaineers, none attempted to intrude upon his privacy.

The dawn brought no movement in the cabin. Noon found it still silent as the grave. As the day grew old, some of the men whom Doc had snatched from the jaws of death, carefully reloaded their weapons, in case hidden dangers threatened their friend, needing instant and stringent measures to subdue or ward off.

The evening twilight merged in darkness of night, yet not a sound life had been heard coming from cabin. Not a glimpse had been caught of the Doctor or his baby.

No pencil of light slyly stole through the crevices in the walls. An oppressive, death-like quietness reigned in neighborhood. The usual noises heard in an active mining-town were subdued and smothered, and those passing by the darkened house spoke in awe-struck tones. For a few moments at a time women gathered on the opposite sidewalk, with painful suspense, their fright depicted on their faces. Strained their ears to catch even the slightest sound from its inmates. They caught no sound, however, but a mysterious, crackling noise which always to be heard during the hours of night; an uncanny noise, which cannot be traced to any particular cause or point. The women, in some inexplicable way, knew that a dreadful secret was locked in the intense gloom of the cabin; and though none expressed thoughts in words, "death" was most in each of their minds. In woman's curiosity, they were as broken, because they could not penetrate the dread mystery, as they had been over Doc's peculiar actions and his health. Their minds, tense as the strings with anxious expectancy, vibrated to every whispered remark of wonder and impatience.

No meals had been carried into the cabin since Doc and little Mabel had appeared within its doorway. No smoke curled upward from the chimney, and no cries had been heard from the baby, who, childlike, would surely, and in defiance of any control, express her desire for food in that way. At nine o'clock, Aunty Crullers, of the Miner's Restaurant, declared that she could

strain no longer; that the women were half crazed with excitement; and, if the men were afraid, she would enter the cabin and satisfy herself, on baby's account if for no other reason.

To her sorrow be it said, "Doc is must be a brute to keep thatious darling in their twenty-four's at a stretch without warm food." Now, when Aunty Crullers made up mind to a certain line of action, there was no dallying. Therefore, after firsting a trusty meat axe under her belt, she was soon on her way to the cabin, accompanied by two matrons armed with lanterns, whose inquisitiveness was in proportion to their ages, and sufficient intensity to overcome their timidity about invading that Eveless den, from which they had hitherto been so rigidly excluded.

Aunty Crullers and her escorts with lanterns, crossed the narrow roadway and softly entered Doc's little front garden. None but they passed through the gate, though quite a number had followed them. They remained in a cluster at the fence. Three women stealthily crept to the door and tried to peep into the room through a chink, but no gleam of light within guided their eyes to a crevice. They tip-toed to the door and gave one or two timid knocks and several apologetic little coughs, to give notice of their presence. Receiving no answer, they pulled the latchstring. The latch was easily lifted and the door was tremblingly pushed ajar. No voice was raised to meet the intrusion. With an effort she freed herself, and pushing the door wide open, snatched a lantern from one of the matrons, threw its light into the room, and saw—Doc Willis sitting in his armchair. An elbow resting on the chair, supported his head, which reclined on his open hand. The other arm was thrown loosely and carelessly around the

child, who was sitting in his lap. His glasses were on, and his half-closed eyes were downcast, as if in deep thought. Little Mabel, with closed eyelids, rested her tired, sunny head, with its halo of thick clustering curls, upon her father's shoulder. One of her arms was around his neck, with the chubby hand nestling in his collar, and in her other hand was tightly clasped her "sick dollie." The women gazed at this picture of pure and perfect repose as if enthralled. After a moment's indecision, Aunty Crullers stepped boldly up to Doc, laid her hand smartly on his shoulder, and bravely cried out:—

"Well, I do declare, Doc Willis. If it ain't too bad. To think of your sleeping here as sound as a woodchuck, and that blessed child all tuckerred out and not undressed. I am really ashamed of you."

Doc made no response. He continued to look stolidly at the floor, and the baby slumbered undisturbed. Aunty swung the lantern around, and holding it up, looked into their faces more closely; then with a shriek of, "My God in Heaven, THEY ARE DEAD," fell fainting to the floor.

As the appalling cry rang out on the oppressive stillness, her two supporters, and the rear guard at the fence, fled. When the crowd reached the opposite side of the street, with a surge they recrossed, rushed through the little garden, and entered the cabin without ceremony. The women, hysterical from fright, grief, and unappeased curiosity, lifted the now partially recovered and sobbing Aunty from the floor and led her to the outer air. A man whom Doc had cured of pneumonia, with great presence of mind ran for a doctor,—he of the claim,—who after examining the bodies, said that they had been dead for many hours.

With the blessed refinement of their sex, the women cleared the gaping crowd

of men and young people from the cabin. Closing the door they stood with tear-stained cheeks, gazing long and fervently at the pitiful scene before them. At whiles, to their fevered fancies, the Doctor or little Mabel appeared to move their lips or limbs, or their eyelids seemed to quiver, as if on the eve of awakening. So certain of this were they, that some of the women stared before being convinced that the movements existed in their distempered minds only.

Upon the table was a sealed envelope addressed to "Mrs. Lewis Willis, Paris, France. Care of United States Minister." Underneath the letter was a silver dollar, evidently left there to pay the postage. Beside the letter to Mrs. Willis was an unsealed envelope endorsed, "This contains my will." On the floor, at his feet, as if it had fallen from his hand, lay an ivortytype of a lovely and winsome girl; the image of little Mabel, even to the golden curls which crowned her head. Written upon the back of the picture was: "Xmas 18—. To my darling husband from his little wifey. Mabel." A letter, written in a feminine hand, lay open and crumpled on the table as if just read. A strong odor of bitter almonds pervaded the room, this odor was traceable to an open vial standing on the table and marked "Hydrocyanic Acid—POISON." In front of Willis, and lying as if carelessly dropped from his nerveless hand, was a glass containing a few drops of thin sirup, such as druggists use, and this also smelled strongly of the deadly acid.

Having taken in to their fill of this peaceful scene,—a scene in which death was divested of its sad features and had the similitude of life,—the women, in deference to their long pent-up curiosity, cast a hurried and sweeping glance around the apartment,—if it had been their dying glance they would have cast

it, and then withdrawing, softly close the door, leaving Doc and little Mabel quietly sleeping their eternal sleep at table. None of the horrors of death lay in that silent cabin—aside from that created by the terrible suddenness and mystery of the tragedy. No watch kept vigil over the dead. The privacy that little Doctor had so cherished in life extended to his memory. He was alone with his child.

At times during the night, people in twos and threes, gathered about the cabin. No games were played in Paradise saloons that night, nor were there sound of music or shuffling feet heard coming from the dance-houses.

No more glowing a tribute could have been paid a manly, gentle, and graceful life, than was the sorrow and gloom that spread over this rough mountain community by the death of Doc Willis, whom nothing was known,—aside from his comparatively short residence with them.

At the inquest, the two doctors said without a doubt, Doc Willis had given to little Mabel the deadly cyanide in sirup, and had then taken a portion himself; or, in other words, that he committed murder and suicide. Not that they used these words, for the universal sympathy and regret drove all professional animosity from their breasts, and no one was more charitable to his memory than were his two erstwhile antagonists. Their deaths had been as sudden as if stricken by lightning; too sudden for as much as a spasm of pain to have left its impress upon their calm, lifelike features, or to have contracted a muscle. No one cast a reproach upon the memory of the dead father. The memory of many virtues overshadowed his tremendous crime, instead of, by contrast, making it stand out in more bold and hideous relief.

the verdict of the coroner's jury was concordance with the facts and medical hypothesis, to which was charitably added, that the deed had been committed while Doc Willis was laboring under a fit temporary insanity. The open and sealed letter on the table solved the mystery. It was from his wife and had hitherto been brought by little Mabel. Read as follows :

Dear Lewis :—

I thought that I loved you sincerely when I engaged you to go West and make a home, but I have now taken a step which will forever separate us. When this reaches you I will be on my way to Paris with Jack. I know you 'll curse me and say I am crazy, but I cannot help it. You and Jack and I were engaged once and mother would not let it off. We worship each other, and life would be a living death for both. He says you can easily get a divorce now and that I may marry me as soon as you do. Lewis, I know you have been awful good to me, but we have no affinity for each other and are better off without us. I send you Mabel, as I know you care for her more than any one else, and besides, Jack would not be treating you right if I took him with me. Goodby, Lewis; please forgive me for forgetful, your unworthy and ungrateful

MABEL.

S. Kiss Mabel goodby for mamma. M." His will was short. It said that he had relatives. In addition to the cabin and its contents, there was a house and land in Denver for which he had just finished paying. He wished the property to be sold, his burial expenses paid, the land fenced, and a marble head-stone erected, having nothing engraved upon it but "Papa and Baby." The remainder of the money was to be expended in establishing a hospital for the sick and wounded poor of Paradise. Not one word of reproach against the woman who had bittered his life and driven him into suicide's grave.

A meeting of the little Doctor's most intimate friends was held in the Justice's office. As the undertaker said it would be necessary to break and straighten the

limbs before the bodies could be coffined, it was determined not to disturb or lay them out, but to bury them in the position in which they had been found.

The undertaker, in a night's time, completed a coffin-box. It was lined with white satin and covered with black velvet. No expense had been spared in its construction. The top and side were left open to permit of the bodies being viewed. The day of the funeral the cabin door was thrown open, so that those who wished to do so might view the remains.

As natural flowers were not to be had at this season, the Paradise ladies, under the instruction of the milliner, Madame Murphy, manufactured enough artificial ones from colored tissue-paper to smother the coffin after it had been lowered into the grave.

The Doctor having been both a murderer and a suicide, and not having attended any church, no clergyman officiated at the grave. If he had been hung, preachers from far and wide would have scrambled for the privilege of sticking wings on his shoulders, wherewith he might waft himself to glory. The undertaker read the Episcopal burial service, and the women united in singing a few popular hymns.

The Justice took charge of Doc's papers and such little trifles as had not been sold. The "sick dollie," being the property of Shot-gun Davis, was returned to him. It was never changed from its shape as a "sick dollie" and never left the pocket of Davis, who maintained that it was a mascot of surpassing strength and efficiency for warding off the bullets of road-agents, etc. The letter to Doc's wayward wife was forwarded, unopened, to the address. A letter from the Justice, giving an account of the deaths and burial, was sent to the same address, with the request that our Minister in Paris would have the letters delivered as soon

as possible. An old time friend purchased the cabin and contents for a few hundred dollars, and allowed it to remain as when occupied by the Doctor.

In a few months the dreadful tragedy became an old story, save to those to whom he had most endeared himself. As winter melted into spring, the waters sent down by the rapidly melting snow made every rut and little gully a rippling, musical rill. Hillsides and benches were carpeted with velvety grasses, in dark and light shades of green, dotted here and there with rich, glowing masses of the short-lived, lovely, and delicate flowers of a thousand hues, which, at these high altitudes blossoming to the edge of the melting snow, burst into bloom one day to wither away the next.

One evening in the latter part of May, just after dark, the stage came lumbering up to the office heavy with mud and laden with passengers. The express-box was handed down, and the way-bill was passed to the agent. The passengers, all but a "Miss Skelton," answered to their names. The stage-driver reported that she had left the stage as it entered the town, saying that she knew some people, who lived close by, and would call for her baggage later. There was nothing strange in this, it being a common occurrence for the stage to drop passengers before reaching the office, they afterwards calling for their baggage. The driver added that the lady was closely veiled, very quiet and lady-like, and had said very little, other than to question him closely about Paradise, its people, customs, and neighborhood.

Stage-agents, as a general thing, are not long suffering or patient tyrants, but our agent at Paradise was an exceptionally accommodating and gallant fellow; so, notwithstanding that he had an engagement to a perennial poker matinee,

he remained at the office to deliver lady her valise and parcel should she return. Midnight bringing no lady and exhausting his patience, he concluded that she, enjoying herself with her friends, would call in the morning. He therefore closed the office in a whirlwind of profanity and went on his way to the fag ends of the poker game.

The morning hours slipped by and the lady's baggage remained unclaimed. Thinking that, probably, being unaccustomed to the mountains, she expected the baggage to be delivered, the agent, reluctantly carrying the valise and strap, made a tour of the houses at the lower end of town. At none of them was any visitor been expected, nor had any strange lady called. A thorough canvass of the town furnished him no information as to her whereabouts, for not a soul remembered having seen her since she alighted from the coach.

That the lady should drop out of sight in such an extraordinary manner was a source of much wonder and solicitude, particularly to the stage-agent, who, in his manner, was responsible until she was accounted for, or answered to her name on the way-bill. Very many thoughts were possible — possibly she had become lost in trying to find her friends after dark, and might have been found in some cabin on the outskirts of town; but as the nights were bright with starlight, this theory was hardly tenable. A more probable conjecture was that the altitude had slightly and temporarily affected her mind — such cases had been known — and that she was now aimlessly wandering, or lying exhausted, in some of the adjacent small gulches or patches of scrub pines. It was decided to send search parties to explore these places. Just as the searchers had decided upon their several routes, and were preparing to start out, a loud shout attracted their attention. Looking up,

de, they saw the undertaker's man g for dear life from the graveyard, oning or gesticulating violently with ands, and yelling with a voice quiv- from excitement,—

"There's a dead woman up here." took but a few moments for this news read over the town, and soon there a hurrying and excited throng of peo- treaming up the cemetery trail, to y with their eyes what they had heard. True enough it proved to be, ying upon the grave of Doc and little el, was the prettiest woman ever in Paradise. She was petite, but perfectly proportioned; and from neatly fitting French boots on the l, shapely feet, which peeped from r the hem of her stylishly made en dress, to the jaunty little turban, h had fallen from her head, her ap- i indicated that she was a person of ns and refinement. Her face was in- ile in its perfect beauty and sweet- of expression. The lips, half parted giving but a glimpse of the pearly h behind them, retained the rosy hue fe. Her arms were twined around headstone. Her head, half-turned, facing the sunny spring sky, lay, ially supported by her arm, in a ll depression at the head of the grave. fall winds had gathered the previous mer's flower seeds into this little hol- , and now the beautiful face of the l woman was pillow'd amidst a glori- cluster of purple, blue, and white ntain blossoms, whose fragile stems, wering to every little breath of air, ded over the perfectly shaped head as vishing to fondle the silky, vagrant ses of golden hair that vied with them- es in softness and delicacy of coloring. eyes were almost closed, and under delicate, vein-marked lid, were to seen traces where a tear had rested faded away.

The Justice, who was also Coroner, no sooner saw the body than he hastened to his office and returned with the ivortytype of Doc's wife. A comparison with the flower-wreathed face told that it was the original from which the picture had been taken. In her half open hand was a slip of paper, the contents of which dissipated all doubts; for on it was written:—

To Whomever finds my body:—Please bury the body of a wicked, but repentant woman in the same grave with those whom she has wandered so far to sleep her last sleep with, and God will bless you for doing so.

MABEL WILLIS. (*née SKELTON.*)

From the bosom of her dress the corner of a folded paper slightly projected. In examination it proved to be the letter found on Doc's table, and which had been forwarded to its Paris address. It was so worn and tear-blurred as to be almost illegible, and was as follows:—

Mabel:—Long before you receive this, myself and innocent baby will be where sorrow, nor disgrace can ever affect us more. Death will have divorced you and me forever. It is better for Mabel to accompany me on my long journey than to live and be taunted with her mother's shame, or it might be, follow in her footsteps. A wrecked life being valueless, the world loses nothing when I take mine. A greater than I will be your Judge, and your own conscience shall be your most bitter accuser. A creature governed by impulse, if you are soulless you will be happy. If you have a conscience, your punishment will be more terrible than any that could be inflicted on you by

LEWIS WILLIS.

The beautiful dead woman was carried by the rugged, kindly miners to the Wil- lis cabin,—the home where her husband had passed so many happy hours, when he thought her his good angel; and in which he had, through her neglect and misconduct, suffered tortures which were worse than death to one of his sensitive nature—a nature so just and affectionate that he could not condemn her, even though she had torn his heart of hearts until death only could bring it peace.

It was found by the post-mortem examination that she had died from morphine poisoning. After the inquest the remains were given to the women to prepare for burial. A bearskin robe was placed upon the table where the dead woman's husband and child had sat but a few months before, and encased in a handsome casket, her body was laid thereon. The younger women, moved by sympathy for one so young and beautiful, gathered quantities of wild-flowers, which, with a woman's natural love for the artistic, they arranged in the coffin, leaving the face only, banked in pale blue blossoms, exposed. The next afternoon the body of the wayward wife was buried in the same grave with those of her husband and child. Not so many people followed it to the grave nor were there so many tears shed as at the burial of Doc and little Mabel. None condoned her faults, but neither did they cast any slurs upon the memory of the lovely and repentant creature who had atoned for her errors with her life; and who, lying in her coffin, looked as pure and saintly as an angel.

At the grave, a clerical looking gentleman who had been in town but a few days, and was evidently unused to the manners and customs of mountaineers, took occasion, in a few ill-chosen and ill-timed remarks, to hold her fate up as a warning. As if that lovely creature, hardly emerged from girlhood, and who, driven to desperation and a suicide's grave by remorse and the prickings of an unquiet conscience, was not a more terrible and emphatic warning than any that could have fallen from the most eloquent lips. The remarks so incensed Old Barnett, that he after the burial was with much difficulty prevented from giving the gentleman such a physical and verbal lecture as would have opened his eyes.

No subscription was necessary to pay the burial expenses of Mrs. Willis. In

her purse, neatly done up in paper endorsed "For my burial expenses," found more than sufficient money for purposes. Her instructions denoted she had carefully prepared herself for pilgrimage and end she had determined. Her effects were taken possession by the Coroner and placed with the Doctor. Nothing was found in them giving any clew to her people. Upon the headstone the undertaker had the words "Mamma" chiseled between "Papa" and "Baby."

About ten days after the burial of Mrs. Willis, a letter was received at the office addressed to "Miss Mabel S.ton." The letter was handed to Justice, and by that functionary, the free-handed disregard of consequences which is characteristic of tiersmen, was opened and read. It proved to be from the scoundrel who had ruined her own and her husband's life, as well as caused the death of Mabel. It gave no inkling as to who she was from. Its tenor caused Justice's brow to wrinkle and mouth to pucker as if he were swallowing a nauseous dose. It read:—

Mabel:—I found on the table your note, indicating that you were going on a penitential journey to Paradise, and bidding me farewell for ever. Of course you harped on your sins, your grace, and my broken promises, instead of being philosophical and enjoying life while you can. Now I wish to be your friend; and when you are in Denver on business you may expect me to call on you. In Paradise the third day after this reaches you. My sole object in coming is to do the fair and furnish the means to enable you to start some self-supporting business. Of course there can be no further communication between us after I am married. This will be my last letter, and I trust you will not refuse it with the scorn that you did the one I made the day you left. That is all well enough for your heroines, but in actual life money is everything. You are young, good-looking, and therefore are as good fish in the sea as ever were (or not) caught,—catch one. I guess that you

as will tell tales out of school. I will come for the name we bore when traveling, uart," and our interview need not be either ; or scenic.

Yours, etc.,
JACK.

The Justice read the letter, and spent remainder of the day visiting theious saloons, for the purpose of, be- en drinks, reading the letter to the oys."

No sooner had the Justice finished ding than the "boys" organized a eption committee to welcome Mr. art when he reached Paradise. There re at least a dozen of these committees ying for the three days which stood een themselves and Mr. Stuart to ry by. Never did a community so h time to be annihilated. The various immittees laid awake at night devising ns for Mr. Stuart's entertainment. ch one had a different program, and h program meant ultimate disaster to . Stuart. If he had only known of tremendous reception awaiting him with what an outpouring of citizens was to be greeted, no doubt Mr. art's modesty would have prevented n from keeping his engagement too mptly.

The day appointed for his arrival found e various committees on hand and xious to meet him. For once the ge came in on time; and as it stopped the office, a well built, ruddy, good- king and fashionably dressed young un, smoking a cigar, swung himself to e ground from the seat beside the ver. His appearance and bearing ere those of a polished member of ciety. When he asked the driver for s "traps," his soft, low voice, asooth as satin, would have charmed a rd from its nest. Everyone seemed to now that this elegant young dandy was r. Stuart. He was handed his valise d overcoat by the driver, and turned

to enter the stage office. As he did so, Slim Alec Simpson, a faro dealer,— and a fine looking fellow himself,— stepped in front of him and asked if his name was Stuart.

The newcomer, startled at being ad- dressed so familiarly, in a town where he thought himself unknown to all but one person, answered "Yes," and stretched out his gloved hand to his questioner.

Alec had no time to take the proffered hand, for the instant that the stranger answered "Yes," a general shout went up from those nearest him of, "Here he is, boys, prompt on time." And the committees crowded around, knocking his hat off and the cigar from his mouth, at the same time crying out: "Hang him. Get a rope."

A pallor spread over the man's face. But he was no coward. There was no tremor of his hands, or fugitive look in his eyes, as he backed up against the house and stood on the defensive, wield- ing his valise as a weapon. A blow on his nose caused it to bleed freely, and every few moments he snuffed, to clear his nostrils, and shook his head like a wounded lion. His vigorous resistance gave time for the Justice, Constable, Old Barnett, and Aunty Crullers (with her cleaver); backed by several mine- managers and merchants, revolvers in hand, to force their way through the throng to his assistance. The Justice told the mob that the stranger had committed no crime in Paradise, and that, moreover, there should be no more Pat McReady lynching if his side could prevent it. (Pat McReady, an innocent man, had, through an unfortunate mis- apprehension, been hung on a former occasion, when the excitement of the town needed allaying.) He ordered the crowd to open, and let them pass, or take the consequences.

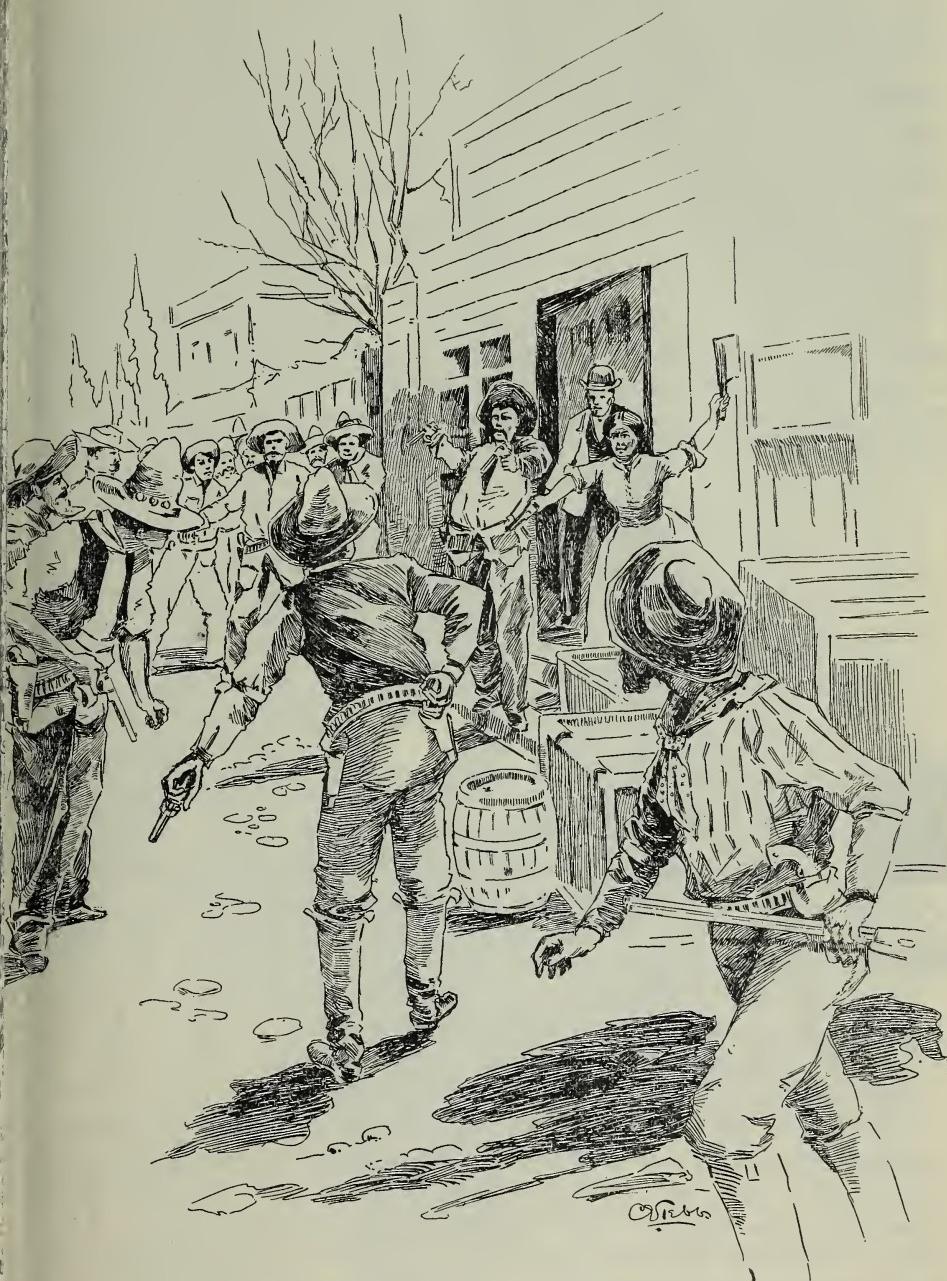
The mere mention of Pat McReady threw the committees into a panic, under the influence of which a pathway was automatically opened, permitting Stuart and his defenders to pass out. They were well in the street and moving away, when the crowd, recovering from its temporary confusion, began to close around them again. At that moment, Old Barnett leaned over to Stuart and whispered: "Now run for it or you'll surely be hung before morning. Run up that trail on the mountain, and keep close to the timber, so you won't be in the bright moonlight, where they can see to take a shot at you. Now git. We'll hold them back till you get a fair start."

They were nearly across the street, and the words had scarcely left Old Barnett's mouth before Stuart lit out for the trail and was running his race for life. The Justice and his party wheeled around, pistols at a ready, and facing the thoroughly enraged mob, kept them at bay until the stranger was half way up the summit; they then stood aside and gave divine Providence a chance to work its will.

A mob of men are much like a pack of greyhounds,—they become crazed with bravery as soon as they see their game fleeing from them. Therefore, being no longer opposed, with an exultant shout, and firing of pistols they hurried up the mountain after the fleeing man. He did not cry out, or look back, or do anything else to waste his wind. The fiendish yells and threats seemed, if possible, to put new life into his heels. There were so many pursuers scattered over the side of the mountain that it had the appearance of a disturbed ant-hill. Up they pushed, all converging to a small bluff on the summit, at the foot of which the trail ran. Near this bluff was the steepest and stoniest part of the hill; and as

Stuart reached it, he was seen to stumble, and before he could recover himself, start rolling down the hill toward his pursuers, from whose throats went up a triumphant yell. Down he came, sliding, now partially recovering his feet, then losing control of them again, until a hundred feet of hardly earned distance had been lost before he clutched a bush, which bore the strain, and brought him up standing. His nerve was wonderful; nothing seemed able to dent his presence of mind. Scarcely had the bush checked his downward course when he was again running up the mountain, and taking it at such an angle as would enable him to strike the trail before reaching the summit. It was a most fortunate thing for the fugitive, that his pursuers had so exhausted themselves by yelling that many of them gave up the chase through sheer lack of breath; and disappeared over the summit at least a hundred feet in advance of the forty-five who persistently followed him. After crossing the summit he seemed endowed with new strength, and bounded down the trail with the wings of the wind. As he followed the bendings of the trail around the isolated tree-stumps or large bowlders, his shadow, swaying hither and thither, now lengthening, now shortening, as if it were an avenement spirit seeking to enfold him. Suddenly himself and his ghostly shadow were swallowed by a denser shadow and more were seen of men.

When his pursuers reached the summit, their game was nowhere in sight. With the exception of three or four large trees, that side of the mountain had been totally denuded of timber for mining purposes, and the eye had a clear sweep for many hundreds of feet in every direction. The hunters were puzzled by this unlooked for and magical dropping out of sight of the hunted at the very



"A PATHWAY WAS AUTOMATICALLY OPENED."

moment when they felt most sure of capturing him. They took no time to rest, but immediately searched in every possible hiding place, behind every stump or boulder, and peered up into the few standing pines, although they were of immense girth and unclimbable except by a person specially prepared. After devoting several hours to the profitless search, they gave it up as a bad job and returned to town, cursing at the miscarriage of their plans.

During the chase Old Barnett sat on a stump at the foot of the mountain, enveloped in a fog of muttered profanity. When Stuart fell the fog cleared up a little, but when he regained his feet,

and distanced his pursuers, the fog increased in density and radius.

The next morning Barnett took the same trail on his way home to Iron District. In a little while he returned and induced a number of men to accompany him, with picks and shovels, the purpose of filling up an abandoned shaft beside the trail. All the explanation he ever gave was, that it was a good shaft, and useful one, but from time out he'd hate to see a decent fellow fall into it and get killed. Old Barnett was a queer old fellow, from whom one never could get a satisfying talk; but he said little and was quick on the take. He was highly respected.

J. Cabell Brown

LILIUOKALANI.

A STUDY IN SUPERSTITION.



LILIUOKALANI (an untranslatable word, signifying One belonging to Heaven and of chiefly rank), or Lydia, as she was familiarly called in childhood, was taught her letters at the "Young Chiefs' School." She was very amiable and rather backward, in strange, yet not inexplicable contrast with her conduct in after years.

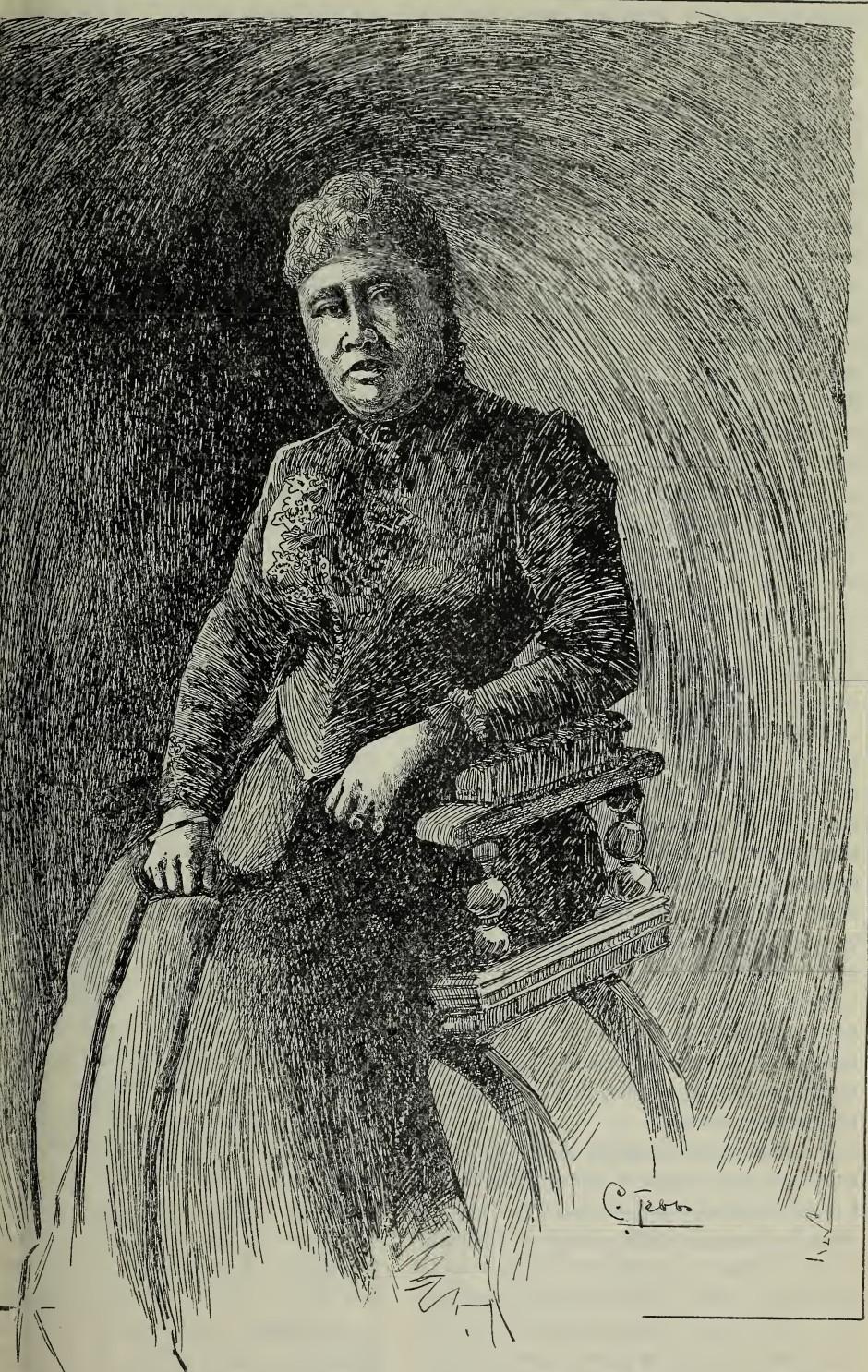
Made Queen, she rewarded by dismissal every effort on the part of her counselors to uphold good faith and a wise and reasonable conduct of public affairs. In one week Liliuokalani dissolved three cabinets opposed to her schemes.

Deposed by her indignant subjects, when false to her coronation oath, and attempting a coup d'état, (the whites her chosen teachers and supporters, had, as

property holders and voters, at equal rights with the natives), the queen, whenever generously treated, was found secreting arms, concocting rebellion, and conniving with a filibustering raid from the Pacific Coast.

It may not be amiss in an age ready, for political reasons, to expose, and when a certain sort of poison discovered in the maudlin tragedy of Liliuokalani, to present the brief possible analysis of a belief and practice not popularly known, and creating an environment teeming with disturbers for the ex-queen.

Lacking serpents, the fair island of the Hawaiian group possesses a snake life, with rattle (*kakeke*), hypnotic cination, secreted poison, and the power of dealing death, which may justly be studied from the standpoint of psychol-



EX-QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.

with a curious bearing upon the unwritten history of Liliuokalani's aberration and fall.

If we except the atrocious details of child-murder, where a native father has been known to break his child's back for the sake of annoying the mother, there is no darker outgrowth of savagery than the *anaana*. This power of "praying" any person to death, even his chief or the King, gives to the native *kahuna*, or sorcerer, an influence far transcending the force of arms among all the tribes of Polynesia. The Board of Health of Honolulu seldom fails to make a monthly report of ten or more deaths of the ordinary natives from the "deadly prayers." Death is almost certain to follow the machinations of a *kahuna* unless the intervention of a *kahuna* of greater age can be secured. The victim sits quietly before his antagonist, takes no food, and but little drink, and dies in a few days.

"All the divinity that doth hedge a king," must prove of small avail, if a nail-paring, a hair, or a speck of the royal saliva, fall into possession of any sorcerer ready for regicide. The *kahuna* seems to deify this material, which he then addresses as an idol or fetish, praying it to destroy the life of the victim.

"In many instances," Mr. Bishop says, "death is due to a superstitious belief in a demon whom the native feels working in his vitals, and whom it is hopeless to resist."

A conspicuous triumph of the sorcerers occurs in the career of three members of Liliuokalani's immediate family, and finally, in her loss of right to rule the little kingdom of Hawaii. Letters from reliable sources in 1893, represent the Queen to have been long in *kahuna*-toils and vacillating pitifully between good and evil counsels. Sacrifices were offered in the

ancient way, and by the *kahunas*, in palace premises. Yet, next day, we her calling in the Protestant clergy their prayers to Jehovah. Once she explained to a deputation of her desire to do right, finally, however yielding "gladly to the badder end."

"The Queen reasoned with Puher prime minister, who opposed her conduct. She seemed beside herself with terror concerning the *aumakua*, who threatening to bury her.

"The Queen is acting under the gestions of the *kahunas*; a witch-woman, Pulcle of Lanai, has announced he is goddess, threatening the Queen, a host of the deities, *in case she fails to store the ancient privileges of the sovereign, even to reestablishment of the rites of endom and repossession of lands, taken back from the foreign resident*

Clearly conspiracy of *kahunas* and avaricious politicians.

"In case she, the Queen, fails in this, vengeance will follow promptly and she will be buried alive, without a funeral."

A native addressing the mob, urges the people to seize and bury her. *kahunas* assisting. Whenever the snare life has opportunity it becomes dangerous to all who would avoid a return to anarchy and license of the native. Pitied and pardoned again and again. Liliuokalani returns to courses alternative to herself and subjects.

At the time it seemed incredible yet the history of her brother and sister point to the especially superstitious and yielding nature of this family. Eiohoku, brother and heir apparent to Kalakaua, is known to have been put to death. The writer well remembers Likéliké, a bright and charming princess, well educated and speaking French and English. An eruption of the volcano Kilauea had persisted nearly nine months.

¹"Popular Science," May, 1893.

the *ahuas* announced that a royal must be sacrificed to stay the progress of the advancing lava. Likéliké immediately offered herself as a sacrifice for people. She slowly sank, instead of medical treatment which her husband insisted on, and died in February 1887.

akaua the late King, escaped all mole attack from anaana by his consorts, in fact he was deified and worshipped as a god a few days before his

rowful indeed, must be our thought review Liliuokalani's short career. poor Queen! provoked as the has been by your duplicity, there

is much to pity. How sad to you the transfer from your free life of old! No witch-woman on your horizon then.

After a morning gallop, your long *pa-u* streaming far behind, you could loiter all day under a big *pa-u*, while your maidens strung yellow *leis* of the lauhala, which you had a chieftain's right to wear.

Very happy and haughty and handsome you looked, with fine black lace over the ample folds of your rich China silk; free then your will, conscience, and character, until a certain fierce light laid bare your cowardice, fickleness, and guile,—with final forfeit of *leis*, jewels, and crown, in the evitable panic of ingrained savage superstition.

C. F. Nichols, M. D.

THE SIMPLE STORY OF A TAILOR-MADE OVERCOAT

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A VIRGINIAN ATLANTIS,"
"SHARON FARM," "THE PONGLIMA
MUDA," ETC.



PASSED the curiously wrought receiver to Rowland, and as he knocked the ashes from his fragrant Havana he looked up with a quizzical expression on his face.

"You were to tell your marriage with Bessie, of how I first met her. I understand it is a chance."

We were snugly ensconced before a small fire of Cannel coal in my own room of dens." Bessie and I called it the Cloister."

Rowland and I were old college chums mutual admirers. Our friendship was something more than mere good fel-

lowship. It was almost chivalrous. When we first left college, we exchanged a letter a day with school girl regularity. Later we drifted apart. Rowland went to Paris to follow out his artistic bent in the heart of the Latin Quarter. For twelve years we had been separated. Our correspondence had lagged, our friendship, never. At intervals I would receive a Paris paper containing a marked item in reference to some of Rowland's triumphs. I would much rather he would have written me about them, for my French was miserably faulty. Yet I made up by boring him with every new story that my publishers were foolish enough to accept; so we kept alive our interest in one another.

Rowland returned to me but a day before; a perfect Bohemian, a rising light,

a little Frenchy, but the same old chum of my college days. He found me the head of a little home, the husband of Bessie, the father of a black-eyed little rogue named Rollie; for Bessie knew Rowland as I painted him, and insisted that her first-born should bear his name. It was with pleasure that I narrated the story of my love and marriage. I waited until my chum had wheeled up a chair. Then I watched the firelight play with his glossy black hair. An impatient gesture awoke me from my reverie and turned my ruminations to a date seven years back.

One raw winter morning I took the Christopher Street ferry, crossed over to Jersey City, and boarded the regular passenger for Washington, my pass not being good on the limited. The train pulled out, and I settled myself comfortably in my chair, depositing my Dunlap in the rack above and my coat over the back of the seat. The warmth of the car, in marked contrast to the cold outside, made me drowsy. Soon I began to think over material for my next special for the *Tribune* and wondering where the matter would come from. An idea struck me. Why would it not be a good plan to write up the wonderful variety of travelers aboard a passenger train?

I unloosed my note book, sharpened my pencil, and gazed about me. Then I got up and walked through the cars from Pullman to emigrant coach.

I was surprised at the diversity of subjects; the train was as cosmopolitan as the country. I could scarcely mention any phase of civilization or barbarism (so long as I stopped short of the Cannibals) which was not represented. In the front coach emigrants of every nationality huddled together in herds, like sheep in a strange pasture, uttering a Babel of unintelligible old world dialects, their queer

forlorn costumes contrasting vividly with their American surroundings.

In a few years, I noted, these men will vote and make our laws, often more wisely than the legitimate sons of the soil; or that awkward red-faced wench may be the mother of a youth our country shall be proud to own and honor. Gentlemen from Vermont and New Hampshire with a tendency to language and a natural dexterity in the use of tobacco; negroes of varying shades of color; commercial tourists with their sample-boxes and odoriferous cigars from all parts of the commercial world—New York, San Francisco, London, Berlin, yet, if tones and features are an index from Jerusalem as well. I saw professional gentlemen and farmers, the grey-haired octogenarian and the girl school girl, the aristocratic Bostonian and the purse-proud parvenu. I saw—fact I saw enough to fill my “specimen” book. I returned to my seat and began to range and make out my notes.

At Philadelphia several persons got aboard and took the chairs directly behind me.

I was too much occupied to look up, but knew they were ladies from the West of dresses and the delicate odor of perfume. Presently I heard some whisper,—

“Mamma, do you know that gentleman in the seat in front?”

Then came a pause and a deep “No,” from the mother.

A soft, rippling little laugh followed that sent the blood surging through my veins.

“Why, that’s Misty Julian Howard of New York,” she said, with that peculiar liquefaction of the “r” which stamps the New Yorker. The mother evidently did not remember Misty Julian Howard, and said so.

“Why, Mamma, how can you be



"YOU WERE TO TELL ME OF YOUR MARRIAGE WITH BESSIE."

etful; do you not remember we met at Saratoga last summey?"

gain I felt the blood mount to my eeks. The tones of my seeming acquaintance behind were deliciously must-

I fancied I could feel her breath on shoulder, and furthermore I had been Saratoga the summer before for a t time, and I knew I had made no happy acquaintance. I listened a ent longer. The mother was say- something, to which the daughter ered with another ripple of laughter. How stupid you are, you deay old nma; I polked with Misty Howayd eral times at the Gyand Union. I wish would recognize us."

his was too much for me. My name s certainly Howard. I lived in New k, and had been at Saratoga, but had er danced a polka or any dance at the rand Union."

was in a quandary. If I did not recog- e my fellow travelers they would put down as a snob. If I owned up that

I had forgotten their names,—well, it would not be flattering, to say the least. Above all, I hated to lose their acquaintance. I was becoming strangely interested; but how to introduce myself? I thought over this for the space of five minutes. Ideas were elusive. The perspiration began to stand out on my forehead. I dropped my note book and disordered my hair in picking up the badly scattered leaves. Then I listened, hoping they would drop some hint as to their names, but no, they talked of everyone else but themselves. In my perturbation, by some means I swung my chair around so that I found myself facing the object of my thoughts. By the opposite mirror, I could see that my face was flushed. I was conscious of feeling like a guy. I stuttered a moment or two, something about my personal history, of having met her before,—I believed at Saratoga. When I was through I collapsed completely. The ladies looked at me for a moment in a state of perfect bewilder-

ment, and one started to say, "Paydon me, sir,—" but instead broke out into the musical laughter I had been listening to, and said:—

"Oh, yes, Mistey Howayd, we met at Sayatoga. I don't believe you evey met Mamma. Mistey Howayd — Mamma. Mamma's name is the same as mine — Stewart."

I began to recover. Said I thought I had never met Mrs. Stewart. We did not chat long about Saratoga. I felt that I was treading on dangerous ground and did not wish to show myself an impostor to so charming a person as my present acquaintance. I noticed afterward that Miss Stewart never mentioned our polka once. She seemed as glad to lead away as I.

By the time the train drew up in Washington we had discovered many points of taste in common, that is, Miss Stewart and I. Mrs. Stewart excused herself behind the covers of "Norwood." Miss Stewart was partial to blondes. I was a blonde. She had a brother a member of the same college fraternity as I. She had spent a summer at Lake Memphramagog. So had I. She was devoted to Thackerey and adored Bret Harte. So did I. She stopped at the Arlington in Washington. So did I.

When she arose to leave the coach I recognized more forcibly than ever that Miss Stewart was a handsome woman. In her tailor-made suit of close-fitting serge and her Paris bonnet, her fine figure and gracefully poised head showed to best advantage. As she put out her hand, at the cab door, and said, "You must be suye and call on us at the Aylington," I was actually afraid I would shout back my thanks.

That night my dreams were full of cherubs with black hair, great brown eyes, heavily shaded, rosy lips, and low sweet laughter. When I awoke the next

morning I was feverish, and did my rapt in a maze. At the breakfast head waiter with the polish of a Cheshire field said: "Mrs. Stewart, sir, we like Mr. Howard to have a seat at table." I made my way at his heels to their table, and was given a cordial welcome. Mrs. Stewart looked charming in her loose breakfast gown and hoped I enjoyed my rest.

That forenoon we drove to the old dier's home and enjoyed the view through the vista. The afternoon we spent at Arlington, rambling about General Lee's old home. The next day we shared together at Mount Vernon and grew patriotic at Washington's tomb. We attended the Chinese minister's reception and commented on the jam. We occupied a



"YOU MEN ARE SO CURIOUS."

gallery in the Senate and discussed favorite statesmen. On all subjects and Miss Stewart a congenial spirit. Friendship grew up between us that urged me an invitation to her home in York. There I visited her, and on other evenings when we were too *blasé* to attend the opera or accept an invitation to some function, I read to her from Marvel and Charles Dudley Warner, Longfellow and "Point Lace and Bonds;" yes, and from Browning and Emerson. She took an interest in literary ambition and allowed me to my Havana in her sanctum. Under such conditions our friendship soon turned into love. We were engaged in due time, married, and happy. Yes, have been happy ever since. "Have you sweetheart?" and I put out my hand to Bessie, who had just entered on me.

"Yes, you deary old goose. You have telling Rowland all about it, I am."

Rowland aroused himself from his chair. "But Julian," he said, "you have not told me the one thing I wish to know, the epitome of the romance namely: How came Bessie to know you on the Pullman, when you say you never met before?"

I laughed and looked at Bessie. "Oh, you men are so curious! Are you bound to know?"

Rowland insisted.

"You will think me awfully rude, but Julian's oveycoat was thrown over the back of his chair, tuyned inside out, and theye in plain sight was a little tag bearing the name of 'Misty Julian Howayd, New York City.' I was plaguing mamma, who has a hoyor of chance acquaintances. Of course, Saratoga was but the meyest guess, and I did not dyeam that Julian would heay. But you did, deay? Theye, now, I hope you are satisfied. Come now, both of you. I want you to go to my room and see my lovely new tea gown."

Rounsevelle Wildman.

UNDER THE ALMOND TREES.

I SIT beneath the almond trees
In May, and watch the mowers pass.
 What cheerful songs those great wheels sing
 As, clattering, swift the sharp knives swing,
Felling with sure-aimed strokes the grass.
 Now heaving, tossed, in ridges rolled
 As rolls the sea, the oats' green-gold
Blows, stately, bowing in the breeze;
 Then severed, quivering, all its length,
 Of lusty beauty shorn of strength,
It turns! it sways! it yields! it falls!
A laborer to his fellow calls:
 His voice runs clear as liquid drops.
 A laughing peal the answer stops.
And sounds like these, in May, are mine
 Beneath the almond trees.

UNDER THE ALMOND TREES.

I sit beneath the almond trees,—
 Around me sun and voices play.
 Quaint pictured forms the clouds unfold ;
 The hills are violet, softly rolled
 Against a sky like sea-mist gray.
 Above, below, in leafy shade,
 Where camps of shy wild things are made,
 In murmured little tunes the breeze
 Hums constantly. And here, quite bold,
 Where ripe warm oranges their gold
 Gay coats hang out, a mocking bird
 Broods nestlings new; while, sweetly heard,
 Her mate his ecstasy flings wide,
 As baby bald heads peep and hide.
 And sights and sounds like these are mine,
 In May, beneath the almond trees.

I sit beneath the almond trees,—
 I watch, I dream, I bask in May.
 My heart grows strong, to hear the note
 Of joy poured bubbling from the throat
 Of one whose hopes are all so gay.
 O mocking bird, that I might find
 No greater grief to try my mind
 Than you, now rocking in the breeze,
 Find, poised above that new-filled nest !
 The fiery sun sinks in the West ;
 The grass is cut, the mowers still ;
 Rosy and faint each little hill
 Shows outlined. See the young moon shine !
 An “earth song” rings in quavers fine.
 And scenes and sounds like these are mine,
 Beneath the almond trees.

Estelle Thomson.



SAVED BY A GHOST.

A TRUE WAR TIME TALE.



HE Army of the Cumberland in the latter part of August, 1863, crossed the Tennessee River at Bridgeport, Alabama, *en route* to the fateful field of Chickamauga, one of the hottest battles of the war. We bivouacked one night at Mill Mound, a little way station on the of the Nashville and Chattanooga way, near which nature had formed a of the grandest proportions. The thing was at least one hundred and feet wide, while its height admet the light freely for a long distance, by which the eye could discern the irregular rocky formation of sides and arches. Tradition has it that in the long past it was a natural tunnel through which rushed a turbulent stream emptying into the Tennessee. The dark and dangerous fastnesses of cavern had never been penetrated to its deepest depths, for a mile from its mouth obstacles in the shape of wide and deep chasms had been encountered, and secrets have never been disclosed. News of this wonder at once became known to our command, and the next morning under guides, groups of soldiers with flaming torches of pitch pine were exploring its dark and sinuous trails. It is a rough and rugged road, around great rocks and across openings, which could suddenly threaten to engulf our party, — our torches giving a weird light to the place and increasing the solemnity of its dismal grandeur. At a certain point I had become interested in some curious formation, and fell heavily in rear of my comrades, when

suddenly my torch became extinguished. Mechanically I sought to relight it with some matches, but was unsuccessful. My companions were only a short distance in advance, and with the natural impetuosity of youth I rushed to overtake them. I had probably taken three or four light bounds, when I was suddenly seized by what seemed an invisible power, and I stood rooted to the ground like one bereft of his senses, and in a manner bewildered, not knowing what to do. The strangest feeling took possession of me; I trembled in every nerve and my brow felt chill and damp. I was conscious of a feeling as if a piece of ice had passed rapidly down my spine, and my teeth rattled a reveille. Mingled with it all was an indescribable horror of some impending fate.

How long I remained standing there I cannot say, but at last the nerves relaxed and I sank to the ground. After a while my nervous power gradually returned, and I began to think of the practical side. My companions by this time were out of sight and hearing, and I supposed none of them had noticed my absence. By some movement, while sitting there, my foot touched an obstruction, and by extending the action, I learned by contact that it was a stone. Half in rage I drew back my foot and kicked it; I felt it go from me, but no sound accompanied its movement, and my curiosity was aroused. I arose, reached forward to feel before my feet, and found as I believed, one of the ground crevices mentioned before, but how wide or deep I of course had no means of knowing, as it was black as Erebus all about me. Within my reach I found quite a large

stone, which I picked up and threw before me. I listened, but it gave forth no sound. The deep stillness, and silence, and darkness, was around me, yet some sudden instinct warned me of the dread presence of some unseen, unrealized *thing*, and I was powerless to remove the fixed gaze of my eyes from the spot where I had tossed the stone.

At that moment the faintest gleam of a peculiar light appeared from out the earth in front of me, and rapidly growing brighter with a bluish tint, it stopped just before me for an instant, looking like an illuminated screen. In that light for the shortest possible duration, I saw plainly the outlines of a human form which waved its arms toward me as if a warning to go back. The figure then instantly disappeared, followed by the light, and the thought seized me that I had been in the presence of some supernatural being. With faltering step I moved a pace or two from the spot, and dropped to the ground once more.

While I remained in this condition another exploring party came up with brightly burning torches. In as few words as possible I told how my torch had become extinguished and what I had experienced. Our unexpected meeting and my agitated manner had thus far engrossed the attention of the arriving party, but as we were about to move forward the light was thrown brilliantly on the very spot where my steps had been so mysteriously arrested. In front of us, and not two paces beyond, was a black and yawning chasm at least twenty feet wide. It was like a great cauldron with its hideous mouth wide open, ready to receive any unfortunate victim.

In the blanched faces made more ghastly by the glare of torches we could read each others' thoughts. Had I not been stopped in time by the strange power referred to, another step would

have been my last, and no man could have surrounded my disappearance.

We threw large stones into the mouth opening, but no sound came back in response. Then larger ones were pushed in, with the same results, and finally our united efforts a huge boulder rolled to the edge of the gloomy pit, forced over into its depths. We waited, but not even the sound of an echo greeted our sense of hearing, and we regarded the uncanny and dismal wonder in amazement and fear. Some one threw in a lighted torch, which for a moment flared, and then as if by magic went

At this moment a returning party was met, and an old guide came up, and from him learned that the chasm before us had never been fathomed. Heavy weights attached to chains made fast to strong ropes had been played out to an almost incredible length, but no bottom had ever been found. It was believed, though, that at some great depth there was a subterranean river which ran with a current passing under the pretty little cities of Huntsville, Decatur, and Limestone, Alabama; at the latter place finding an outlet through an opening in a rocky wall far above a creek, and thence to the Tennessee River near Florence. Our old guide told us that more than one courageous adventurer had lost his life in this spot, through carelessness or effort to seek into its mysteries, and the Indians, who often made their temporary home, would relate that they had seen the spirits of unhappy mortals hovering over the great black opening, while a light of peculiar character glinted up from its depths and made the surroundings half luminous.

What unseen guardian controlled action and saved me from taking another moment, the unconscious step to destruction?

Nature's Thermometer.

The other eve at Bender's Ball,
Secluded from the dancers,
Upon the stairway, in the hall,
We watched them do the lancers.

The dusky slave brought each an ice,
But Clice, softly sighing,
Was gazing, from our paradise,
The Buds and Belles espying.

She sighed again, and melting quite,
(The ices turned to water,) Said, "Dearest, who's the belle tonight?"
(Who else would not have thought her?)

But I, I scanned the room to view,
That I could jolly answer,
The ice refroze, and Clice, too,
"I have," she said, "this dance, sir."

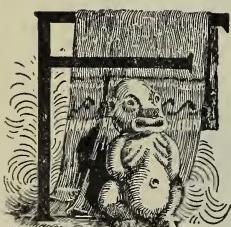
Edwin Wildman.

C. E. Tamm.



THE DESERTED HOMES OF A LOST PEOPLE.

THE SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL ISLANDS.



EW of the thousands of people who pass within sight of the islands off the coast of Southern California know that the outlying and in most instances entirely uninhabited islands were

formerly the homes of a people who have within a few decades become entirely extinct.

Some of these islands form the southerly line of the Santa Barbara Channel. From the combined causes of the sheltering islands seaward, the Santa Ynez

Mountains on the main land, the subtropical trend of the coast line towards the south, and the presence of large quantities of petroleum rising from the bottom and covering large areas of the surface of the water, the ocean is nearly always calm and smooth.

When in 1542 Cabrillo, the famous Portuguese navigator, sailed from the west coast of New Spain, and discovered and visited the islands, he found them thickly populated, as was also the adjacent coast.

Ferrelo, one of Cabrillo's officers and the historian of the expedition, in his

f this region, says : "They anchored site a valley, very beautiful and very lous, the land being level, with many " (Carpinteria). "Here came ca- with fish to barter ; they remained friends ; . . . they held on voyage along the coast about ten es, and there were always many es, for all this coast is very populous, . . . and they pointed out to us the es, and named them by their es."

re follow the names of twenty-five ges, some of which are as follows : cu," "Xabaagua," "Potoltuc," cbuc," "Gua," "Incpupu," and names equally euphonious. . . .

ey go clothed with skins ; they said inland there were many towns."

he island "Limun" (Santa Cruz), argest of the group, was said to be y populous," and that it contained following villages : "Niquipos," xul," "Xugua," "Nitel," "Mac- " and "Nimitopal."

Nicalque" (Santa Rosa), the next in rtance, the navigators at first sup- d was a portion of Limun, and called wo La Isla de San Lucas.

he island of "Ciquimuymu" (San el), was also very thickly inhabited. Enneeapah" (Anacapa), the eastern- of the Channel Islands proper, was isited by Cabrillo. The name Ana- is a corruption of Vancouver's spell- f the Indian name of the island.

ofessor George Davidson, late of the ed States Coast and Geodetic Sur- in his valuable Appendix to the port of the Survey for 1886," says

"Vancouver in his text names it eapah, but the engraver has spelled ecapah on the chart, and subsequent pilers have endeavored to give it a iish form. The Indian deep guttural unciation is En-ni-ah-pagh."

hen Cabrillo cruised along the coast

of what is now called Southern California, he found the mainland between Point Concepcion and San Buenaventura dotted by villages inhabited by aborigines who were at that time peaceably inclined toward their strange visitors. The old navigators inform us that they found "seventeen populous villages or towns within a distance of eleven miles along the shore of the Santa Barbara Channel." The islands, distant from twenty-five to one hundred miles from the coast, were thickly inhabited by tribes, who, though speaking different languages or dialects, were closely related to those of the main- land, and were branches of the same fam- ily or stock.

After Cabrillo's departure there is a wide gap in the history of the region, until some two hundred and twenty-five years later, the revered Father Junipero Serra and his associates established the Franciscan missions at the most densely populated localities. From these central points of ecclesiastical and temporal au- thority, which soon became like walled cities, with their busy hum of labor, the padres enthusiastically and conscientiously worked to civilize and christianize the untutored natives, and when this could not be accomplished by fair means, their retainers were sent out to capture them and bring them in by force, keeping them close prisoners within the walled surroundings of the missions, until by moral suasion they should become recon- ciled to the restraint upon their wonted liberty and freedom of action. As these neophytes became tamed and well under the control of the padres, they were sent out to help the Spaniards capture and bring others into the fold.

As time went on the padres extended their dominion until the outlying islands were conquered, and their inhabitants brought to the mainland for more com- plete subjection to the influence of civil-

ization, until the last remnants of the natives of the islands San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, the Anacapas, Santa Catalina, San Nicolas, and San Clemente, were removed to the mainland, all except one notable instance which has furnished the subject of many a romantic story, the facts of which will be narrated further on.

Previous to the final removal, however, the Russian fur traders of the North had made inroads upon the natives. At first they were friendly and bartered with the peaceful inhabitants for the skins of sea otter and seals, which at that time abounded on the shores. After they had gained the confidence of the natives, they brought down some of the treacherous Innuits of the North, leaving them upon the islands to trade with the natives to better advantage; the Russians making visits at stated times, to gather up the accumulations of their subordinates, and furnish them supplies for carrying on the barter. From tradition, we learn that these Northern Indians finally massacred large numbers of the unsuspecting natives, carrying away with them everything of value belonging to the inhabitants.

I formed one of a party, which some years ago spent several weeks on one of the Channel Islands collecting ethnological specimens for the Smithsonian Institution. We exhumed a large number of skeletons of the former inhabitants, and at one place found where a large number, probably two or three hundred, had been buried; they had evidently been thrown into heaps without system or ceremony, a majority of the skulls showing evidence of their owners having been killed by the driving of some blunt-pointed instrument through the temporal bone, or into the socket of the eye. There was also an almost entire absence of the usual deposits made with the dead bodies when bur-

ied by their own people,—which would indicate either that they had been thrown into a heap and left unburied and afterwards covered by the drifting sand, or that they had been hurriedly and unceremoniously buried by enemies, or by friends who had not time nor opportunity to perform the usual ceremonies, nor to deposit the individual belongings, as was the custom.

It may be doubted whether the original inhabitants of the islands selected sites for their habitations in consideration of their romantic positions or of scenic surroundings, but they certainly did occupy some of the most sightly positions to be found in their territory, probably from the combined objects of being near the source of food supply, water, fuel, and positions commanding a view of the surrounding country, to guard against being surprised by an approaching enemy.

During the greater portion of the year no shelter was needed, or at most a brush shelter was sufficient, although the natives built houses of the ribs of stranded whales. These were set up on the ground in the form of a circle, concave curves, being towards the center. They brought the upper ends together at the top, and the outside was probably covered by stretching seal skins over the frame, making a substantial wind and water proof building in the form of an old-fashioned bee-hive.

In the exploration before mentioned I found the remains of buildings of a character in which the portions of bones imbedded in the soil were preserved *in situ*, the portions of the ground having disappeared, indicating that the houses were ancient, the ribs of the whale being very durable, as shown by the large numbers of such which were to be found in the neighborhood of the rancherias, or villages,



THE REMAINS OF THE LOST PEOPLE, SAN NICOLAS ISLAND.

subsequent to the disappearance of Indians from the region. Bones of les were also used in the burial places indicate the position of the bodies. Paul Schumacher during his exploras of the islands and coast in 1875, etimes mistook the remains of these ses for indications of burial places. errelo, in writing of *El Pueblo de los oas* (" which is called Xucu"), which essor Davidson locates as the San naventura of today, says, " And they on the land a village of Indians near sea, and the houses large in the inner of those of New Spain" (Mexico).

Natural caves, of which large numbers exist around the shores of the islands, were also used by untold generations of inhabitants. Some of these caves worn in the face of the perpendicular basaltic cliffs, are accessible only from the ocean; others are situated inland. During a recent visit to the islands, our party explored several of these aboriginal strongholds, or cave dwellings, in some of which we found Kitchen-middings, or Kjokken moddings, several feet in depth, among which we found shells, bones of birds, seals, sea-otter, and fish, fragments of rope made of sea grass, and a few fragments of stone implements. Some of the grass ropes were braided in three strands, others twisted like ordinary rope used at the present day. The largest cave on the Anacapas, into which we rowed our boat, consists of a chamber of perhaps four hundred feet in width, running back about one hundred and fifty feet from the arched entrance, with a dome-shaped roof perhaps one hundred feet in height, rising from the circumference in a regular curve to the center, the

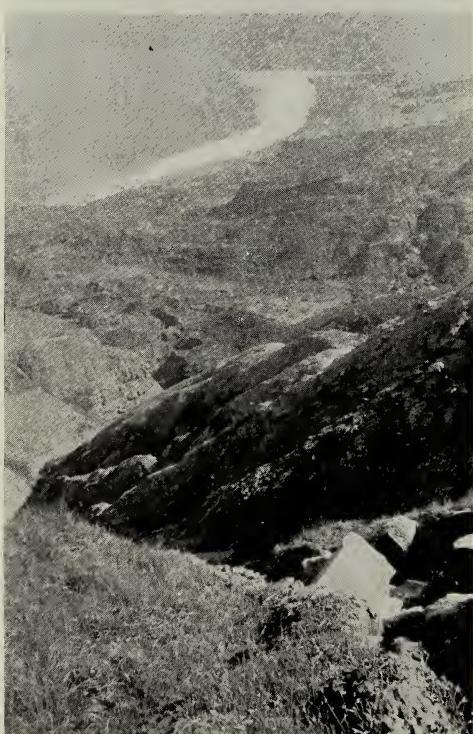


THE COAST CLIFFS, 1000 FEET HIGH.

floor being partly covered by water edged by a pebbly beach, forming a grand hall which would accommodate a large number of people.

In passing along the bluffs in which the caves are situated, they present a panorama of unique and beautiful scenery where the richness of color and peculiarity of outline are unequalled at any other point. The water for a great portion of the distance is perfectly smooth, and so transparent that the flora and fauna of its depths may be as easily studied as upon the surface; bright orange-colored fishes darting in and out among the dark green seaweeds, the shells, corallines, and other inhabitants of the deep, can there be seen in their native element.

At other points rock-shelters, or shall-



A BIT OF THE SAN NICOLAS COAST.

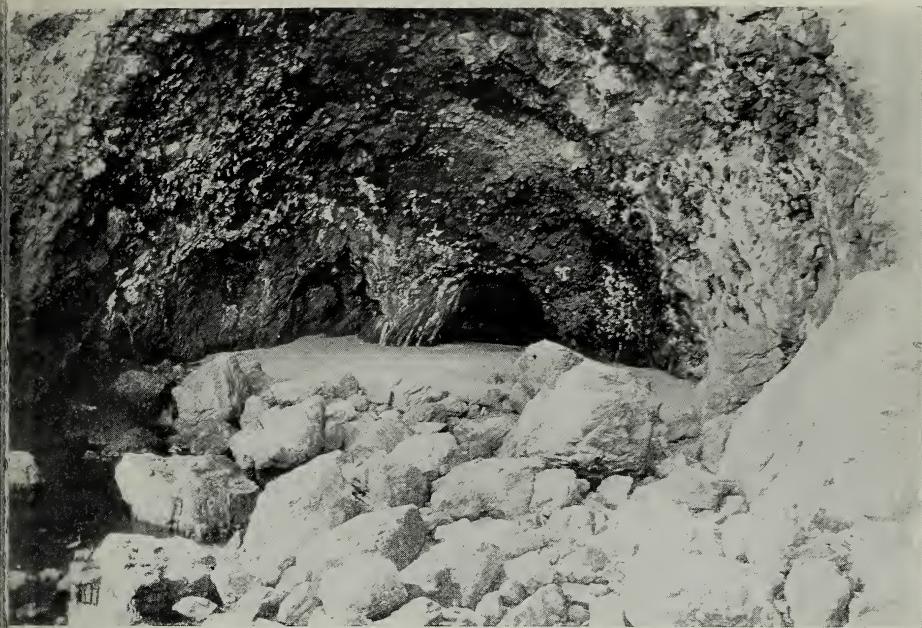


FIELDS OF ABALONE SHELLS.

low caves, had been occupied, some which are some distance from the shore. Near the eastern end of San Rosa Island there are quite a number of the rock-shelters which project above the general surface. One isolated rock-shelter in the side of a cañon at a distance from the sea, and at a height of some thirty or forty feet from the bottom of the cañon or ravine, had its floor covered with refuse, and a few human bones were found in the debris, possibly the remains of some of the former inhabitants who had sought shelter from their enemies or been outcasts from their tribe, and had died, and left their bones unburied.

Human bones are often found buried in the spaces occupied by depressions which mark the sites of these ancient dwellings, especially in instances where the rancherias or former dwelling places occupied the only convenient spots in which the soil could be easily excavated.

On the middle Anacapa, a short distance from the only buildings upon the island, we found a rock-shelter or cavity facing towards the main land, which would afford shelter from the storms of winter, which generally come from the southeast, south, or southwest. We found an extensive deposit of refuse at this point, and also at other places on the island; although Mr. Schumacher informed us that he "passed this island from both sides but could not discover any shell deposits."



THE CAVE DWELLINGS, SAN NICOLAS ISLAND.

ie Ancient Mariners, or Navigators, ined on the islands from November 1542, until January 19th, 1543, and ed the inhabitants as very poor. ey eat nothing but fish, they sleep e ground, all their business and em- ment is to fish; in each house they there are fifty souls, they live very ishly, they go naked."

n Nicolas Island is about nine miles length and four miles in width, and ins about 322 square miles. The r on the island is plentiful, but brack- it was formerly densely populated, s now a treeless waste, the result of aving been denuded of its former al growth of trees and other vegeta- by fire, and the pasturage of sheep. e learn from tradition that the Alaskans placed upon this island to trade the natives, killed off the male in- tants and took possession. Later, n they left the island, they aban- ed the women and children.

1835, some years after the Alaskans

had departed, the padres sent a vessel to remove the women and children from the island. This was accomplished with the exception of one woman who jumped into the surf and swam ashore to hunt for her child, which had accidentally been left behind. The next we hear of the lone woman was in 1850, after a lapse of fifteen years, when Captain Nidever of Santa Barbara visited the island, and discovered traces of recent habitation, but it was not until 1853 that the female Robinson Crusoe was found and removed to the main land, where, from the sudden and complete change of manner of living, she soon died. She had outlived her people, and found no one able to converse with her in her almost forgotten language. It is supposed she was the last of her race. Her child, for whom she returned, is said to have been killed by dogs, which were abundant upon the island at the time of its occupation by the Indians. These dogs have since become extinct.

The child's dress, together with other relics found with the woman, including

needles of bone, clothing made of skins, and the like, were deposited in the Vatican at Rome, but the incidents connected with her stay upon, and removal from, the island, will soon be forgotten, although the refuse heaps of the thousands of its former inhabitants will remain for ages as the only evidence of a lost people.

Who can realize the utter and wretched loneliness of the poor creature who spent eighteen years among the deserted homes and hearths of generations of her ancestors, whose bleaching bones were exposed by the action of the prevailing winds, until the surface of the ground was whitened by their numbers?

Some of the islands nearest to the mainland are occupied by the white race, who have taken away or destroyed nearly all the destructible evidences of its former occupation. The majority of the smaller islands have been used as pasture, and the only human occupants are the nomadic sheep shearers, who remain only during the shearing seasons; an occa-

sional visit from a sealing party, or fishermen, and of late years by parties of Chinamen, who have collected immense quantities of abalones (*Haliotis*), the parts of which are dried and shipped to China, and the shells sold by ton for the manufacture of buttons and jewelry.

The whalers and seal hunters plied their vocations so persistently that the large marine animals which supplied an important part of the wants of the origines, have been almost exterminated, and the abalones, which furnished natives with a permanent food supply, have been shipped to far off Asia to be used as food for the over-populated dominions of the Oriental Empire.

The deserted homes of the lost people remain in almost unbroken solitude, silence broken only by the moaning of the winds, the muffled rolling of the ever moving surf, the harsh discordant screaming of the sea birds, and the sonorous deep-toned barking of seals and sea lions.

*Lorenzo Gordin Yates, F. L. S.
Corresponding Member Anthropological
Society.*

BIRTH.

GOD smiled upon the earth,—and so
Spring came; the blooms began to blow
Upon the almond tree;
The birds dropped down from heaven's blue
And caroled all the morning through
In sweetest melody.

God smiled upon the heart,—and so
Love came; the soul began to glow
With its divinity;
The mighty chain of nations came
And from the forge of tender flame
Linked God, and man, and majesty.

Elwyn Irving Hoffman



THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT LOS ANGELES.

EDUCATIONAL
DEPARTMENT.

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE MEETING AT LOS ANGELES, MARCH, 1896.

THOSE who live in the neighborhood of San Francisco Bay, it has often been said, are prone to think themselves at the intellectual as well as the geographical center of things Californian. The congestion of higher education in this region, as evidenced by the presence of two universities, has given rise to the feeling that while there may be evidences of culture in other parts of the State, the spread of enlight-

enment must naturally proceed from San Francisco Bay.

That Southern California possesses some notable schools and school men was recognized long ago. Some of these men have been active members of the State Teachers' Association, and the names of a few of them are found on the committees of the National Educational Association.

The State Teachers' Association is an organization of twenty-nine years' standing. Its meetings are held annually during the Christmas holidays. Its mem-



PROF. E. T. PIERCE,
PRINCIPAL LOS ANGELES NORMAL.

bership embraces teachers from every part of the State. Its meetings have been held as near the geographical center of the State as possible, ranging from Stockton to Fresno and Santa Cruz. The Southern California teachers have found it difficult to attend these meetings on account of distance and expense. Only a few of the most enterprising have enrolled themselves, therefore, as members of the State Teachers' Association. These few have seen the advantages of these meetings, and have gone home full of enthusiasm, and anxious that all Southern California teachers should have an opportunity to meet and discuss the many educational problems that are being worked out in this State.

This wish led to the organization of the Southern California Teachers' Association. It is in no sense a rival of the State

Teachers' Association, for its leading members are all members of that association also.

The Southern California Teachers' Association was organized at Los Angeles in 1891. At the first session there were about seventy-five teachers in attendance. Professor Melville Dozier, of Los Angeles State Normal School, was elected President. The membership of the Association has increased rapidly. During the fifth annual meeting, which was held in the new auditorium of the State Normal School at Los Angeles on March 26th, 27th, and 28th, 1896, there was a daily attendance of over two hundred teachers. This indicates rather a large instance of sporadic culture, than hints at the formation of a new nucleus of intellectual growth. Some account of its doings may be of general educational interest.

President Charles H. Keyes, of the Throop Polytechnic Institute of Pasadena, presided over the meetings. His presence and skill as a presiding officer added much to the success of the school. The program indicated that Southern California has as many problems to solve as other parts of the State. The day was given up to the discussion of questions relating to High Schools. The questions in particular engaged the attention of the Association. One was the University's accrediting system. Another was the question of freedom of election of studies by High School pupils.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee in January last, President Keyes was authorized to appoint a committee of twelve High School principals, to study the needs of the secondary schools of Southern California and report at the annual meeting of the Association. The committee appointed on this committee principal F. E. Perham of Santa Ana, L. B. Allen of Redlands, W. F. Bliss of Colton, P. Davidson of San Diego, Miss Eu-

er of Riverside, J. D. Graham of Adena, Doctor Lyman Gregory of both Riverside, W. F. Housh of Los Angeles, P. W. Kauffman of Ventura, F. Molyneaux of Pomona, N. A. Richardson of San Bernardino, and C. Y. Roop of Santa Barbara.

To facilitate its work this committee divided itself into four sub-committees to consider the following questions:

Course of Study and University Relations of High Schools of One and Teachers.

The Latitude to be allowed High School Pupils in Election of Studies.

How Many Lines of Work can School Pupils Carry?

What Shall be the Mode of Admission to High Schools?

The reports of these sub-committees, having been read, modified, and adopted by the committee as a whole, were presented to the Association by its chairman, F. E. Perham of Santa Ana.

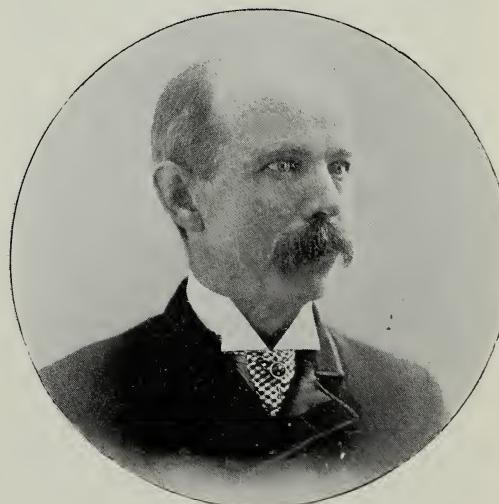
There is not room in this issue of the magazine to insert the whole of this valuable report. Two sections of it will be found in full in the pages that follow this article. They are the sections which deal with the question of freedom of election of studies by High School pupils, another question which is daily growing in importance, What Shall be the Mode of Admission to High Schools? These two topics touch the main points of the first day's discussion.

The first topic was presented on Thursday morning, and as representatives of the faculties of the State and Stanford universities had been invited to attend and take part in the discussion which followed, there was naturally a somewhat warm debate. It is well known that these two universities typify the same ideas that Yale and Harvard represent—the general culture idea and Stan-

ford University early specialization. The University of California follows Yale in the support of the principle that there are certain studies that are absolutely essential to a sound education, while Stanford University as warmly seconds Harvard in its contention that all subjects have sufficient disciplinary value, and as it is impossible to know many subjects well in these days, it is best to follow from the first the line of the student's greatest interest. On the question of the accrediting system the two Universities seemed to be as nearly as widely apart, though Stanford University accepts students from the State University's accredited schools, and has accredited some schools that are not on its list.

There seems to be so much confusion in the popular mind in regard to the accrediting system, that it may be well to insert here a short explanatory note. In his History of the University of California, Professor William Carey Jones thus clearly describes the system:—

To every school asking to be accredited the University sends a representative of every leading department of study taught in it: English, mathematics, science, history, classics, modern



STATE SUPERINTENDENT SAMUEL T. BLACK.



PROFESSOR CHARLES H. KEYES,
PRESIDENT SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TEACHERS'
ASSOCIATION.

languages. There may be thus five or even six examiners visiting a school. The examiner spends more or less time, sometimes a whole day, in the class-rooms, observing the teacher in the work of instruction, himself testing the knowledge of the pupils and inspecting their written work. These examinations are repeated annually, although, where a certain amount of stability is attained in the school, one or more of the examiners may accept a teacher's work without an annually repeated inspection. As a rule the examiners present themselves at the school without previous notification. Preliminarily to the personal visit to the school, specimen papers of pupils' work are sent to the University. To a certain extent, the school accredited is dependent for its continued good standing on the word in the Freshman year of its recommended graduates.

The examiners report their findings to the Faculty Committee on Examination of Schools. After the conference in this committee, a report is finally made to the Academic Faculties, and if the decision is favorable, the school is formally accredited for the year. Further, for a pupil to be admitted to the University, he must be graduated and must present an individual and personal recommendation from the principal. Principals do not by any means recommend all the pupils whom they have graduated. The system is thus exceptionally safeguarded, thorough, and effective.

Two modifications have been made in the original plan. (1) If good work is done in nearly all the studies, the rule is modified so that the school may be accredited in its deserving work. (2) The principal of the school may recommend

his graduates, subject to exceptions in particular branches, which for any reason he is not willing to vouch for. In either of these cases the applicant to the University must present him to the matriculation examinations in the studies in which the school is not accredited or which the principal has excepted in his recommendation. Regular matriculation examinations are maintained in full force for applicants coming from non-accredited schools, and persons from accredited schools refused the recommendation of the principal may present themselves without notice at the examinations.

The system described by Professor Jones was inaugurated in 1887. Any one who is familiar with the history of secondary education in California will agree that it revolutionized the High Schools throughout the State. In 1883 a law was passed which required the High Schools to prepare their students to enter the University; but not until the accrediting system was put into operation was it successfully done. The close relation which the visits of the University examiners have established between the High School teachers and the University professors resulted in a great improvement in the quality of their work. The trustees were also constrained by local pride to exercise more care in the selection of High School teachers. The result has been a general lifting of the standard of secondary schools throughout the State.

It is interesting to note that the High School teachers of Southern California now propose to establish a similar examination between the High Schools and the grammar schools. They hope by so doing to secure a better articulation of the school system, and an improvement in the quality of the work done in the schools, through supervision by the High School principal.

Another indication of better relations between the High Schools and the elementary schools to be noticed in Southern California is the plan adopted in some places of having the High School

ience lay out a course of study for elementary schools, and the High School teacher of English give advice as to reading matter to be used in grades below the High School, etc.

Southern California certainly did not bear at her best in the discussion which followed the report of the committee on needs of her secondary schools. Those reports were in themselves admirable, and a careful study and a clear understanding of the situation on the part of men who prepared them. A general session by a large number of people is most profitable. There is no way of giving an expression of the best thought of the audience, nor of preventing trivialities from breaking the thread of the discussion. The two topics presented on Saturday morning were, "What Latin Shall be Allowed High School Pupils in Selection of Studies?" and "Courses of University Relations of High Schools of One and Two Teachers." Professor Griggs of Stanford led the session on these topics. He said in substance that the relation between the Universities and the High Schools was undoubtedly good for both; but it must be remembered that the majority of the High School pupils do not go to a university, in arranging courses of study for Schools the preference should be given to the majority over the favored few who go on. He said further that nothing lacked disciplinary value, and the one that was studied with enthusiasm was the one that did the most good. Entirely apart from university requirements, he said, there were several subjects of first importance. English he considered as being of prime importance, history and literature, the subjects that relate the students to the past of the country. Science also no man could afford to be ignorant of, and of course this meantatory science. The fact had been

mentioned that many of the smaller High Schools were not properly equipped for doing laboratory work in science, especially in physics and chemistry. Professor Griggs spoke of the importance of biological science. The material for its study was all about us, he said, and the material we gathered for ourselves was better than that bought by the trustees. Biology, well taught, he considered far better than physics and chemistry poorly taught. He advised giving the teacher as much freedom of choice as possible, allowing him to work along the line of his own interest and the student's best interest. He favored requiring three years of English, three years of history and literature, and three years of science, and allowing as much freedom as possible in relation to other subjects. To call mathematics and Latin the most fundamental studies was to express the relics of mediævalism, he said.

Professor Slate of the State University followed. He said that the difficulty in considering this subject was that there was a possibility of saying a great many things, all true, and all apparently at variance; while in reality the majority of those present were agreed on the most fundamental things.

"For instance," he said, "the University of California has considered the question of the High School course of study in its relations to the best interests of the pupils. Science has its place in the schools. Huxley and the men of his generation made that fight, and we have entered into the enjoyment of the results of their victory."

Professor Griggs had said that if a teacher is a good biologist, he should be allowed to teach biology, and not be set to teach physics and chemistry. "But," said Professor Slate, "this overlooks the fact that in order to be a good biologist the teacher must know physics and

chemistry, for there is an inter-relation between all the branches of science. They belong to one group, just as Greek and Latin and Hebrew belong to one group."

"The school law," he continued, "requires the High Schools of the State to prepare their pupils for one course in the State University. Is this done to set up the University to dictate to the High Schools? It is not; but in the interest of the pupils, to protect them from the whims and vagaries of the local communities where the High Schools are situated.

"We should remember too," he said, "that besides the disciplinary value of studies, there is the content, or information value. It is not right to deprive students of the opportunity to acquire certain things of known value."

The opposition to the University's accrediting system, and all systems must meet with opposition of course was voiced by Mr. Kirk of San Bernardino, who said that he prayed for an Abraham Lincoln to declare the emancipation of the California High Schools from the domination of the State University.

The gentleman apologized from the platform on the second day for the vehemence of this remark. It is quoted here as showing the misapprehension under which many teachers labor in regard to the accrediting system.

Mr. P. W. Kauffman of Ventura attacked the system in a similar vein. He said Ventura County was one of the first to adopt the accrediting system, and he considered it had worked incalculable good and ill. He said one of the speakers had declared the University did not dictate to the High Schools. "This is true literally," he said, "but practically it is false. If a teacher's work is not accredited, there is no place for him. His

students should be permitted to pass examinations. But the University examiners say to him 'Get out! Get off face of the earth! There is no place for you!'"

Anyone who knows the working of the system, or who has read Professor Jones's account of it, knows that graduates of unaccredited schools are free to enter the matriculation examinations without prejudice. As to the teacher whose work fails to receive approval, there is no doubt his failure follows him. So does the failure of the teacher whom the local superintendent finds wanting. And is this to be explored? Are the schools maintaining the benefit of the teachers of the State or for the children?

Mr. Kauffman said he thought it would be more difficult for a University professor to examine the work of a University of California graduate without prejudice than that of another teacher. Here again he is considering the question from the teacher's standpoint. The University is not under any obligation to find positions for its graduates, notwithstanding it be anything but a misfortune to an institution to have weak teachers retained in positions they are unfit to fill.

On reading over the remarks of different teachers who took part in the debate at Los Angeles, one can hardly fail to notice that the men who found fault with the accrediting system were in all of them representatives of the High Schools, with the exception of Mr. Kirk, who is not directly connected with High School work.

Doctor Lyman Gregory of South Pasadena, who was chairman of the Committee on Courses of Study and University Relations of High Schools of the State and Two Teachers, announced that he was a committee on the impossible

aid, he thought the University should its accrediting system to fit the circumstances. How much better it would be for the State if the friends of education would lift the schools instead!

Doctor Gregory announced that there were thirty High Schools in this State taught by one teacher, and thirty more taught by two teachers. If this is the case, there is something wrong. Take Riverside County itself. It is not a large county; but in addition to the Riverside School, which is a well equipped effective school, it maintains five of one and two teacher High Schools, two of them, the San Jacinto and El Cajon Schools, are but two miles apart. He thought on the part of the taxpayers should suggest the proper remedy.

There is not space to quote all the movements brought forward in the discussion at Los Angeles. Professor Sam of Stanford stated that he prayed to Abraham Lincoln to relieve the universities of the necessity of accrediting High Schools, because of the greater number of the students who come up to be examined. This did not add to the general clearness of the subject, as the acting system establishes a purely voluntary relation, either party to it being absolutely free to withdraw from it at any time.

Doctor Jenkins of Stanford said he thought the Universities made too many demands on the High Schools.

If you ask a University faculty to give you a course of study," he said, "what happens? Each department does all the drudgery done in the High School. The professors want the course of study arranged so as to give them the credit."

Doctor Bailey of the State University made exception to Doctor Jenkins's report that University faculties wanted

the High School course that would give them the best freshman.

"Why," he said, "what University faculties want is what everybody wants; and that is the best boy or girl."

At the close of the discussion, it was moved and seconded that the report of the committee on the needs of the secondary schools of Southern California be referred back to the committee with thanks and a request for a further report. After several amendments to this motion had been proposed and voted down, the original motion was carried.

The most important work of the second day was the report of the committee on Uniformity in Grammar School Courses and Certification of Teachers, read by its chairman, Mr. W. F. Bliss of Colton. There is not room to print this report. The first section of it presented a working plan for a course of study for the elementary schools. There were some excellent suggestions in it, and some recommendations whose wisdom might be questioned. But as the committee modestly described their plan as only a suggestion to actual teachers, which they hoped might prove a step toward uniformity, no fault is to be found with such a beginning.

In the second part of their report, the committee brought forward some excellent arguments in favor of abolishing the county examination system, and requiring all new teachers to hold a diploma from some reputable normal school, college, or university. The fact that there are from one thousand to twelve hundred licensed teachers in California today without positions was mentioned as evidence of the harm that rapid certification of teachers does to the profession. But the committee did not dwell with sufficient emphasis on the inevitable evils that follow such a condition of affairs. As teaching is not exempt from the ef-

fects of the law of supply and demand, salaries must fall, when we have 6,500 teachers' positions in the State to fill and 7,500 teachers to fill them. I know of several country schools in California that pay a salary of \$40 per month. I have even heard of a teacher offering to teach one for \$35, because she could live at home. The teachers of the State should unite in an effort to put a stop to the wholesale certificating of new teachers, for crowded ranks by no means give the assurance of the prize to the best, but to the *cheapest*.

Instead of recommending abolishing county examinations at once, the committee advised: First, that there be no renewal of primary grade certificates hereafter; Second, that no original certificate of any grade be granted to any one who cannot present satisfactory evidence of having completed, in some reputable school, a course equivalent to that required in a legal High School of California; Third, that but one county examination be held in each year.

There was but one recommendation in regard to High School certificates. That was to the effect that groups of High School subjects be arranged for examination purposes, and that full High School certificates be issued to anyone completing all the subjects in any one group. This is the plan adopted in Alameda County. Mr. Bliss announced that it had been put into operation in all of the Southern California counties, except Los Angeles and Riverside. It will probably be put into operation in these two counties also, as with this exception, a uniform scheme of requirements for county examinations has, as a result of the efforts of this committee, been agreed upon by the County Boards of the seven Southern California counties. This is a practical step toward State uniformity that will be appreciated by all students of the question.

Miss Frances Lewis, a teacher in Redlands High School, and a member of the San Bernardino County Board of Education, made a telling speech in favor of removing the examination of High School teachers from the hands of county boards. She pointed out that there was often a county board, no single member of which held a High School certificate. Yet this board would decide what subjects a High School teacher should be examined in, and then proceed to examine him. As a member of a county board, Miss Lewis said, she knew it would be a relief to have the examination of High School teachers taken in charge by some higher tribunal. She favored establishing a State High School Board, and requiring all applicants for High School certificates to bring evidence of having had the equivalent of a college course of four years, and where they had no experience in teaching, to pass an examination in pedagogy.

All these recommendations are in keeping with the best thought on these subjects in other parts of the State, and show that Southern California is fully alive to the problems the State is called upon to solve.

No mention has been made of the dresses given by State Superintendent Black, Doctor O. P. Jenkins of Stanford University, Doctor Thomas P. Bailey of the University of California, and others. These dresses were scattered through the program in a way that showed the frankness of it recognized the necessary rhythmic work and play. The work of the Association was done by its committee, and after a hard tussle over electing studies or methods of certification of teachers, it was a relief to listen for a while to Doctor Bailey's masterly handling of the subject of "Adolescence," or Doctor Jenkins's entertaining account of the development of the "Animal Factor."

any criticism could be made on the meetings, it would be to question the wisdom of evening sessions. After five hours hard work and continued application, a average teacher is too tired to enjoy the greatest treat in the way of an evening lecture.

I have to confess that no criticism of evening meetings appears in this report for the reason mentioned above, but the third day's meeting is also a treat to me, because I was obliged to go to Los Angeles before it took place. It prevented my securing a photograph of the incoming President of the Association, Mr. James A. Foshay, City Superintendent of the Los Angeles schools. He takes the reins from President Keyes, and has managed them in a masterly way for two years.

Attention should be made also of the valuable services of Miss Florence Dunham and Doctor Lyman Gregory, who acted as secretary and treasurer of the Association since its beginning.

An able administration of these offices is essential to the success of any organization. The Southern California Teachers' Association has been fortunate indeed in this particular.

Another Southern California man who contributed much to the success of this meeting was State Superintendent S. T. Black. Superintendent Black is proud of being a Southern California man, and Southern California is proud of him. Ventura County, which he served as Superintendent of Schools before he took the State office, was the first to move in most of the reforms described in this article.

Among other prominent men present, whose names have not been mentioned, was Professor E. T. Pierce, principal of the Los Angeles State Normal School. Professor Pierce is a man of few words. But his school speaks for him. It was in operation during the meetings, and those who visited it recognized in it one of the forces that is making Southern California what it is educationally.

May L. Cheney.

AT LATITUDE SHOULD BE ALLOWED HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS IN ELECTION OF STUDIES?

For convenience of consideration, this subject is divided into the following :—first, the question of electives generally considered; second, cautions regarding adoption of elective system; third, electives by courses or electives subjects; fourth, what studies should be allowed as electives?

First: Shall the High School course be or all, or shall it allow electives? In favor of the former course it may be urged first that, the work will be better when reduced to a few branches, taught; second, economy as to expenditure will be fostered by avoiding complication of lines of work; and that

third, electives in later work in college and university can be most wisely made, only when the individual has a view of the field of knowledge as a whole. On the other hand it is urged by some that but a small percentage of the High School pupils will go to college, and that the work should aim to acquaint the pupils with the world in which they are to live, and to develop, in so far as possible, that power of mind and moral character that shall make good men and good citizens, and further that it becomes the responsibility of the college to accept, at its real educational value as preparatory work, what the High School chooses to do.

It is further urged that the large advance in science and sociology within the last generation has given birth to new ideas, new and living lines of thought, new sciences, the elements of which are as well within the reach of the average High School pupil as the problems of mechanics and the nice distinctions of English prose and Greek poetry, and the educational value of which is second to that of no other line of work in the curriculum.

In putting strong and weak students through the same course, the former are often disgusted and the latter discouraged. The offering of electives partially avoids this difficulty, since strong students can thus regularly carry a larger number of subjects than the others.

Recognizing the force of the arguments of economy and efficiency urged against diversity of courses, the committee recommend that great caution be used in introducing electives. First, there should be large enough attendance to justify the division of classes resulting from election. Second, there should be a corps of teachers fitted for the special studies they are to teach. Third, there should be a material equipment sufficient for the work.

All further recommendations concerning electives are made subject to the cautions above given.

Proper caution being observed, we would recommend the introduction of elective work into the High School course.

Should election be by courses or by studies?

In support of the first arrangement, it is to be said that the High School should encourage well balanced work on the part of its pupils and promote an even development, which aims cannot be obtained if choice is left to the caprice of each individual.

A course of study is generally formulated with great care with the purpose of presenting phases of knowledge in related and balanced form. The formed taste of the individual being allowed out, would, through an irrational conglomeration of studies, produce one-sided development. In support of the latter view, it is to be said that individual taste shows the lines along which individuals can penetrate most effectively and that their interest should be encouraged.

Both these arguments seem to have special force and we believe best results will be produced by preparing different courses, with a definite allowance of election by subjects in later years.

What subjects should be elective?

This is a broad subject and can best be briefly discussed in this report; more fully it is not the intention of this committee to recommend a definite course of study.

For the classical course we should recommend little, if any, election, since it is distinctively preparatory and most take it intend to continue in college or university where election can be made with wisdom gained by years and knowledge of the field.

We are, however, confronted here by a wide divergence of opinion among good classical teachers as to the place both of history and German.

It is urged by some that history should be properly taught in the High School and hence should not be presented at all — at least no further than a brief outline of classical history as a foundation for the work in Latin and Greek. The history work, it is urged, consists of sifting evidence and sifting out error in consideration of historical material.

The work should be inductive, from original sources and hence is likely to be out of reach in the High School. It should be the only conception admissible.

of history study, then it should not appear in the High School course. The committee are agreed, however, that this is the history work the High School is, even if it were feasible. It is not modes of the specialist that the High school student needs, but rather, first, an of the general progress of the world such a familiarity with men and measures of past history as shall enable to readily comprehend the numerous historical references in his school work, in his reading in after life; and secondly, such a discussion of the events of history as shall enable him to appreciate its progressive character, to see the institutions of civilization in the course of development and the relation they bear to man's ultimate freedom. The study of the operation of the fundamental principles of society, as seen in history, seems of the most essential lines of work secondary school can undertake and be urged that it can not do definite work along such lines, it is to be said in view that the youth of the secondary schools are going out to do very definite work in settling and unsettling questions of the greatest moment to this nation and the world, as well as to their own immediate neighborhoods, and it rests with the secondary schools whether they shall do this with or without previous enlightened thought and discussion.

We therefore conclude that history should appear even in the classical course, and in those specially designed to be finishing courses, the work in history and other sociological subjects should extend throughout the four years.

German is a valuable adjunct in classical and scientific college work, and a school that can afford it should allow it an elective in most or all of its courses. It is the belief of the committee that notwithstanding the great value of the English work in the schools, the last year

should be elective in all excepting specially English courses.

In science work there arises some conflict of opinion as to whether science should be given in the earlier years of the course. In favor of this it is to be urged that scientific observation cannot begin too young and that on certain accounts it would be well for the scientific course to have its distinctive work distributed through the four years. On the other hand, few schools are properly equipped to do real science work with the large first year classes that would come into the laboratories. The expense of preparing for this work would be great. Many schools that can do admirable biological work for instance, with the small classes in later years, would find it absolutely impossible with the first year classes. We therefore recommend that except where ample equipment is furnished, true laboratory science work be in the last two years, a second elective course being offered in the special scientific course for strong students.

This will leave the way open for our next recommendation, namely, that all courses require at least a year of Latin. It is believed that a year of Latin will be valuable in the light it will shed upon English etymology and scientific nomenclature; moreover, a student should not be prevented by the lack of Latin from choosing the classical course at the beginning of the second year, for before that time he has no intelligent basis for choice. In mathematics it is our recommendation that plane geometry and elementary algebra be required in all courses, and that the higher work in these studies, together with plane trigonometry be elective in all but the classical course, in which it has no place.

The broadening of the realm of investigation during the past half century has given rise to new lines of collegiate and

university work the importance of which is second to none, whether we take into account the effect upon the individual and the people, or whether we look at their economic and cultural values. The sciences of nature have spread until they have given this age their own stamp. The colleges have given place to them gradually, the universities more readily, till today a university gives as much space in its register and in its work, to natural, physical, and social sciences as to all other lines combined.

As a result, our current literature is loaded with valuable discussion of matters closely related to the lives and interests of all of us and of movements whose import intelligent citizens should be able to discern and appreciate. The welfare of the individual, of the community, of the state, and of society in general, is largely dependent upon the

intelligence of the response made to discussions by experts. The intelligence of the response will be largely measured by the work of schools below the university grade. In conclusion, therefore, I strongly recommend a wise arrangement of elective courses and elective branches giving to those about to finish their High School education a well-guarded opportunity for preparation in special lines.

In the progress of its deliberation, the committee has found it necessary to formulate a course of study in order that the various interests might be intelligently discussed; but since it is not their duty to recommend, it refrains at this time from presenting the one constructed.

Respectfully submitted,

*Lewis B. Avery,
Eugenie Fuller,
N. A. Richardson,
W. H. Housh.*

WHAT SHALL BE THE MODE OF ADMISSION TO HIGH SCHOOL?

FOR the proper consideration of this subject there must be some basis of agreement as to what shall constitute the first year of the High school. There are obvious reasons why it should be the ninth year, and without entering into a discussion of the matter we make the following recommendation:

That for purposes of administration the ninth year in union as well as city districts be considered the first year of the High school.

The custom of granting grammar school diplomas was introduced when California recognized the ninth grade as the last year of the local school system. This custom continued where the grammar school course was adopted, and is still quite universal even in districts

where High Schools have been established.

In the evolution of secondary education this practise should be discarded.

Some counties grant diplomas at the end of the eighth year, others at the end of the ninth. Thus these documents have even the definite significance of a certificate of promotion.

At one time the holder of a grammar school diploma was entitled to admission to the State Normal Schools, but this is no longer true, least so far as Southern California is concerned. All honor to the Los Angeles Normal!

When a child receives a diploma at the age of fourteen or fifteen it sometimes happens that his ambition is sati-

system worked harmoniously is evinced by the statistics hereinbefore presented; and that it was most benefit in its operation is well attested by unparalleled growth and prosperity in the country.

During this long period, silver money, legal tender, was held by all concerned to be "*sound money*" — sound as gold itself. Indeed from 1834 to 1873, the commercial ratio of silver to gold was 15.61 to 1, while the legal ratio was 371.25 to 23.22, approximately 16 to 1. By which it appears that, for commercial purposes, silver was preferred to gold.

There but one metal employed as money, doubtless for some purposes there would be a premium on bullion, for other purposes a premium on coin, and even a premium difference on small weights of large coin and small coins, according to the requirements. Layman proceeding says: —

Mr. Scott, in the article mentioned, practically advises this country to abandon the gold standard and adopt the unlimited free coinage of silver, presumably at a ratio of 16 to 1, which is twice its actual value, and which means pure silver monometallism. I beg permission to him most respectfully, what effect he sees such a policy would have upon the men whom he employs, and also upon that of the State of California whose earnings of a life are to a considerable extent represented by hundred and seventy-five millions of deposits on a gold basis in the savings and commercial banks of this State? In other words, does he believe that his workmen, or anybody's workmen, or the people at large, would be benefited by being paid their wages, or their debts in banks, on a depreciated silver basis, instead of a gold basis as now?

Layman seems to conjure up a fallacy and then to cry out against the creature of his own imagination. Nowhere in the article, referred to by him, can my words be tortured to mean what he asserts or implies them to do. To the contrary I distinctly stated: —

The country having in view its own welfare — its self-preservation — demands the remonetization of silver. It has found by sad experience, gold too limited in quantity, too precarious in its prospects, and too subject to the wiles of money gamblers, to be employed as its sole primary money. It also plainly sees that the sum of its gold, and of its silver so appreciated, and all of both metals that it can subsequently command — so far as human foresight can go — is not now and will not be in excess of its redemption money requirements.

It is therein further stated: —

Silver then must come as legal tender to the front, side by side with its old companion gold. The necessity of the country demands it; and "necessity is the law of time and place."

In my article nothing is said justifying Layman to presume me in favor of the ratio of 16 to 1. Instead of naming a definite ratio, I said as follows: —

But what shall be the monetary ratio established with respect to gold and silver, so as to effect the greatest good to the greatest number of the people, is a problem requiring for its solution the best efforts of our ablest statesmen. Evidently the ratio ought to be such as to give a healthful stimulus to our silver mining industry. This is due to the industry itself in recognition of its great intrinsic worth; and to requite the wrongs done it and the silver in store by partial and reprehensible legislation. Besides, such are the relations subsisting among the various industries, that when one industry rises or falls others share with it.

Were silver fully remonetized, — the silver dollar and the gold dollar made equal one to the other, and both legal tender, redemption money, — the expression "*depreciated silver basis*" in application to the condition would be absurd, self-stultifying. This fact workmen well understand. The workman's standard of measurement is his labor. To him, the instrument of exchange — silver or gold — between his labor and requirements is insignificant. Probably in most cases his convenience would prefer payment part in silver and part in gold. As with the workman, so doubtless would it be with the great majority of the people. The small

minority, as money loaners, money gamblers, and so on, might, perchance, be adversely affected by the establishment of bimetallism, but the interests of the country as a whole, are paramount to theirs. "The greatest good of the greatest number," is a fundamental principle on which the stability of our government depends. Gold monometallism renders money scarce. Bimetallism would render it plenteous. The attendants of scarcity of money are:—little employment for labor, low wages, palsied industry, and general adversity; while the attendants of plenteous money are:—ample employment for labor, active industry, and general prosperity.

An eminent writer on finance, referring to English money loaners, says, "They are interest gatherers to the amount annually of over one thousand millions of dollars." The rate being four per cent; the aggregate loan is \$25,000,000,000 and upward. Now the amount of gold extant in the world, is probably less than \$4,000,000,000. Estimating the world's output of gold at \$200,000,000 a year, it is seen that to pay England (the money loaners) her interest in gold, it would require not only the continuous annual output of \$200,000,000, but in five years the world's present stock of \$4,000,000,000 in addition. Mr. Leech, Director of the United States Mint, estimates the gold of England at \$550,000,000. England's loan, then, is to her stock of gold as forty-five to one. That is in forty-five parts, one part is real and forty-four parts unreal; one part gold and forty-four parts fiction. So much for England's vaunted gold basis system.

To pay in gold the interest for two years on the aggregate debt of this country, would require not only the world's entire output of gold during the specified time, but the world's present stock of \$4,000,000,000 in addition.

On reliable data—part furnished Mr. Leech—it is to be stated that in country the aggregate domestic loan in the quantity of gold in the country fifty to one;—that is, in fifty parts, parts real and forty-nine parts unreal; one part gold and forty-nine parts fiction. So much for the gold basis system of country.

How largely the "life-time" earnings of the people of California,—earnings represented to a considerable extent the hundred and seventy-five million deposits on a gold basis in the savings and commercial banks of the State, enjoy the transcendent benefits of country's gold basis system, consisting one part gold and forty-nine parts fiction. I must respectfully defer to Layman determine, and suggest that he devise some means of making the forty-five parts good. Should he fail to perform this more than Danaidean task, may his failure wake his reason, and in case of the triumph of bimetallism, convince him of his groundless grief for the gold moneyed parties named—a grief which, if unsoothed, may perchance ender his fate not unlike that of Niobe.

Layman extracts from the proclamation of Queen Elizabeth the following:—

The loss in the base money falls principally on pensioners, soldiers, hired servants, and the poor people who live by any kind of wages, not by rents of land or trade or merchandise.

He then remarks:—

I take the liberty of subscribing to that doctrine, and trust that on serious second thought Mr. Scott also will perceive its truth, because it is in accordance with a natural law as inexorable as the laws of gravitation.

What bearing this quotation has on bimetallism is not obvious. The Queen distinctly says "base money,"—that is, not legal tender, not redemption money. She evidently had no reference to silver or silver in her day, as at present,

ded, if I am not mistaken, one of the
ous metals,—good money material
e kingdom,—and was used as legal
er or redemption money. I hold that
dollar paid the laborer for his toil
ld be equal in value to the dollar paid
ent, merchandise, or any other ob-

Also, that the silver dollar and the
dollar should be equal one to the
, and both legal tender, redemption
y. Our country—scheming mono-
llism to the contrary notwithstanding—
greatly needs both, and more of
than it can well command.

nomettallists seem to regard gold
inal, divine. The cathode rays of
minds photograph gold only. The
osition which Moses, the divinely
nted agent for promulgating the
ands of the Great Author of the
logue, made of the golden calf set
n the Wilderness, evidences his
ate with respect to the divinity of

rrmit me respectfully to suggest that
nan well con this cogent lesson of
great law-giver.

yman proceeding, February 29th,
es from my article as follows:—

889 the silver mines of the United States
d \$64,808,000.00, equal to two thirds of the
ield of the balance of the world.
894, owing to the great depreciation of sil-
nany of our silver mines were compelled to
ork, and our yield of silver was as meas-
n gold \$14,350,000.00.

e indications are that the silver yield of our
s this year will not exceed \$4,000,000.00.
t only have the demonetizing acts with
to silver reduced the world's redemption
y fully fifty per cent, but they have palsied
wers of recuperation, have effected a scar-
f money, and thereby infested our country's
with countless packs of ravenous wolves.

urning to the United States Mint Sta-
ts with respect to the annual product
lver, gold, etc., in the States and
itories west of the Missouri River,

L. xxvii.—42.

1870-1894, page 289, we find under the
following heading:—

The net product of the States and Territories
west of the Missouri River, exclusive of British
Columbia and west coast of Mexico, divided, is
as follows:—

YEAR.	SILVER.
1889	\$64,808,637 00
1894	28,721,014 00

Nothing on the page indicates that
these amounts were obtained from differ-
ent rates for equal weights of the metal.
No other inference can be drawn from
the data, than that the Mint rate 1.2929
per ounce obtains in both cases. It can-
not be inferred from the data given that
the statistician meant otherwise. Had
the commercial ratio been intended, it
should have been so stated in the heading.
Therefore, if Layman is bent on conten-
tion, it must be with the statistician and
not with me. The price of silver at the
time of my writing was less than half its
coining value; so that without hair split-
ting, the silver yield of 1894, measured in
gold, could fairly be said from the data,
to be \$14,350,000.00 in round numbers.
The silver yield east of the Missouri was
inconsiderable—not sufficient to affect
materially the results stated by me.

Reference to the Mint Report for 1894,
page 15, shows that the silver mines of
Alaska, Arizona, California, Nevada, New
Mexico, Oregon, and Washington,—
commonly termed by us, on the Pacific
Coast, our mines,—yielded in 1894,
3,693,498 ounces, equivalent at coining
rate to \$4,775,323.00. A further inspec-
tion of Statistics shows that the produc-
tion of these mines as a whole, was much
less in 1894 than in 1893,—thus furnish-
ing a criterion justifying the inference
that their yield in 1895 would not exceed
\$4,000,000.00. Whereas were silver
remonetized, they would doubtless be
made to yield several times that amount.

In view of the facts thus presented, it
is to be apprehended that the reader will

perceive that Layman's comments are hypercritical, evincing an aim to say something brilliantly carping rather than to present truth. The writer would respectfully "commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources."

Layman proceeds to give the world's yield of gold and silver for certain years between 1874 and 1895 inclusive, and exclaims as it were, with a victorious flourish of trumpets, — "breaking all previous records." Now his data thus furnished, for some purposes might prove of no little value. At least, as Mrs. Toodles thought of Thompson's door-plate, under certain conditions "it would be a good thing to have in the house." But they utterly fail to invalidate any statement, premise, calculation, or deduction, of mine in my article on "Hard Times—Causes and Remedies." They do not disprove, nor tend to disprove, the fact that money — legal tender money — is very scarce in this country, — the fact that its scarcity is largely due to the demonetization of silver, — the fact that the Hard Times we are enduring are consequent to no little extent to the money scarcity thus effected.

Neither do they show, nor tend to show, that silver, as monometallists aver, was demonetized in 1873 on account of its immense over-production. That, on a gold basis, money in this country is scarce, is evidenced by the fact that we by necessity issue bonds to the amount of hundreds of millions of dollars, obsequiously paying the bond-takers — mostly foreign — a large premium on the gold received from them.

With respect to the world's stock of silver and gold prior and subsequent to 1873, Mulhall furnishes the following data: From 1821 to 1840 the ratio by weight of the metals was as 33.1 tons of silver to 1 ton of gold. From 1881 to 1888 the ratio was as 18.6 tons of silver

to 1 ton of gold. From which data may fairly be inferred that in 1873 the ratio was approximately 21 tons of silver to 1 ton of gold.

Thus, it appears, that there was a decrease taking place in the silver standard relative to that of gold from 1821 to 1873, proving the averment of monometallists with respect to over-production of silver to be a misstatement of fact, and further proving Layman's array of statistics vacuous, if intended as a reason in opposition to the remonetization of silver. Indeed, as to force in disproof of the accuracy of any statement of mine, it might as well have offered a hand to any other figures indiscriminately gathered; and perchance they would have been as creditable to him as appears the following: Thus he sets forth the fact that the commodity value of the silver yield of the United States in 1895 was approximately \$36,000,000.00, as measured in gold; further, with respect to the world's output, he says: —

We find upon reference to authorities that the production of gold in 1895 was \$200,000,000.00, and of silver \$120,000,000.00.

And so on he regales us with his statistics, as if really authentic. On application to the Mint of the United States at San Francisco for the Mint Director's Report of the production of gold and silver in the United States in 1895, a statistician replied by letter, "The report is not yet printed, — is not yet prepared, — when the Report is at hand in 1895 will send it to you." So it would seem that Layman must have a study of the Mint's manufacturing whose products are prophetic and not historic, as he would us believe.

"By reference," says Layman, "on pages 40 and 41 of the Report for 1895, the Director of the United States Mint Mr. Scott will find that of the \$4,070,000.00 of silver money in the

0,000,000.00, or 85 per cent, is full tender, and that 60 per cent of that Oriental lands." Whether this went, as a comment on what I said in article, is sophistical or puerile, let reader decide.

us I said :—

Act of Congress effectively demonetizing in 1873, and the consequent similar Acts by European countries, have reduced the of this silver production, as measured in fifty per cent—have reduced the world's amount of silver extant nearly \$2,000,000, and at that, deprived it mostly of its of redemption money. . . . Not only the demonetizing acts with respect to silver in the world's redemption money fully fifty per cent, but they have palsied its powers of action.

say as a refuting answer to these ses and deductions that 85 per cent world's silver is "full legal tender," it well be otherwise regarded by the htful reader than sheer pettifoggery. at in the Orient, also in the Spanish ican States, silver is legal tender, is — a local institution. But in their gs with the great commercial na- The United States, England, Ger- , France, Belgium, Italy, Switzer- and Greece, employing the gold ard, they are perforce governed by wo of their silver dollars — not tender at that — are simply toler- as equivalent to a gold dollar by the said gold standard nations. In fact, decree so rules the monetary world, y, with the utmost propriety, be hat the demonetizing acts with re- to silver, have reduced the world's option money fully fifty per cent,— er words,— have appreciated gold respect to silver and various com- mises fully one hundred per cent. d gold in 1873 been demonetized d of silver, it is obvious that being ed of one of its most important uses and measure of values — it would,

in value, have greatly depreciated, while the value of silver would have appreciated; and it seems not improbable that now two dollars gold would be held worth only one dollar silver. In other words, the commercial ratio of silver to gold would have been changed from 16 to 1 to 8 to 1.

Had both silver and gold been demonetized in 1873, it is quite likely that at present, the commercial ratio of silver to gold would be approximately 16 to 1, or less.

The "Hard Times," [says Layman,] which all deplore, and which Mr. Scott pathetically bewails, are the legitimate results of pernicious economic methods in commerce and finance — namely, of the delusion that the Government can create value by statutory enactment and make the people rich by taxation. Patience, hard work, and frugal economy, are the only remedies for the ills we have drawn upon our own shoulders, and which we must bear, until relieved by common sense methods of our own devising.

This diatribe, as obviously intended to mean, is at best but a railing accusation void of truth. Had Layman denounced as "pernicious methods," non-protection of home industries, the fostering of foreign commerce to the prejudice of home commerce and home industry, and the demonetization of silver, the incontrovertible facts of history would fully confirm the justness of his denunciation. But when he denounces as a delusion the proposition that Government through statutory enactment can benefit the people by protecting their industries,—protecting their *labor*, — termed by him in hackneyed, paltry party phrase, "make the people rich by taxation," can create value, he does himself no honor as to his profundity in statesmanship. "The great interest of this great country, the producing cause of all prosperity," says Daniel Webster, "is labor, labor, labor. The Government was made to protect this industry ; to give it both encouragement and secur-

ity." The same great statesman further says :—

"The interest of every laboring community requires diversity of occupations, pursuits, and objects of industry. The more that diversity is multiplied or extended, the better. To diversify employment is to increase employment and to enhance wages. . . . Employment feeds and clothes and instructs. Employment gives health, sobriety, and morals. Constant employment and well paid labor produce in a country like ours, general prosperity, content, and cheerfulness."

Protection operates to create and establish new industries and to encourage old. It multiplies the industries, and they fertilize one another.

The record of facts shows that in this country from 1620 to the present time, each and every period of non-protection of home industries has been fraught with adversity, and that each and every period of protection of home industries has been fraught with prosperity.

For proof of this proposition, the reader is respectfully referred to my article on "Hard Times—Causes and Remedies" in the *OVERLAND* for January, 1896.

Hardly anything seems more obvious than that Government can create value by statutory enactment. The value of an object depends upon the uses to which the object is put. Were gold used only in the arts and manufactures, it would have a value corresponding to that condition. Every additional use of any considerable magnitude imposed upon it, would confer upon it an additional value. The Constitution of the United States provides that Congress shall have power "to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin."

Under this provision, Congress, by statutory enactment, imposed on gold a monetary use surpassing in magnitude its use in the arts and manufactures, and did in consequence enhance its value, — "create value" in it. The same may

be said of statutory enactment respect to silver.

The Government, by statutory enactment, effecting settlement of millions of acres of our public lands, enhances their value many fold; creates value in them, immensely beneficial, not only to their occupants, but to the country. Government, by statutory enactment, effecting the improvement of the navigation of, "All navigable waters, not locked, within a State, whether the rivers, harbors, gulfs, bays, lake coasts of the ocean," creates value in them — value to commerce and value to the country. And so on might illustrations be multiplied indefinitely, demonstrating the power of Government "create value" by statutory enactment. Indeed, it is to be truly said, every wise law enacted by Government within the scope of the Constitution creates value by benefiting the country's condition.

Charity suggests that Layman is "mad." If he be so, it would, in view of his utterances as to the power of Government to create value by statutory enactment, seem the acme of folly to say, "Much learning doth thee mad."

Layman resuming says in the *San Francisco News Letter*, March 7th :

But Mr. Scott knows that it has been asserted by leading bimetallists, that gold has not depreciated, and will buy as much as it ever would. And to demonstrate his position, we have been treated to an arithmetical jugglery that might well make even the prince of presdigitors, or even the Indian fakir, grow green with envy. The infernal inaccuracy is apparent in his of stating the facts concerning the output. "Let us not forget," he says, "that the gold in California in 1851 was \$81,000,000, and in the Colony of Victoria, Australia, was \$62,000,000.00, and that these countries now yielding each only \$13,000,000."

Mr. Scott, of course, knows that in 1851

practically represented the whole of the States as to its gold output, as in 1853, Colony of Victoria did the whole of Australia. In 1894, according to the Director of the United States produced \$39,500,000, Australia \$41,760,000, being in each case imes the amount stated by him.

there be no misunderstanding. words employed by me clearly and state that California and Colony ofia yielded respectively in 1851 and far more gold than they are yield- the present time,— together, five half times more approximately. I er stated, on reliable data, that the use of the gold yield of the greatly ed mines of South Africa, was from o year inverse to the depth of lode d; that the gold mines of Europe virtually exhausted centuries ago; he gold bearing placers of Spanish ca were long since greatly depleted ir treasures, and that the indications imistakable that the limit of gold g of much importance will ere long ached.

re it granted that "in 1851 Calif- practically represented the whole United States as to its gold output the Colony of Victoria did the of Australia," still, from Layman's howing, would the gold output of hole United States and the whole stralia, be far less at present than he gold output of California and the y of Victoria for the respective mentioned, viz.:—\$61,740,000 less, at Layman's effort to show that a is equal to the whole of which it nstituent, seems to act as a boom- to his *soi disant* gold boom.

man, proceeding, says:—

perhaps the most remarkable statement made by him (Scott) in this connection, is effect that for the fifty years from 1831 to ne world's consumption of gold by the arts anufacutes exceeded its production \$96,-

ng this period the world's output of gold

was \$4,245,579,000, and of silver \$2,370,343,000, making a total of \$6,615,922,000. If he will refer to Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics under Article "plate," he will find that the amount of these metals consumed in the arts during this period in Great Britain and France, which probably represented half of the world's consumption, did not amount to ten per cent of the world's produce.

And again, if he will refer to the same work under the head of 'Coin' he will find that this author states that the world's stock of coin in 1830 was £313,000,000, or say, \$1,565,000,000, while in 1880 it was £1,128,000,000, or \$5,640,-000,000. If then, the consumption in the arts during this period exceeded the entire production by \$96,000,000, as Mr. Scott asserts, where did this enormous increase of 'coin' come from? It must be remembered too, this is not only in ex- cess of the consumption of the arts, but of loss by abrasion, shipwreck, and all other destructive causes.

That my inference from Mulhall's Sta- tistics was not entirely correct, I am frank to admit, and I am happy of the opportunity of making the corrections myself. I can but regard myself saved in this respect, as was Rome when her sentinels had fallen asleep. Mulhall's Statistics show that from 1831 to 1880 inclusive, 50 years, the world's —

Production of gold was 6358 tons,
Consumption of gold was 6518 tons,
Deficit of gold was 160 tons.

By further reference to his Statistics, I find that, in the specified period, of gold there was

Coined, 3890 tons,
Consumed in manufactures, 2070 tons,

Consumed at "the East," 558 tons, and, that of the production, 6358 tons, 32½ per cent, was consumed in manu- factures. Estimating 2240 pounds to the ton (British ton), the "Deficit" with respect to "Production" and "Con- sumption" was \$108,044,789 instead of \$96,468,561.00, resulting from having employed 2000 pounds as a ton. My error, it is seen, consisted in my miscon- ception of Mulhall's applying the term

"Consumption" to embrace coinage as well as manufactures, and of his employing the British ton.

It will be noted that my remarks were confined to gold production and use. Layman jumbles silver with gold, and then from the muddle of his own devising, affects, by means of partial data and of guessing, to deduce something "wonderful to tell." His logic seems a relic of the mediæval ages. Thus "on the principles of this logic, if the authenticity of a thing or the proof of a statement be required, it is supposed to be furnished by an astounding illustration of something else." But since he obtrudes silver, let us give it a fair investigation.

Mulhall's Statistics (Dictionary, p. 308) show with respect to silver, from 1831 to 1880 inclusive, that the world —

Produced 57,273 tons,

Consumed in manufactures, 14,500 tons,

Consumed at "the East" 39,000 tons.

From this showing, it would at first appear that of the production 25 3-10 per cent was consumed by manufactures. But evidently the 14,500 set forth as consumed in the manufactures, does not include any part of the Oriental consumption; and it is well known that the Orientals consume in manufactures no inconsiderable quantities of silver,—probably not less than do the Occidents. Such being the case, the manufactures of the world consume approximately fifty per cent of its silver production. The Orientals, being wont to employ silver as the standard of value, it may be further inferred that their manufactures used the 558 tons of gold referred to by Mulhall as consumed at "the East." Such being the case, the manufactures of the whole world (Orient and Occident) consumed in the 50 years, 41 per cent approximately of its output of gold, instead of 32½ per cent as hereinbefore found.

That the manufactures did consume 41

per cent of the gold output and 52 cent of the silver output, as found, is more than probable. But such a shoddy is not required. The 31½ per cent to gold, and 25 per cent as to silver, deduced direct from the statistics, are surely sufficient to prove the fallacy of Layman's deductions, namely:—

That the amount of these metals consumed in the arts during this period in Great Britain and France, which probably represented half of the world's consumption, did not amount to ten per cent of the world's produce.

Hermann, and even an Indian friend, witnessing such arithmetical jugglery, would not likely "grow green envy," but red at the predicament of the juggler.

Layman further says:

To go into the question of the world's metal product, and of the influence it is supposed to exert over the products of labor and industry, I have not the time at present. But the evident purpose of Mr. Scott's article shows that all existing economic maladies are tributable to a "scarcity of money largely due to the demonetization of silver," and "as the monetization of silver depreciated its value, remonetizing it will appreciate its value." There is any principle of economic law going such phenomena, Mr. Scott would undoubtedly confer a lasting obligation upon many economists who, like myself, have been laboring their way in search of truth through the perplexing phenomena which surround this subject, if he will reconcile his series of "Hard Times" as a result of the scarcity of money with the history of financial and industrial phenomena for the last forty odd years. And to assist him in such a task I will furnish the necessary data so far as it relates to the "supply" of the precious metals to the world during this period, which approximately represents the "supply" of metallic money and its supposed effect upon "prices" and "prosperity." Only adding in advance, so far as this country is concerned, the average money per capita at the important date of this period, was in 1851, \$13.76; 1873, \$21.20, and in 1896, \$31.20.

Period of High Prices, 1851 to 1865, —
World's produce of gold \$1,947,921

d's produce of silver..... 601,122,000 oo
 and silver stocked by
 Western nations..... 1,796,098,325 oo
 Period of Falling Prices, 1866 to 1894—29 years.
 d's produce of gold..... \$3,494,463,000 oo
 d's produce of silver..... 3,419,450,000 oo
 and silver stocked by
 Western nations..... 5,908,803,219 oo

that Layman on "The Silver Question," finds himself in a "bewildering darkness,"—bewildering as the Egyptian pyramid known as one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and as having six sand rooms and a multiplicity of dark stone passages,—indeed that he finds self environed in darkness so great as perceptible to his sense of touch, is in consonance with his discussion. Let him be assured that to the utmost of my humble ability, I shall be most happy to assist him to emerge from his environment of darkness to the light of day, and not doubt of success unless, perchance, he be like some to whom it was said: "Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not?"

At the outset, I stated that:—

"Stress is universal. All classes are inquiring what are the causes and what shall be the remedies? From our standpoint the causes (my script reads "principal causes") are non-production of home industries and scarcity of money."

Layman would pervert this to mean that all existing economic maladies are attributable to a scarcity of money largely due to the demonetization of silver." If he assists or instructs him, let his first be not to pervert but to tell the truth.

With respect to my proposition that the demonetization of silver depreciated its value, so remonetizing it will appreciate its value." I have already in preceding discussion, made the incontrovertible statement that the value of an object depends upon the uses to which the object is put. The quantity being unlimited, were silver used only in

the arts and manufactures, it would have a value corresponding to that condition. Every additional use of any considerable magnitude imposed upon it, would evidently confer upon it an additional value. Congress under a provision of the Constitution imposed upon silver a monetary use of no inconsiderable magnitude, hence greatly increased its value. Congress in 1873 largely deprived silver of its monetary use, and in consequence its value greatly depreciated. Should Congress confer upon silver a monetary use, the logical conclusion is that its value would be augmented commensurate with such additional use. No sophistry nor perversion of statement can detract an iota from the truth of the foregoing premises and deductions.

Had this country not demonetized silver,—had it amply protected its home industries, made its "own comforts," and imported no commodities which it could manufacture "on any tolerable terms" itself, it would evidently have mostly stocked its own immense output of gold and silver, equal to no inconsiderable portion of the world's entire product, largely stocked by the other Western nations, and Hard Times would be a stranger to us. Whereas now, the country "has to bend the body" if a foreign gold syndicate "but carelessly nod on it." Even its mere pittance of gold is based on its I. O. U.; approximately one-half of which has thus been obtained in a period of profound peace of the country. And on this pittance as a redemption basis, is reared a money-token structure exceeding in magnitude a billion of dollars. Such being the case, who can say without a blush that money—much prated "sound money"—is not very scarce, and that the Hard Times the country is suffering are not largely attributable to that scarcity,—scarcity of the redemption class of money? During 1851, and thence on

several years, as is well known, prices were greatly enhanced by the gold mining of California and Australia. In 1861 and thence on for four years, prices on a paper money basis were immensely inflated. Indeed the United States bonds were, as regards silver and gold, at one time, at a discount of 60 per cent and upward. All was changed on the millions of soldiers returning to their homes in 1865. Labor pressed upon the industries far in excess of their ability to meet immediately its requirements. The price of labor largely governing, the prices of various commodities necessarily fell. The Act of 1873, limiting the legal tender function of silver to five dollars, tended to diminish prices still further, and has proved a canker growing continuously more obstinate.

On the resumption of specie payment in 1879, there occurred an unavoidable shrinkage, as must occur whenever expanded currency and credits return to a normal basis. The prices of labor and of the various commodities shared in the currency shrinkage.

Had silver not been demonetized, it seems quite evident that prices would not have fallen so low as they are, and that less distress would have occurred. The Congressional Act of 1894, throwing wide open the gates to the inflow of foreign cheap labor products, has operated to close the doors of many American manufactories, turn vast numbers of American workmen into the streets, reduce the price of labor and American products, and to bring gaunt hunger to many an otherwise happy home of the country. A law determined from the conditions recited, would apply to a case only similarly conditioned, which, barring the gold mining industry and its beneficence, heaven forbid, shall ever occur again in this country. Owing to the disparity of conditions, the requirements for money

per capita are far greater in 1896 than they were in 1851. Thus, if national wealth be taken as the exponent of monetary necessity, it is readily deduced from the United States Statistics that the dollar has to perform a far higher office now than it had to do at the former period named; — in other words, there is a greater scarcity of money in 1896, as compared with that of 1851. Besides the money today is largely concentrated in a few hands, whereas formerly it was more uniformly distributed among the masses. The concentration of money, of wealth in the few, seems ingrafted upon the times, and is a menace to the perpetuity of free institutions.

We have treated, just above, all money in the country as valid. But there to be full settlement, — all the property of the country paid on a gold basis and the property valued at the selling price — what would be the per capita wealth and in whose hands would the property be? Would not the per capita wealth be reduced to less than a tithe of its present estimated value, and would not the property be in the hands of the gold money few? This may be termed by some an extreme case, but it is nevertheless the ultimate condition to which the gold money system is rapidly hastening the country.

Layman proceeding says in the *San Francisco News Letter*, March 17th:

Under the greenback regime of 1862-66, paper had banished gold from circulation, men's wages rose 50 per cent, but in most instances the common necessities of life rose 100 per cent.

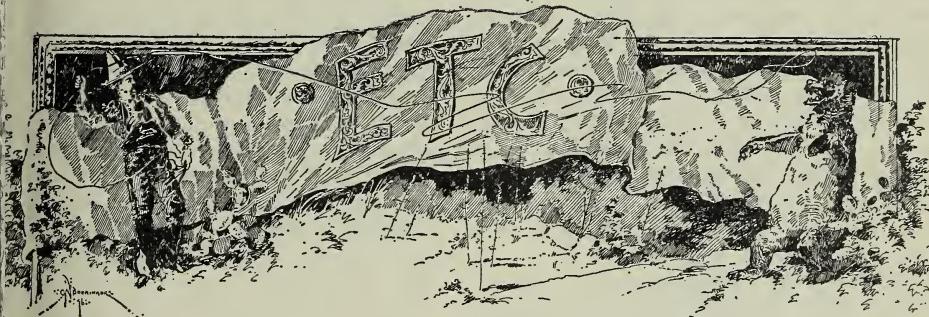
This statement, if true, would furnish no reliable data for deducing a general law applicable to times of peace. During this period it will be borne in mind that the great Civil War was on, ravaging the country throughout its length and breadth. But let an investigation be made of the respective conditions of

in times of peace — the former under regime of non-protection, the latter that of protection. Thus history says: — "Even so zealous a free trader Mr. Edward Atkinson, the eminent statistician, admits that the condition of workmen in this country has been greatly improved since 1860; for in a report by him to the Bureau of Statistics, he shows that the average annual wages of all mechanics in the United States have advanced from \$468.00 in 1860 to \$720.00 in 1880, an increase of \$252.00, or 54 per cent; and he also says that the greater cheapness of labor is necessary for ordinary family support, virtually makes that increase of

wages from 26 to 46 per cent more. In other words, he shows that the things which the worker could buy in 1860 for his average wages of \$468.00, he can now buy for about \$348.00, a saving of \$120.00. Adding \$252.00, his actual average gain in wages, to \$120.00, his saving in the cost of family supplies, and we have a net average gain to all our mechanics of \$372.00 a year."

Hoping that I have satisfactorily answered Mr. Layman's questions, do I — in the event of my answering other questions, which he expresses a willingness to propound — ask too much in requesting that he shall manfully come from behind his *nom de plume* shelter into open day.

Irving M. Scott.



Our Duty Towards Cuba.

IT IS hard to see what the nationality of the struggling Cubans has to do with the justice of their cause. Whether they are Spanish, Negroes, Creoles, or half-breeds, should not warp one's judgment as to their right to govern themselves. *Argonaut*, which has come out as a fierce protest of the Spanish occupancy of Cuba, sets up before the eyes of its readers the specter of a negro republic on the island of Hayti. It is a tale of revolution, murder, and arson, but if there is any merit in such arguments the author should draw a parallel picture of the cruelties, imprisonments, wholesale bribery, and blind fanaticism, of the Spanish rule today in the Philippines Islands.

Are the Cubans fighting simply for the privi-

lege of establishing an independent government, and the nation whose yoke she was striving to throw off was England, France, or Germany, then it would be a grave question for Congress to decide whether independence would better her condition or not.

But Cuba is not only fighting for independence, she is fighting a condition that is equal to the condition of the slave.

The population of Cuba is about a million and a half, two thirds of Spanish descent, one third colored. The area is about equal to the State of Virginia. Virginia with her 1,700,000 people has been struggling since the Civil War under a debt of \$30,000,000. Spain's debt is nearly twelve hundred millions, of which three hundred millions is secured by the customs revenues of Cuba. Cuba is forced to pay the interest on a debt ten times the size of the debt of Virginia.

Not only this, but she is taxed to support a venal high-priced government and a foreign standing army.

Within the last year Spain has sent 125,000 soldiers to Cuba to secure the holders of Cuban bonds and to make the island pay a yearly interest equal to half the debt of Virginia. If this does not mean slavery for the fifteen hundred thousand citizens of Cuba, then the term is a hollow mockery. What would be thought of this government if by show of arms she forced Virginia or California to assume such a burden? In order that Spain may carry on this war, she must float her Cuban securities. The moment the United States recognizes the belligerency of Cuba the bonds become unsalable. It is not necessary for this country to do more. The moment Spain fails to borrow its million dollars a day Cuba becomes free and Spain has to assume the entire debt or go into bankruptcy.

For four hundred years Spain has plundered and enslaved the islands of the West Indies. Cuba has made her rich at her own cost. Her people have suffered everything, even death, at the hands of this old world tyrant, and now she refuses to live longer beneath the iron heel. She asks this great republic, not for money or war ships, simply for sympathy. She asks that we make it impossible for her oppressor to traffic in her own securities for her enslavement. A republic of bandits would be an improvement on the Spanish rule. England stands by and allows the Turk to murder in cold blood sixty thousand Christian Armenians because any interference on her part endangers her commercial supremacy. America has no such reason for allowing 1,500,000 Cubans to be butchered and enslaved. Our laws, our sympathies, and our civilization, demand that we stretch out our hand to this struggling people. There can be no other side to the question.

**Irving
Murray
Scott.**

WE ARE glad to present to our readers as a frontispiece a portrait of one of the OVERLAND'S best friends, a director in the Overland Monthly

Publishing Company for ten years and a valued contributor all that time. Mr. Scott is also one of the best known and most public-spirited men in the San Francisco community. A few notes on his life may be of interest.

He was born at Hebron Mills, eighteen miles north of Baltimore, and educated at Milton Academy, under the tuition of John Emerson

Lamb. He learned iron and wood work under Obed Hussey, inventor of the riveting machine, and marine engineering with Mr. & Hagelhurst, Federal Hill, Baltimore. This was supplemented by a course in mechanical drawing and German at the Baltimore Mechanical Institute.

In 1860 he came to California, and in 1861 made chief draughtsman of the Union Iron Works. In 1863 he went to the Miners' Foundry, but returned in the fall of the same year to the Union Iron Works as superintendent and general manager. In 1865 he became a member of the firm of H. J. Booth & Co., and in the Union Iron Works the same year. His services to the firm in the matter of getting and successfully fulfilling contracts for the construction of coast and battle ships for the White Navy are well known internationally.

Mr. Scott's public services have been numerous. He was president of the Washington Irving Literary Society from 1857 to 1860; Addison Literary Society from 1863 to 1865; the Howard Street Literary Society from 1865 to 1869. He was president of the Mechanics' Institute from 1878 to 1880, of the Atherton Carnival in 1880, of the San Francisco Association from 1878 to 1881. He was a trustee of the University of California from 1878 to 1880, and is a trustee of the Leland Stanford University. He was an original trustee of the San Francisco Free Public Library.

He was a member of the Reception Committee to receive the Japanese Embassy in 1873, and that to welcome General Grant on his return from his trip around the world. He was a commissioner from California to the Columbian Exposition.

Governor Perkins appointed him on his staff with the rank of Chief Engineer, but he declined as he also did an appointment to the State Board by Governor Stoneman, and an appointment by Governor Budd as a member of the Commission to the Mexican Exposition for 1883. He accepted, however, an appointment to the Park Commission by Governor Markham, and has been one of the most active members.

His orations on public occasions have greatly admired, and have been delivered to others on the following occasions: Oberlin Mechanics' Institute 1869 and 1887, Laytonville, the corner stone Academy of Sciences Building, Unveiling of the Scott Key Monument at Golden Gate Park and of the Starr King Monument in the same place, Breaking Ground for the Midway Fair.

has been known these many years as the liberal patron of local art. Rosenthal led the Constance de Beverly for him and is suggestion, and all the local painters of t have cause to hold him in remembrance. is a member of the Pacific Union, the emian, the University, and the Union que Clubs of San Francisco, of the Burame Club, San Mateo County, and of the yer's Club of New York.

1880 he went round the world, and visited pe again in 1892. Last year he went to n.

Mr. Scott was president of the Young Men's blican Club from 1865 to 1872, was nomi- d for the State Senate, and the Convention the new Constitution,—defeated with his y for both. He was elected a Freeholder for making of a new Charter for San Francisco. le never seeking political preferment he has offered nominations for almost every office United States Senator down.

short it will be seen that no great move- t in San Francisco political, artistic, or ary, the OVERLAND included, has lacked mpress of his strong and virile personality. nce the above was written Mr. Scott has done public service of entertaining on April 1st, the nquished Japanese General, who had the est share in conquering China, the Marquis agata. The Japanese dignitaries, and a esentative group of San Francisco citizens e taken on a tug around the Bay and to visit great shipbuilding plant at the Union Iron ks.

THE effects of the poster exhibit given March 20th and 21st by the OVERLAND have been most gratifying. Le- gions of friends of the mag- azine had never been in its es, and to visit them on so pleasant an occa- as this exhibition was, added much to their rest. To the ordinary person the making of magazine is a mystery. They know as little he commonplaces of the business as they do he incarnations of Vishnu. Many of them e amazed, when shown the material of the il number in all its stages, at its intricacy and titude of details. They had never thought, had a vague notion that magazines bloomed other monthly roses or grew like pumpkins. labor spent on the make-ready of a single form, as shown by the overlays of one exhib-

ited, caused much wonderment and an added respect for the printer's art.

On Friday evening, March 20th, the Private View brought out a multitude of society people of the city and vicinity that fairly overflowed the nine rooms devoted to the show, and all day Saturday, in spite of stormy weather, there were constant streams of visitors. Teachers brought their classes, parents their children, to see an ex- hibit of so educating a character. Over eighteen hundred people had the making of a magazine fully explained to them.

The single feature of greatest interest was the show of originals painted by leading French artists for the *Century* Company's competition for a poster on their "Life of Napoleon." There were twenty-eight of these, including the three that won the prizes: Metivet, 1,500 francs; Chartier, 750; Dupray, 500; and the letter of award signed by Gerome, Detaille, and Vibert, the judges.

It was especially gratifying to the OVERLAND to be able to show these pictures, and a fine collection of posters also loaned by the *Century* Company. The relations between the *Century* and the OVERLAND have always been of the most cordial character; personal friendships have brought about a frequent exchange of letters; but this was the first time we had been able to give the public so pleasant an evidence of the kindly feeling that exists between the great Eastern magazine and the OVERLAND.

FOLLOWING Hon. J. A. Fil- cher's report of the doings of the State Board of Trade at Atlanta, which appeared in the April OVERLAND, comes

Board of Trade and the Rail Road. the annual report of General N. P. Chipman, the President of the Board. General Chipman outlines the formation of the Board, gives a brief history of their several public exhibits in the East, pays a glowing tribute to Secretary Filcher's management at Atlanta, and closes with a fair, manly statement of the friendly relations existing between the State Board of Trade and the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

"The efforts of this Board," says, General Chipman, "to accomplish the purpose of its being have not always received the support to which they were entitled. The chief, and I believe the only source of opposition, has arisen out of the fact that the Southern Pacific Railroad Company has been a large financial supporter of the Board, and has given to our work the services of one of that company's ablest minds. It is due, both to

that company and to this Board, that the exact truth be recorded at least once.

"It implies no want of appreciation of the services of other members, to say that Mr. Wm. H. Mills has been the life and inspiration of this Board. With a rare faculty to conceive avenues of usefulness, and to devise ways to exploit them, his fertile and active brain has done more than that of any half-dozen of us to keep the Board from rust and decay. So much for the man involved. As to the company, it has been a constant contributor for nine years of \$250 per month in money; it has fitted out at its own expense and sent away under our direction the two exhibits, "California on Wheels;" it has secured for us either entirely free or greatly reduced rates on all our exhibits sent East; it has given transportation to our agents sent with those exhibits over its own lines, and has secured passes over other lines; it has furnished transportation in innumerable instances to our committees charged with investigations of public importance; it has specially contributed money at times in aid of printing important documents; its actual money contributions of monthly dues, and outlay in fitting up exhibits in cars and in other ways cannot have been less than \$50,000. If the company has ever in all these years presented openly or covertly to this Board any proposition that savored of selfish gain; if it has ever offered for sale through this Board, or solicited its aid to sell an acre of its land; if it has ever asked the support of this Board for any line of its policy upon any subject whatever, I am unable to point it out, and confess ignorance of it. Members of this Board have been denounced as railroad advocates and supporters upon no other ground than that the Southern Pacific Railroad Company is permitted to become associated in the work of this Board, and because we do not drive the railroad company's support away from it.

"From my point of view, I regard the work of this Board as an important one to that company, and fully justifying all it has done or may do in aid of that work, but I would regard myself as cowardly and ungrateful not to be willing to speak the truth as to its relations to the Board and the value of its support. Indeed, the support given this Board by all its many and different constituencies is logical and proper, for all are concerned in the welfare of the State. It seems to me that if we can have the assistance of the railroads in helping to develop the State, it is simple common sense and simple business sense to accept it, and it is perverted judgment that would drive the aid away from us."

Second Class Postal Rates.

CONGRESSMAN E. F. LOUD, Chairman of the House Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads, has sent the following reply to a letter from this office favoring the Bill repealing the pound rate privilege on second class matter. The repeal would increase the OVERLAND'S postage account nearly eight fold, but it would shut out altogether so large a mass of illegitimate publications and the whole brood

of "cheap and nasty" periodicals, and so only the government, but we in common with high class magazines, would benefit in the run.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 15, 1891

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND are more than gratified at the patriotic and sensible stand you have taken in placing your esteemed magazine side by side with the leading magazines and journals of the country in defense of House of Representatives Bill 4566, which was my proud privilege to present to the House. When Congress in 1884 reduced letter postage two cents per ounce it went, not alone to rock, but below it; for we had then just begun to feel the effects of the illegitimate use of "sample copy," and "pound rate law" of ours, and we have since felt, or I should say at first, the full force of its effects. Most careful postal expert anticipated that cent postage would immediately result in such increased business that it would at once, or meet the reduction, and if the abnormal growth of illegitimate matter had not come upon us, their position would have been saved. While we can as a rule judge the future by the past, the most far-seeing cannot fully anticipate the full extent of human cupidity, as developed by the sharp competition in all classes of trade and commerce, as well in the news media, as any other legitimate business.

Fundamentally taxation should be equal; all classes should bear their share of its burdens. This principle carried out, of course, would necessitate all classes of mail matter to pay its proportionate share. But from the foundation of the government it has been our policy to regard legitimate press as the proper means of conveying information of a general and useful character to the people, and hence great concessions have been given them for this purpose. So long as it was confined within its original and heretofore established limits, such system was encouraged, and all were satisfied. To further these objects the Sample Copy law of 1879 was enacted to facilitate the circulation of said legitimate information. This law was passed upon an appropriation bill without discussion, but even the most far seeing could have possibly anticipated its results.

This law, and this alone, makes it possible for the strictly advertising journal, with a non-existent list of subscribers, to flood the country with hundreds of thousands of his paper. That with an unwarranted too liberal construction of what constitutes a serial publication, is the source of the present unfortunate and deplorable condition

tendency has been to debauch the finer sense in people, and to lower the high standard of literature. This, however, in our opinion, should be borne in silence by our people if it were for the alarming deficiency, which now concerns us. Increasing, as it is steadily, in a wonderful degree, many think with us that we have had the parting of its ways, the forks of road, but none can deny who investigate, some remedy must now be applied, in order the legitimate may be permitted to continue disseminate useful information.

Up to 1887 we had no carefully prepared statistics of segregated mail matter, so we must start from that point. In the year ending June 1887, there were mailed of second class matter, including "County Free," 126,000,000 pounds; in 1895 there were 266,000,000 pounds. Net loss to the government in the matter of transportation, 1887, \$8,820,000; in 1895, \$18,500,000. We understand we do not enter the field of handling which is a very important one, for the reason we cannot segregate and charge to each its proportionate share, first class of course being the most, so we have confined ourselves to the plainer field of transportation, that we may be perfectly fair and just. Transportation is charged per weight, per mile, and it costs as

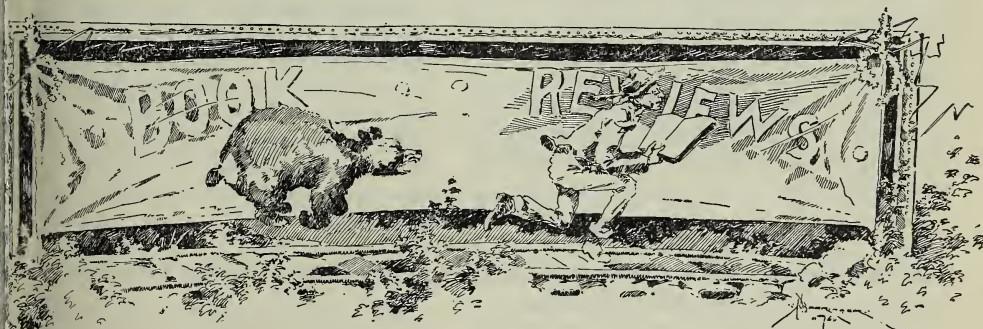
much to the government to transport a ton of trashy novels a thousand miles, as it does the most valuable letters.

When we contemplate that the government has lost on transportation alone of second class matter more than \$108,000,000 in eight years, perhaps the enormity of our offense may become the more apparent. Postmasters General have tried to figure that with the return of good times, the net revenues of departments would meet expenditures, but they chase a phantom. Theory can demonstrate most anything, except to prove facts and truths false — these, like Banquo's Ghost, will not down. In 1888 the net deficiency of Postoffice Departments was \$5,200,000; in 1895 it was \$9,807,000. Through good times and bad, it insidiously creeps upon us, — and how could it be otherwise, when second class matter, which nets us a loss of seven cents a pound for handling, is increasing steadily at the rate of fifteen per cent a year, and first class matter, from which we derive our profit alone, is increasing one and one half per cent?

But we weary you. You understand the position as well as we, and we leave our case in your admirable hands.

Very truly,

E. F. LOUD.



Bayard Taylor.¹

THE last addition to the "American Men of Letters" series, which is so admirably edited by Charles Dudley Warner, is the biography of the traveler, and diplomatist, Bayard Taylor. Professor Albert H. Smyth has made this study work of love and the reader cannot but share admiration and sympathy he holds for the author of whom he writes. As an introduction the author presents an essay on "Pennsylvania in literature." He begins by affirming that "Pennsylvania has not been well treated by the historians of American literature," and then goes on to show the part Taylor's State has really played. The life of Taylor himself reads like a romance. A Quaker farm boy, he early dreamed of becoming a great poet, and all through his life he labored toward that end. He died more famous as a traveler, a journalist, a story writer, a diplomatist, although he considered all such fame as nothing. To the world his life was a great and marvelous success; to himself, a failure. He wanted to die a great poet, and he died a great man. The book stimulates a desire to read Tay-

lor's works, and calls forth a lasting admiration for the man. It is one of the best of the series and deserves a wide reading.

The Vicomte de Bragelonne.¹

IT IS almost a labor of love to do more than note the fact that a well known publishing firm has brought out a new and charming edition of Dumas.

Whoever takes up "The Three Musketeers" will not dismiss its motive character with the completion of its pages, "Twenty Years After" and *The Vicomte de Bragelonne* will follow in quick order. From the day when young D'Artagnan rides into Paris on his old yellow nag and begs admission to the King's Musketeers, in which dukes enlist as privates, until the day when he falls in the front of the battle with his hard earned marshal's baton clasped in his nerveless fingers, French history becomes the story of the lives of the famous three.

In the splendid edition under review *The Vicomte de Bragelonne* fills six volumes, complete under the one name. This is a much better arrangement than that of dividing the novel into three, to wit, *The Vicomte*, "Louise de la Valliere" and "The Iron Mask," as save for the great length of the D'Artagnan Romance it should all really be known under the one name of "The Three Musketeers." The illustrations are from washes and etchings by the well known artists, Garrett, Van Muyden, Bicknell, and from the Petitot Enamel. The illustrations are of a character that lend strength and dignity to the books. The binding and paper is of the best, and the edition is by far the best that we have in English.

Essays on Japanese Life.

LAFCADIO HEARN has written another volume of essays on the inner life of the Japanese. A previous volume, "Out of the East," which was favorably reviewed in these pages, treated of Japanese life and thought up to the date of the late war with China.

*Kokoro*², meaning "the Heart of Things," illustrates their temper and attitude during and after the war. No Occidental writer has ever got so near to the mind and spirit of the Japanese as Mr. Hearn. In the fifteen essay-stories under review he carries the reader not only into the homes but into the very lives of the people. There is nothing of the superficiality of the

¹The *Vicomte de Bragelonne*. By Alexandre Dumas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.: 1895.

²Kokoro. By Lafcadio Hearn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company: 1896. \$1.25.

"globe-trotter." He does not discuss the about the treaty ports, or even refer to the strata of society. His admiration for the is plainly visible in every line, as is his for the missionary and the methods of the European merchants. Other than the lesson to the style and beauty of the diction and the of the scenery makes the work not only va and timely, but exceptionally fascinating.

Modeste Mignon.³

ONE cannot accuse Balzac of plagiarizing himself or of being tiresomely alike in his No two of them are alike, and were it not for masterly touch that stamps them all, one could deny that the author of "Cousin Bette" *Modeste Mignon* was the same. *Modeste Mignon* is a novel that bears translations into colo lish, and one that can be read by English It is pure, clean, and healthy. Mignon is a girl who studies the great world of society through the novels and poetry of the day. She finds romantic attachment to a great poet by reading his poems, and by letters opens her virgin heart to him. The complications that arise afford Balzac an opportunity to present a series of portraits of people and society that are unrivaled even in his own works. Around the pure young heiress Mignon congregate a host of fortune hunters,—literary men, peers, commoners, and on their cupidities and weaknesses she plays. The story after being a love story pure and simple,—one that is filled with the most subtle philosophy comes happily at the end. It is a tale that young old can enjoy, and one that makes its readers think and rejoice. The translation is by Wormeley.

Eugene Field's Last Book.

THE general reader as well as the lover of Eugene Field will take up *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*⁴ with a reverential feeling, as who listens to the last words of a dear friend. It is needless to discuss the little unfinished volume, some will be foolishly fond of it, others will care little for it, but all will enjoy its quaintness and simplicity. Its aim is to picture "delights, adventures, and misadventure, connected with bibliomania." In his introduction Roswell Field explains the aims and wishes of his brother, and tells something of his last

³Modeste Mignon. By Honoré de Balzac. Roberts Brothers.

⁴The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Roswell Field. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons \$1.25.

ill read the little book and in so doing will be more fully than ever the depth and sweet-
of its author's life.

Kaffir Stories.¹

ST at this time stories illustrative of Africa particularly *apropos*. *Kaffir Stories* conveys a full if not a pleasant impression of native life. Mr. Scully may without any fear of quences be styled the Kipling of South Africa. His short series of sketches and stories bring more clearly to the reader's mind the characteristics and customs of the Kaffir and his master than all the descriptive and historical works ever published. He does not put any colors on his canvas, and his pictures of savulu life are even darker than those drawn by Haggard. He shows a perfectly clear understanding of his theme in all its respects, whether it is a legend, a bit of folk lore, a war tale, or a missionary sketch. The six short stories are not only enjoyable, they are instructive. It is hoped that the public has not seen the last work by this author.

Musick's Saint Augustine.²

LUME III. of John R. Musick's charming series of Columbian Historical Novels, treats of the early settlement of Florida, first by the French and later by the Spanish. No epoch in the colonization of the New World is so stained with Christian blood. The persecution of the Huguenots in France, the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the Reformation in Europe, all had effect on the scattered dwellers in the West Indies, and along the Florida Coast. Religion was used for a cloak for the worst crimes, and murder and piracy went unrebuked. The great Cardinal Coligny in 1561 secured a patent from King Charles IX. to settle his persecuted brethren in America. Melendez secured a patent from the Spanish King to exterminate them four years later. Into the midst of these two tragic times the author introduces the grandson of the Estevan who discovered the New World with Columbus. Adventures of the young Estevan with Indians, Spaniards, and Indians, and his love for the Huguenot maiden, Hortense De Barre,

¹Kaffir Stories. By W. C. Scully. New York: Henry Holt & Co.: 1895. 75c.

²Saint Augustine. By John R. Musick. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1895. \$1.25.

furnish the fictional interest of the tale. The book is one that should be in every school house on this Coast. It teaches history without tiring the learner.

A Detective Story.

ONE seldom finds as sanguinary a tale between board covers as *Fifty Thousand Dollars Ransom*.³ Its place is properly among the yellow backs. The story is full of plot, blood, Indians, money, and fair women. Its scene is New York and Wyoming. Had it been set in a less familiar locality it would not seem quite so impossible. A "beautiful" villain imprisons a man in San Francisco, and then goes on to New York and entices the prisoner's rich brother to accompany him with seventy-five thousand dollars to the wildest part of Wyoming on the excuse that the said San Francisco relative is held for a ransom by bandits. The plot is discovered and detectives detailed to frustrate it, which they accomplish in the nick of time.

Impossible as most of the acts of the tale are, there is a certain element of fascination that holds the interest to the end, although the reader feels all along that he is wasting his time.

Ormond.⁴

Ormond, Maria Edgeworth's famous novel, was well known by an older generation of readers, and the fact that after nearly eighty years a leading firm decides to republish it in a handsome new edition with pen drawings by Carl Schloesser and an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie should be enough to recommend it to the present generation. For all its age, *Ormond* is modern in its spirit and directness. One cannot fail to be struck with the fact that its characters are sketched with a master hand. There is something warm-hearted and sympathetic in the book that is not difficult to trace to an Irish pen. In her introduction Mrs. Ritchie relates the sad incidents of the novel's birth and pictures the dark hour of the author's father's death just as the first 160 printed pages of the book were read to him. The pen drawings are capital, and the edition is a credit to its publishers.

³Fifty Thousand Dollars Ransom. By Daniel Malcolm. New York: J. Selwin Tait & Sons: 1896.

⁴Ormond. By Maria Edgeworth. New York: Macmillan & Co.: 1895. \$1.25.



S. S. MCCLURE has brought out in paper covers, on plate paper, magazine size, the *Early Life of Abraham Lincoln*. It is illustrated with one hundred and sixty half-tone pictures. Its letter press is the same that has been running serially in *McClure's Magazine*. It is a valuable addition to the Lincoln literature of the period.

The Annual Literary Index for 1895, edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker, and published by *Publishers' Weekly* of New York, is just out. Its index includes periodicals, American and English, Essays, Book-chapters, an Author Index, Bibliographies, Necrology, and an index to dates of principal events. It is bound in cloth and is a necessary adjunct to every literary worker's library.

THE GUILD OF ARTS AND CRAFTS will be holding its second exhibit just about the time this issue of the OVERLAND reaches the public. This time it is to be a "Sketch Exhibition," from April 25 to May 3, and it is to be held at the Partington Studio, 424 Pine Street, the same place as before. Our readers within reach of San Francisco will do well to make note of this; for the first exhibit of the Guild showed that it has energy and talent enough in its ranks to make its exhibitions worthy of attention.

FRANK BAILEY MILLARD'S work is well-known to OVERLAND readers. "Coyote-that-Bites," "An Idol of High Price," "A Struggle with Insomnia," and others of his tales will be recalled as exceptionally good short stories. It is therefore a pleasure to record that J. Selwin Tait & Sons of New York announce a volume of Mr. Millard's stories of Western life. They will be eagerly welcomed by all lovers of West Coast writing.

Lippincott's Magazine announces a new novel for its April number by Horace A. Vachell, author of the "Quicksands of Plus," now running in the OVERLAND. It is the name of, "An Impending Sword,—An Adventure by the Sea." It will be eagerly read by Mr. Vachell's many admirers on this coast.

ONE of the greatest successes in the history of this country is that achieved by Boston's unique five-cent magazine, *The Black Cat*. In seven months it has reached the sale of a quarter of a million copies per issue. The reason for this is that each number contains a dozen of the most original and fascinating stories that brains and genius can produce for money can buy.—*Rochester Post Express*.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for April contains a rather brief and hurried review of "Life of the Workers on the Pacific Coast," by Helen C. Flesher. Pen drawings by V. Gribayedoff, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Edward Holden, John Vance Cheney, W. C. Morris, Ambrose Bierce, Charles Edwin Mackay, Charles F. Lummis, and Rounseville Williams; while there are good half tone reproductions of Ina Coolbrith, Kate Douglas Wiggin, George Atherton, and Mrs. Romulada Pacheco.

"NYE AND RILEY'S WIT AND HUMOR" was first published under the title of "Nye and Riley's Railway Guide," which title was very misleading. It is now published in cloth, \$1.25, and in the Popular Library, paper, 25 cents. The amusing illustrations are by Baron De Zimmerman, and McDougal. The volume consists of stories by Bill Nye and poems by W. Riley. The covers and frontispieces are productions of late photographs of the au-

THE NEW CROWN VIOLET.



A
Charming
Gift
Perfume

Distilled from the natural flowers of the Riviera. No chemicals used. The finest **Violet** made, and the success of the day in London and Paris. In a beautiful carton, \$1.50 per bottle.

Sale by **CASWELL, MASSEY & CO.**, New York; **MELVIN & BADGER, T. METCALF & CO.**, Boston; **GEORGE B. EVANS**, Philadelphia; **WILMOT J. HALL & CO.**, Cincinnati; **LELAND MILLER**, St. Louis; **THE AUDITORIUM PHARMACY CO.**, Auditorium Building, W. C. SCUPHAM, Chicago; **THE OWL DRUG COMPANY**, San Francisco and Los Angeles; **THE SCHOLTZ DRUG CO.**, Denver; and ALL LEADING DEALERS.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR CROWN VIOLET.

ICIAL PRODUCTION OF THE **CROWN PERFUMERY CO.** 177 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

Makers of the universal favorites, **Crab-Apple Blossoms** and **Matsukita Perfumes** and the **Crown Lavender Salts** asked for all over the world.

Now is the Time to Decide

Where to spend the Summer Vacation, Be wise and visit the section traversed by the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway, where nature has surpassed herself in the spread of beauty, in the supply of mineral springs, and smiles under the most genial climate in the State.

Detailed information apply at Ticket Office, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building); General Office, Mutual Life Building, corner Sansome . . . and California Streets . . .

C. WHITING
General Manager

R. X. RYAN
General Passenger Agent

The use of the Bouillon Spoon

adds to the gentle art of entertainment at dinner—it lends charm as well as elegant convenience to the guest. The delicate chaste designs of our silverware are always a pleasure to the lover of the useful combined with the beautiful.—Jewelers will show you them. Interesting booklet about Spoons and Forks sent to any address free.

The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co.,
Bridgeport, Conn.
New York Salesroom, No. 2 Maiden Lane, 2d door from B'way [43]

REMOVED
"DOMESTIC"
 THE LIGHT RUNNING
DOMESTIC
 Sewing Machines and Paper Patterns
 FROM POST STREET
 TO
 1021 MARKET STREET
 Between 6th and 7th Streets.

California Enterprise.
 Factory:
 Novato, Marin Co.
 California.



Main Office:
 No. 330 Pine Street
 San Francisco.

Manufacturers of the Finest Quality of
 Sweetened and Unsweetened
 Condensed Milk

take the

law in your own hands, ladies
 when you ask for

TRADE—**S.H. & M.**—M

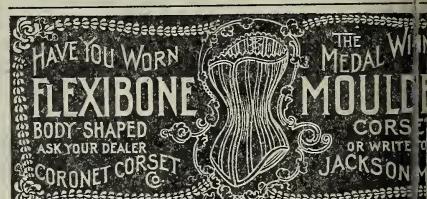
Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding.

and don't get it. Sentence such
 store to the loss of your trade and
 give it to merchants who are willing
 to sell what you demand.

Look for "S. H. & M." on the Label
 and take no other.

If your dealer will not supply you
 will.

Send for samples, showing labels and material
 to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.



300,000
 Ladies now
 The Rushforth Hair Curling
 Will Curl, Crimp or Frizz
 hair almost instantly without
 or moisture, whether long or short.
 Small compact and easily
 in the pocket, ready for
 any time or place. Sample
 6 pins and agent's terms sent
 paid for 15c. Six sets for
 Agent's outfit of 1 doz. sets by mail prepaid for \$1.
 Address A. F. BEESE, Davenport, Iowa.

STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDER
 See that Steedman is spelt with two e's
 you buy Steedman's Soothing Powders. Beware
 spurious imitations.

TOURS SELECT PARTIES—EAST
 Orient, etc. UNEQUALLED ADVANTAGES. Steam
 Circular R. R. Tickets. A. De Potter, 1467 Broadway.

Shorthand for note-taking in a few hours reporting in a few words shading, no position. E. WORLD'S FAIR AWARD. Leading everywhere. FREE and circulars. Write H. M. Pernin, Author, Detroit.

From...

Mme. Bernhardt

I regard your Sozodont as most delightful and indispensable in the care of the teeth—the only dentifrice of international reputation.

Sarah Bernhardt.

Sozodont

FOR THE
TEETH AND BREATH

Delightfully Fragrant and Refreshing—
A Favorite with Connoisseurs
For Half-a-Century

A sample by mail if you send three cents for postage and mention this publication. Address the Proprietors of SOZODONT, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE UNION SAVINGS BANK OF OAKLAND, CAL.

(SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL BANK)

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DECEMBER 31, 1895.

Capital Fully Paid	\$300,000	Surplus	\$90,000
Deposits to December 31, 1895			\$3,002,693.19

T MARTIN, President WM. G. HENSHAW, Vice-President A. E. H. CRAMER, Cashier

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

WEST MARTIN	WM. G. HENSHAW	THOS. PRATHER	S. HUFF	R. S. FARRELLY
DORE	HIRAM TUBBS	C. E. PALMER	H. W. MEEK	HERMAN A. TUBBS
				THOMAS CREELIN

Rates Paid on all Savings Deposits, $4\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. per Annum.

Bank has added a Commercial Department to its former business and is now transacting a general Bank-business as a Savings and Commercial Bank.

the Anglo-Californian Bank

(LIMITED.)

LONDON OFFICE,	3 ANGEL COURT
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE,	N. E. COR. SANSOME AND PINE STREETS
Authorised Capital Stock,	\$6,000,000
Subscribed,	3,000,000
Issued,	1,500,000
Outstanding,	700,000
REMAINDER SUBJECT TO CALL.	

DIRECTORS IN LONDON

GHT HON. H. H. FOWLER, M. P.,	E. H. LUSHINGTON,	ISAAC SELIGMAN,
JOSEPH SEBAG,	J. SIMON,	
J. SIMON, Managing Director, London.		

OF EXCHANGE, COMMERCIAL and TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT Issued, Collections made, and Stocks, Bonds and Bullion Bought and Sold on most favorable terms.

MANAGERS IN SAN FRANCISCO

IGNATZ STEINHART	P. N. LILIENTHAL
A. L. SELIGMAN, Assistant Cashier	

RICHARD H. GREY

207 Battery St., S. F.

ROOM 19

References: Mexican Central Railroad Co., Mexico; I. S. Van Winkle & Co., S. F.; Don Alejandro Nowell, Guatemala; Don Antonio Perusina, S. F.; A. Arnold, Esq., Sec. Hawley Bros. Hardware Co. S. F.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

Expert . . .
Accountant *

THE MODERN OXYGEN CURE FOR DISEASE

Electropoise

Pacific Coast Agents WATSON & CO. 124 Market St., San Francisco

Send for Book



"Yes,
Dr. HAYES, of Buffalo, Cured my
Hay-Fever."

This in substance is the reply inquirers get when they write to our references. And Dr. Hayes' cured cases **STAY** cured.

8 Years Cured:

W. L. WEDGER,
Roslindale, Boston, Mass.

7 Years Cured:

J. L. TREVILLYAN,
24 5th St., N. E., Minneapolis,
Minn.

8 Years Cured:

MRS. A. P. FOSTER,
Chelsea, Mass.

5 Years Cured:

J. W. GILLESPIE,
Black River, N. Y.

5 Years Cured:

WM. E. WELLER,
164 Cherry St., Burlington, Vt.

Rose Cold, June Cold, Hay-Fever, Asthma.

OUR NEW BOOK—*Thesis for 1896*—with 2000 other references whom you can consult, now ready. Sent on application, with blank for free examination. **GET IT.** Read it. Think it over. Talk with these people. Write them. Get ready to meet the season's attack, and do it now. Address DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM



TOILET
POWDER

Approved by highest medical authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation for infants and adults. Positively relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples and Tan, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Delightful after shaving. Decorated Tin Box, Sprinkler Top. Sold by Druggists or mailed for 25 cents. (Name this paper.) Sample by mail.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

HYPNOTISM Sixty methods, \$5. My pro 100-page book, 10c. Key to Prof. Anderson, O. M. Masonic Temple, Ch

ARNICA TOO SOAP
OTHERS IMITATE!—NONE EQUAL
25c. All druggists or by mail. C. H. STRONG & CO.



PARKER'S

HAIR BALSM

Cleanses and beautifies the Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair fall. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORMS.

The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Druggists.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."



PUBLISHERS' COLUMN.

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of York occupies handsome and commodious on the third floor of the Safe Deposit Building recently moved from the Pacific Stock Building, 314 Montgomery Street, its and increasing business requiring extended les. The Association is represented by Mr, Oakley who pioneered its plan and system rance on this Coast, and who now has the ction of conducting a large and successful ss. The Association was founded by the dward B. Harper who at his death was suc- by Mr. F. A. Burnham, a gentleman of nient ability and integrity of character, bespeaks for the Association increasing cacy and honesty of management, popularity, and success. It has paid in death losses h the offices in this city about \$1,000,000, the total death losses paid aggregates up- of \$26,000,000. Its Reserve Fund exceeds ,000; Insurance in force about \$310,000,000. economic cost of insurance, permanency and ty of this institution is such as to commend o the insuring public.

society and its friends enjoyed the Poster rt show of the OVERLAND MONTHLY at its , 508 Montgomery Street, last week. The ment invitations issued to the select few for y night function are being framed by the cranks of the country. The OVERLAND is single handed a great work in behalf of the al advertising as well as much in the line king San Francisco an art and educational . The Illustrated World, San Francisco.

choosing a brand of champagne, due weight l be given to the opinions of experts and s who are competent to judge of the merits of veral brands offered.

LOUIS ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE has received UGHEST AWARDS in the several contests for ority with others, at the hands of the very idges at home and abroad. This fact should nine your choice. MACONDRAY BROS. & ARD of San Francisco are sole agents for e Coast.

It is worth the attention of parties contemplatiing a visit to the Hawaiian Islands, to note, that the trip from Honolulu to the Volcano and return, may be made in seven days on the splendid steamships of the WILDER S. S. Co. The service and accommodations are the very best. The scenery of the Islands is the finest in the world and entire cost of the trip is only fifty dollars. Attention is called to the advertisement of the Wilder S. S. Co. in this Magazine.

The wealthiest and keenest business men in the country have their lives insured as a matter of strict business policy. To the young man and to the man of moderate means, this fact, which is to the wealthy a business policy only, becomes a *duty* of the first importance. There are many reliable insurance companies. The oldest, strongest, and safest, is the MUTUAL LIFE OF NEW YORK. Send to A. B. FORBES & SON, 222 Sansome St., for circulars and information of value.

SOUTH HAVEN, MICH., March 9, 1896.
OVERLAND MONTHLY, SAN FRANCISCO.

Dear Sirs:

I saw a January, '96, number of the OVERLAND. Among the many good things I find in it is an article by Irving M. Scott, Esq., "Hard Times—cause and remedies—free trade and protection," which article I see was to be continued in the February number. I wish you would send it me, as I consider that Mr. Scott has presented the subject in a masterly manner. It should be sent out from every Republican camp as a total clincher to free trade argument.

Please find twenty-eight cents in postage stamps to pay for the same and the postage thereon.

Very truly yours,
FRED. WILKINSON.

The GOODYEAR RUBBER CO. offer RUBBER HOSE of six different qualities. A half century's experience in manufacturing Rubber goods enables the Goodyear Company to produce the best article in that line known to the trade. The best brand in market is GOLDEN SEAL, and the *best* is the only kind which gives perfect satisfaction.

Every school teacher on the Coast should send to HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston, for descriptive circular of the new complementary readings and selections, and for the Riverside Literature Series, which have been specially recommended for use in all schools by the California State Board of Education.

—o—

Those magazine readers who do not include the OVERLAND MONTHLY in their subscriptions miss the best available source of information concerning the development and settlement of the West—a line of which that magazine makes a specialty. The OVERLAND has been placed on the school library list of all but three California counties.

Register, Bishop, Cal.

—o—

As a beverage for general use NAPA SODA has more points of excellence than any of the natural sparkling or mineral waters in the market. Make it a point to get the *genuine* which has the words, "JACKSON'S NAPA SODA WATER SPRINGS" blown in the bottles.

—o—

Rounseville Wildman has proven his ability as an editor by the remarkable improvement he has made in OVERLAND MONTHLY since he became its manager. Each number is an improvement on the last. *Mail*, Haywards, Cal.

—o—

One cent a copy is cheap for sheet music. STATHAM & Co., 106 McALLISTER ST., offer twenty thousand sheets at that price. Call and make your selections.

—o—

Have you ever noticed the ingenious bit of mechanism called the HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER and its perfect adaptability for the purpose intended. By its use the curtain can be raised or lowered and adjusted to the height required, by simply pulling the cord, the roller being self acting.

—o—

Winks: I learn that my old friend Minks, editor of the *Daily Clarion*, was found dead in his office this morning. Foul play is suspected.

Jinks: Had he been making many enemies lately?

Winks: No; none all. He had stopped all sensationalism and was printing a pure, modest, highly moral family paper.

Jinks: Then he has not been murdered. He has simply starved to death.

Echoes (Elmira, N. Y.).

—o—

This magazine from the Pacific Coast holds its place with our Eastern periodicals and presents us authors and themes new and strong.

Public Ledger, Phila., Pa.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY is quite unique in its makeup, has a thoroughly Western flavor, is delightfully alluring as the balmy zephyrs float eastward from the Golden Gate when the magazine has its birth. From its pages we find much of frontier life with boundless western romance, the pleasures of living in that El Dorado country, California, the matchless beauty and stately grandeur of the towering Rockies and vast stretches of plains which, too, have the distinctive life, and that, deeply interesting.

Times, Holbrook, N. Y.

—o—

Remember that fifty-four out of the fifty-one counties of the State have placed the OVERLAND on their school library lists. This means 27,000 new readers.

—o—

OPENING DAY IS EVERY DAY at MME. A. E. KEITH'S Millinery Establishments, 241 and 808 Market Streets—where the latest designs in imported goods are received daily.

—o—

The Sanctum Chats in the OVERLAND MONTHLY are alone worth the subscription price. They give an insight into many little matters that people overlook. *The Farmer*, Fargo, N. D.

—o—

THE ELECTROPOISE proves, by the marvellous beneficent effect it produces, that to control circulation means to be master of disease.

WATSON & Co., 124 Market St., are the Pacific Coast Agents.

—o—

There is always a peculiar flavor to the OVERLAND MONTHLY. It is not in the least like other monthlies that come to our table, and it has strong merits that make it always a welcome visitor. The March number is a very exciting one. *Commercial*, Buffalo, N. Y.

—o—

The most effective wind mill, the one bearing the highest recommendations for all general purposes, is the "GEM." It requires the least attention, wears the longest, and gives greater satisfaction than any other. You can learn about it by writing for descriptive circulars to Woodin & Little, 312 Market St., S. F.

—o—

THE UNITED TYPEWRITER & SUPPLY COMPANY, Pacific Coast Agents for the CALIFORNIA and the YOST Typewriting Machines, have removed to larger and more convenient offices at 661 Market St., S. F.

—o—

Bound copies of OVERLAND MONTHLY, \$3.00, including one copy of "The Panglima Mu," a novel of Malayan life, by Rounseville Wildman.

WHISKIES

R. B. Hayden"



"Gibson Rye."

"E. L. Miles" Bourbon.

"John Ramsay's" Islay Scotch.

"White Horse Cellar" Fine Scotch.

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.

14 Sacramento Street,

San Francisco



For a thoroughly enjoyable smoke try

"DOMINOES"

The finest hand-made Stogie Cigars.
Absolutely Pure Tobacco.
Guaranteed Satisfactory.

EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., Wheeling, W. Va.

Sample box (12) by mail, post-paid, 30 cents.

EST SUITS N EARTH

MADE TO ORDER

In Imported Stock for \$20 and upwards; from All-Wool Domestics for \$15 and upwards; Overcoats \$15 and upwards; Pants \$5 and upwards.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO CALL

J. H. HAWES,

26 Montgomery Street
Room 6

ear in Mind

That we can always furnish the best CUT FLOWERS in the market. Special orders for Weddings and other occasions promptly and carefully filled.

MISSSES LEVEY & COHN

Telephone, East 702.

1125 Sutter Street, S. F.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."



"Don't Wear Dirty Shoes."

HAUTHAWAY'S

Russet and Patent-Leather Polish

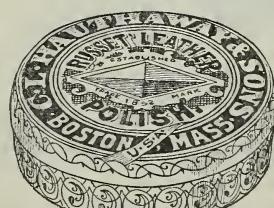
FOR LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SHOES.

It is the Best.

Absolutely harmless, permanent, easily applied, and saves shoes from cracking. Recommended by users and sold by dealers everywhere, or by mail for

15 Cents per box.

C. L. HAUTHAWAY
& SONS,
346 Congress St.,
Boston, Mass.



Manufacturers of all kinds of Shoe Polish. Established 1852.

Of Faultless Form ...and Kingly Air.

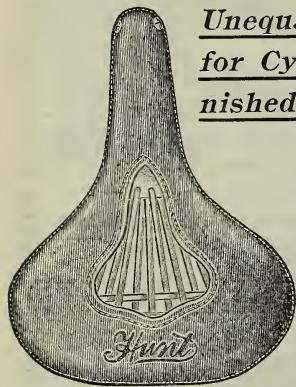
The Stearns Bicycle is a favorite of favorites all over the land. Its superb appearance has given it the nick-name "The Stylish Stearns," and its sterling virtues have made it the mount of the elite of wheeldom. You may search far and wide, and you'll everywhere find that

**THERE IS NO WHEEL LIKE
THE STEARNS.**

E. C. Stearns & Co. 304-306 Post St.
SAN FRANCISCO

Without Expense...

Unequalled Comfort
for Cyclists is fur-
nished by the . . .



TOP VIEW.

**HUNT
HYGIENIC
SADDLE,**

Which any dealer will supply on your new wheel without additional expense if you insist. First are woven leather strands, pliable yet tough as an Indian bow-thong; next a layer of fine quality felt for a cushion; over all a cover of handsome leather.

Prepaid for \$4.00 to any address.

Many other styles described at length in our catalogue. Send for it.

**HUNT MFG. CO., Westboro, Mass.
BOX 1140.**



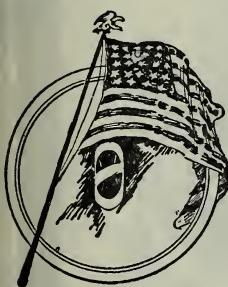
HARTFORD Single-Tube Tires are the standard single-tubes. Their success has caused a host of imitation. But who will have imitation when he can have the genuine?

IF IT'S A HARTFORD TIRE IT'S RIGHT.

The Hartford Rubber Works Co.
New York, Chicago. **HARTFORD, CONN.**



Chosen by the Government



The War Department proposes to test the bicycle thoroughly for army use, and recently advertised for proposals for furnishing five bicycles for the purpose. Result: Bids from \$50 to \$85 each for other machines; our bid of \$100 each for Columbias, their invariable price. And the Government selected

Columbia

Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

The experts who made the choice decided that Columbias were worth every dollar of the \$100 asked for them. If YOU are willing to pay \$100 for a bicycle, why be content with anything but a Columbia?

The handsome Art Catalogue that tells of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free from any Columbia agent; by mail from us for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Branch Houses and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.



THE
MONARCH
KING OF BICYCLES.



RIDE A MONARCH
AND KEEP IN FRONT.
FOUR STYLES \$80 AND \$100.

TRADE MARK

MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO.

CHICAGO, NEW YORK,
SAN FRANCISCO AND TORONTO.



IS the only saddle built on purely anatomical principles, made from models furnished by a medical authority. The two cuts above illustrated prove at a glance that the perfect bicycle saddle has at last been found. The old style saddle, it is immaterial how it was made, or changed, or at what price it is sold, is injurious. It sags on the side and is sure to injure the rider.

The Christy Saddle is made of metal. It is firm and cannot warp. It cannot be strained. It has large cushioned pads that receive the pelvis and sustain the weight of the body. It does away with all injurious effects. No chafing, stiffness or soreness if the Christy Anatomical Saddle is fitted to your bicycle.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

NEW YORK
CHICAGO
PHILADELPHIA

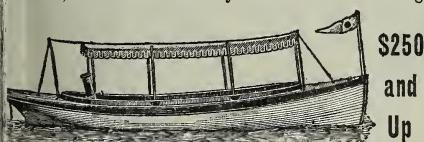
CATALOGUE FREE.



*They Have a Tone
That's All Their Own.*

This cut illustrates the mechanism of one of our Bicycle Bells. Very simple, perfect, and cannot get out of order. Only one of 16 different styles. Standard of excellence the world over. Send postal for booklet to New Departure Bell Company, Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.

Smoke, or Heat. Absolutely Safe. Send for Catalog



TT BOAT MFG. CO. Drawer U, St. Joseph, Michigan



Our unequalled facilities enable us to supply better bicycles for less money than other rs can afford to market an inferior production, hence in purchasing a Waverley is a clear saving of \$15.00 or more. A higher grade bicycle, it is impossible to ice. Our catalogue explains all. Send for it.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."



Hunter Cycles

ARE MADE LIKE
L. C. SMITH GUNS

First class in every respect—comparisons invited.

HUNTERS have gun barrel tubeing, double truss fork crown, visible bearings, easy and positive adjustment, extra large bearings and barrel hubs, adjustable cranks and handle bar. A practical wheel made by practical mechanics.

HUNTER ARMS CO., Fulton, N. Y.

PACIFIC COAST AGENCY

PHIL. B. BEKEART

159 New Montgomery Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Smalley Bicycles

FOR ELITE RIDERS

THE SWELLEST WHEEL OF THE YEAR

Nine Models—Aluminum Silver, Maroon and Black Enamel Fin ish. Extremely Handsome. Large Tubing—Narrow Tread—Detachable Sprocket. Weight, 17-25 lbs

"MOTHER OF PEARL QUEEN" IS A BEAUTY

Write for our handsome Catalogue

Plymouth Cycle Mfg. Co., Plymouth, Ind.

DO YOU
PLAY
CARDS?



Send ten cents
in stamps for
a pair of our
new

**GAME
COUNTERS**
INDIANA
BICYCLE CO.
Indianapolis,
Ind.



“Ball-Bearing” Bicycle Shoe

“Fits and Feels Like
a Glove”

Pratt Lace-Fastener Secures
Laces Without Tying



Sold by Shoe and Sporting Goods Dealers Everywhere. Ask to
see them. Descriptive booklet free.

C.H.Fargo & Co. (Makers)
Chicago

Palmer Fabric

Takes a Tire ELASTIC
EASY RIDING and
FAST
(taking less strength to propel)

Palmer Tires

Are Durable, GUARANTEED
and Easy to Mend.
They are expensive, and
only found on High-Grade Wheels.

PALMER PNEUMATIC TIRE CO.
CHICAGO.

Facts About Pneumatic Tires
mailed on request.

The Luxury of the Rich
The Blessing of the Poor
THE NECESSITY OF ALL.

A Bath.

With a Douglas or Acme Instantaneous Water Heater you can enjoy the Luxury and Blessing of a BATH at a moment's notice, and so inexpensive that no one need deny themselves this grateful and refreshing necessity.

SIMPLE, BEAUTIFUL, PRACTICAL.
Hot Water instantly, and plenty of it. Use either Gas or Gasoline. Write for catalogue "C."



INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATING CO.

141 & 143 Ontario St., Chicago.
York, Philadelphia, New Orleans,
Broadway. 716 Walnut St. 451 Camp St.
San Francisco, 719 McAllister St.

ERIE

Bicycles are
HONEST
BICYCLES

\$75⁰⁰
Worth \$100

Material
Construction } Unexcelled
Finish

...SEND FOR CATALOGUE...

QUEEN CITY CYCLE CO.
Buffalo, N. Y.



45 SEWED STARS

4 x 6 feet . . .	\$2.19		6 x 10 feet . . .	\$4.22
5 x 8 feet . . .	2.97		8 x 12 feet . . .	5.95

Sent, express paid, on receipt of price.
Goods not satisfactory, money returned.

S. S. THORP & CO.
25 Fulton Street, - - - NEW YORK
AWNINGS, SAILS, TENTS AND ALL CANVAS GOODS
Established 1830

Tapestry Paintings

2,000 tapestry paintings to choose from. 38 artists employed, including medalists of the Paris Salon. Send \$12.50 for a \$75.00 painting, 32 inches by 6 foot, just for an introduction.

Decorators

Write for color schemes; designs; estimates. Artists sent to all parts of the world, to do every sort of decorating and painting. We are educating the country in color-harmony. Relief; stained glass; wall paper; carpets; furniture; draperies; etc. Send \$5.00 for a \$25.00 color scheme to decorate your house.



Wall Papers

Spring styles designed by gold-medal artists, from 10 cts. roll up. Samples 10 cts. Send 25 cts. for compendium of 140 studies.



Tapestry Materials

We manufacture tapestry materials. Superior to foreign goods, and half the price. Book of samples, 10 cts. Send \$1.50 for 2 yds. of No. 50 inch goods for a trial order—worth \$3.00.

School

Six 3-hour tapestry-painting lessons, in studio. Complete instruction by mail, \$1. Tapestry paintings rented; full-size drawings, paints, brushes, etc., supplied. Nowhere, Paris not excepted, are advantages offered pupils. Send \$1.00 for complete instructions in tapestry paintings and compendium of 140 studies.

J. F. DOUTHITT,

American Tapestry and Decorative Company,

286 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK,

"MANUAL OF ART DECORATIONS"—200 royal quarto pages; 50 page illustrations (11 colored) of original interiors and tapestry studies. Price, \$2. If you want to be up-to-date on decoration don't fail to get this book. Price, \$2., worth \$50.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

W IT ONLY TAKES IE MAN

Well dressed and up to date to convince you that H. S. Bridge & Co. are the best Tailors in San Francisco.

OLDEN TIMES

You will remember that it was said and currently believed to be true that

TOOK NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN

In matters of dress H. S. Bridge & Co. do not need this amount of assistance, but will make a man of you on short notice without outside help.

RTS TO ORDER
a specialty

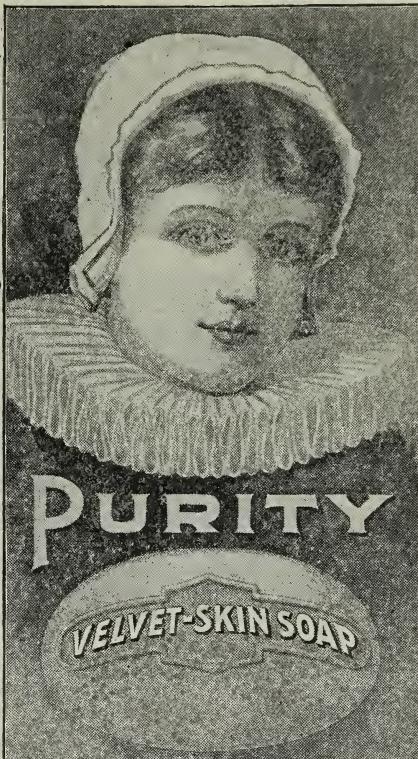
Market Street,
UP STAIRS.

ushes For Barbers, Bakers, Boot-blacks, Bath-houses, Billiard Tables, Brewers, Bookbinders, Canners, Candy-makers, Dyers, Flour Mills, Foundries, Laundries, Paper-Hangers, Painters, Shoe Factories, Stablemen, Tars, Tanners, Tailors, etc. BUCHANAN BROTHERS Manufacturers, 609 Sacramento Street.

BER GOODS of every description. Send for particulars. Gem Rubber Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Price Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Buggies, Harness, Farm & Blacksmith Tools, Engines, Rollers Mills Seats of all Varieties and 1000 other Articles. Lists Free. CHICAGO SCALE CO. Chicago, Ill.

Blair's Pills
Great English Remedy for
DUT and RHEUMATISM.
SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.
Physicians, or 224 William St., New York.



Physicians who have made the skin the study of their lives agree that a perfect toilet soap should be mildly antiseptic, made of pure vegetable oils, and slightly super-fatted. Velvet-Skin Soap is just such a soap.

SEND 10 CTS. IN STAMPS FOR SAMPLES OF SOAP AND POWDER.

THE PALISADE M'F'G CO.,
YONKERS, N.Y.

Lurline Salt Water Baths

CORNER LARKIN AND BUSH STREETS
SAN FRANCISCO

THE GREAT PLUNGE

...Emptied Every Night...

Private Tub Baths

Russian Steam Bath

UR NEW SPECIALTIES

IRIDIUM PHOTOGRAPHS

PLATINUM PHOTOGRAPHS

BAS-RELIEF PHOTOGRAPHS

only gallery in the world making Iridium and Bas-Relief Photographs. The highest achievement in photography.

A RAISED PHOTOGRAPH

ing out the prominent features of the person. A most marvelous result. The picture stands out in relief like the living person.

Taber

121 Post St., Bet. Kearny St. and Grant Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

CHINO RANCH COMPANY

(A Corporation)

CAPITAL, \$3,000,000.00

C. H. PHILLIPS, President

C. H. PHILLIPS, Jr., Vice-President

C. W. GATES, Sec'y and

CHINO RANCH, NEAR LOS ANGELES, 41,073 ACRES.

The Ranch consists of 20,000 acres of moist alluvium for Beet Culture; 10,000 acres of land for Citrus Culture; and 11,000 acres of delightfully located Dairy Land, well watered.

As showing the relative position of Chino to all the other beet sugar factories in the United States, the value of the lands that produce the beets, the following table is published as taken from the Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the year 1893:

	Acres Farmed	Tons Harvested	Sugar Produced, lbs.
Chino.....	4171	49,353	15,063,367
Alvarado.....	1803	20,324	4,416,572
Watsonville.....	6388	65,291	15,539,040
Lehi, Utah.....	2755	26,801	4,708,500
Grand Island, Neb.....	1617	11,149	1,835,900
Norfolk, Neb.....	2807	22,625	4,107,300
Staunton, Va.....	50	350	50,027

YIELD OF SUGAR.

	Per Acre of Beets.	Per ton of Beets.
Chino.....	3611.4	305.2
Alvarado.....	2488.4	220.7
Watsonville.....	2432.5	238.0
Lehi, Utah.....	1492.3	153.3
Grand Island, Neb.....	1093.8	164.7
Norfolk, Neb.....	1463.2	181.5
Staunton, Va.....	1012.5	144.6

Annual consumption of sugar in the United States, 4,162,204,200 pounds.

Annual production of sugar in the United States, 664,863,826 pounds.

The great disproportion in the sugar consumed and the sugar produced in the United States, is convincing evidence that lands producing the HIGHEST GRADE SUGAR BEET EVER GROWN will always be sought for.

The Chino Ranch has the greatest Beet Sugar Industry in the United States, the largest yield in tons per acre and the highest percentage of sugar per ton in the world.

LANDS FOR RENT or SALE to intelligent and thrifty farmers.

For pamphlets, copies of letters from Chino beet growers, etc., apply

CHINO RANCH COMPANY

CHINO, CALIFORNIA

Santa Clara Valley.

MORGAN HILL AND SAN MARTIN RANCHES.

PRUNE, PEACH, APRICOT, OLIVE AND VINE.

Out of the 19,000 acres in these two ranches, we now offer 8,000 unsold on easy terms and at low rates of interest. These lands lie on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad, between the cities of San Jose and Gilroy, in one of the most favored spots in Santa Clara Valley. The coast line now in course of construction will place these lands on the main through overland route to the east, the completion of which road will insure a great influx of additional settlers on these ranches. The rapidly growing towns of Morgan Hill and San Martin, situated on the ranches bearing their respective names, already have the fastest train service on the Pacific Coast.

One can paint an ideal picture of a ten or twenty acre tract, and we can fit the picture, in reason that we have every variety of soil that can be found in Santa Clara Valley. We have sediment soil; black loamy soil; adobe soil; gravelly soil; land heavily timbered with live oak, coast live oak, sycamore, laurel and buckeye trees; hill land cleared or timbered; hill and valley land, coastal or separate, land near town or remote; land on either of three creeks; land with ever-living springs thereon. As a matter of fact, there is not a body of land of its size in California that has such a variety of soil so well located. Churches and good schools are already established, and the hundreds of purchasers, now resident, who have planted thousands of acres of orchards, can testify to the excellent climate and favorable location.

DO NOT APPLY TO

C. H. PHILLIPS, - 32 East Santa Clara St., San Jose, Cal.

T. S. MONTGOMERY, MANAGER.

TAVERN OF Castle Crag

QUEEN OF ALL
MOUNTAIN RESORTS

The Tavern of Castle Crag, most beautiful, attractive accessible of all mountain resorts, will open for the reception of guests June 1, and will close October 1, 1896.

GEORGE SCHONEWALD,
MANAGER,
No 59, Union Trust Building,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ILLARD HOTEL, OMAHA, NEB.

E. MARKEL & SON, Proprietors.

Ass in all its Appointments. Centrally located
RATES, \$3.00 TO \$5.00 PER DAY.

OTEL FAIRMOUNT

BEN F. TRUE, Proprietor

Market, Fell, and Polk Sts. San Francisco, Cal.



First-Class Family
and Commercial
Hotel



Newly Furnished with
all Modern Improvements



Elevator, Electric Bells,
Fire Alarms, Etc.

\$1.50 per day and upwards. Special rates by the week. Telephone, South 677.

Flower Festivals, Fiestas, Rose Carnivals, ... AND A ... Venetian Water Carnival

Will swell the great tide of merrymaking to sweep over the State this season.

Santa Barbara Flower Festival,

the fame of which is world-wide, and the glory of which, like that of Solomon, is not half told, opens **April 15**. Queen Flora will reign three days an arbitrary and absolute despot.

La Fiesta de Los Angeles,

Now fixed in the chronology of California feasts, and not less illustrious than its older prototypes, commences **April 22**, and the riot of fun will spread over four days.

Santa Rosa Carnival

Is programmed for **April 30** and **May 1** and **2**. The charming City of Roses is very much at home with this favored flower, and her pride in its exhibition is surpassed only by her amazing wealth of roses.

San Mateo County's Rose Carnival

Is to be held at Redwood City on **April 30**, **May 1** and **2**, and it will be abundantly proven on that occasion that San Mateo knows all about roses.

A Carnival of Roses

Is to take place in San Jose, **May 6th to 9th**, inclusive. The limitless possibilities of the Garden City for anything that is made of roses, gives promise of a rare display, and an event that will be long remembered.

The Santa Cruz Venetian Water Carnival

Is announced for **June 17th to 20th**, inclusive. Mere mention of this name brings vivid recollections of last season's brilliant event, which it is said is to be completely eclipsed this year. The thousands who were present will wonder how that is possible.

REDUCED RATES

Will be made by the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY for all these brilliant events. Arrange your programmes accordingly, and call on agents for particulars.

A LIVING VOLCANO

The Wilder's Steamship Company have perfected arrangements by which the Volcano can be reached with trifling inconvenience.



THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD

Fine iron steamboats fitted with electric lights and bells, convey the passengers from Honolulu to Hilo. A greater part of the voyage is made in smooth water. The steamers pass close to shore so that the shore can be readily seen. Natives engaged in their simple occupations, planters, sugar-cane, and cattle men in the midst of their herds give life to an ever varying scene. The is the finest in the world. Leaving Honolulu the rugged coast of Oahu and Molokai is passed, the beautiful and fertile island of Maui. After crossing the Hawaia Channel a continuous view of miles of the coast can be had. First high cliffs, against which the ever restless waves dash above, the black rocks and further up, the cliffs are decorated with a most magnificent tropical forest. Every few hundred feet cataracts and waterfalls lend an ever changing beauty to the scene. The brow of these cliffs fields of sugar-cane stretch back for miles; beyond, the heavy dark green of the plantations and the tropical forest form a sharp contrast to the lighter shade of the fields of cane.

The sea voyage terminates at Hilo Bay, pronounced by all who have seen it, by far more beautiful than any of the far famed ports of the Mediterranean.

The sailing time of the steamers has been changed and the speed increased so that only one day is spent on the water. Tourists are conveyed from Hilo to the Volcano over a fine macadamized road wending its way through a dense tropical forest of great trees and huge ferns, beautiful climbing flowering vines.

The Volcano House is modern in all its appointments. The table is supplied, not only with the market affords, but also with game, fruit and berries from the surrounding country.

Steam sulphur baths have been entirely renewed and refitted. Wonderful cures from consumption, rheumatism, gout, paralysis, scrofula and other blood ailments have been effected. Those suffering from nervous prostration regain complete health in a few weeks, the pure air of the mountains and the sulphur baths being the necessary remedies. Beautiful walks in all directions give ample exercise for those to whom brain work is prohibited.

For further particulars inquire of Wilder's Steamship Company (Limited) Honolulu.

JAPAN AND CHINA**cidental and Oriental Steamship Co.****SAN FRANCISCO, HONOLULU, YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG**

Connections at Yokohama for all ports in Japan, North China and Corea; at Hongkong for East Indian, Australian and European ports.

Four First-Class Steamers—Superior Table.

In winter the O. & O. Line steamers take the southern track, thereby avoiding the cold winds and rough weather of the northern route.

Steamers Leave San Francisco at 3 P. M.

(via Honolulu)	May 12	Gaelic (via Honolulu)	July 2
.....	May 28	Doric	July 21
.....	June 15	Belgic	August 8

Principal Agencies in the United States: Baltimore, 207 East German Street; 1, 292 Washington and 9 State Streets; Chicago, 191 and 230 So. Clark Street; Cincinnati (Union Pacific Co.) and Chamber of Commerce Buildings (So. Pacific Co.); New City, 287 and 349 Broadway; Philadelphia, 40 So. Third and 20 So. Broad Streets; Luis, 213 and 220 No. Fourth Street. Also at offices of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Henry & Sons, and Raymond & Whitcomb, Tourist Agents.

Head Office: 425 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**JAMES HOTEL,
SAN JOSE, CAL.**

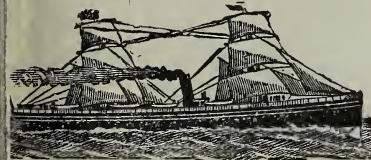
25 Rooms, Single or En Suite
ELEVATOR

American Plan. Rates, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day. Parlors

and bath extra.

Coach and Carriage at depot on arrival of all trains

Office to LICK OBSERVATORY

**Oregon Railway and
Navigation Co.**

MAGNIFICENT
SHORT SEA TRIP

BETWEEN

SAN FRANCISCO and ASTORIA and PORTLAND,
or All Points North and East.

Traveler Should miss a ride on the beautiful
* * Columbia River. * *

Tickets at Lowest Rates at

**MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.**

HURLBURT,
General Passenger Agent,
PORTLAND, OR.

F. F. CONNOR, General Agent.

**Royal
Exchange
Assurance**

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1720

Cash Assets, - - - - - \$ 20,000,000

Losses Paid, - - - - - 180,000,000

ROBT. DICKSON, Manager

NATHAN & KINGSTON, AGENTS
401 Montgomery Street.

:: BANK SAFES ::**Diebold Safe and Lock Co.**

LATEST IMPROVED

AUTOMATIC BOLT WORK,

C. B. PARCELLS, SOLE AGENT

No. 6 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO

Second-hand Safes taken in exchange, and Safes repaired.

Standard Scales. Bicycles and Repairs.

**FISHING TACKLE**

An immense stock from which
to select your outfit

ALL THE NOVELTIES

Guns and Hunters'
Equipments

GEO. W. SHREVE,

739 Market Street, - - - San Francisco
Opposite Examiner Office.

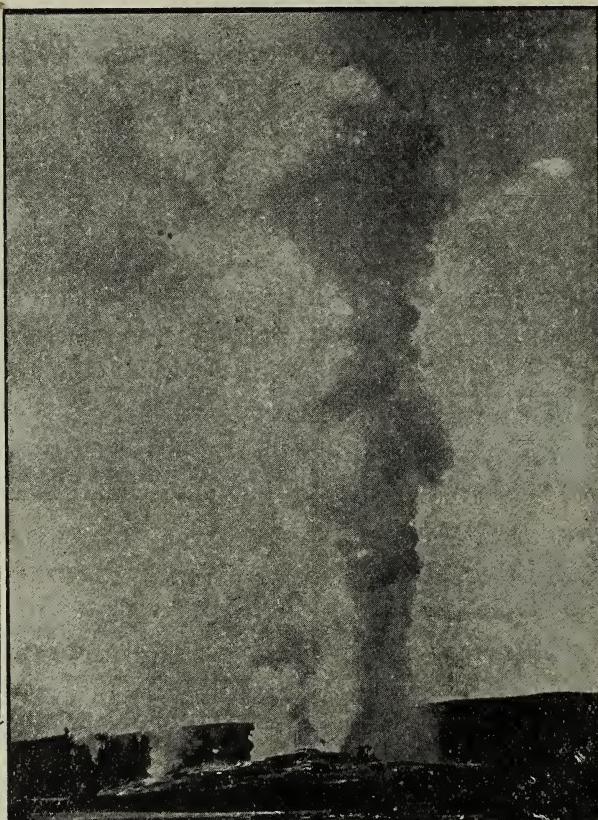
Sketches OF Wonderland

**OUR
TOURIST . . .
BOOK**

1896

TELLS ALL ABOUT THIS REGION

"To see GIANT GEYSER in eruption is one of the grandest sights in YELLOWSTONE PARK. A vast accumulation of hot water and steam sailing into the air to the height of 250 feet, with a retching and growling ominous to those near by, it is a



YELLOWSTONE

• • • • PARK

REACHED BY

SEND SIX CENTS IN STAMPS FOR OUR TOURIST BOOK, TO
CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.
or T. K. STATELER, General Agent
638 Market St., San Francisco, C.

Northern Pacific Rail Road

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

n Important Factor —

In the success of the **SUNSET LIMITED**
is its connection at New Orleans with the

Chicago Limited

Of the **Illinois Central** Route.

fastest and best equipped train, and running over the best track from the Gulf to the Lakes.

New Orleans Office,

Corner St. Charles and Common Streets

H. HANSON,
General Passenger Agent,
CHICAGO

WM. ALFRED KELLOND,
Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent,
NEW ORLEANS

Chicago Limited

VIA

— Santa Fe Route —



Pullman's Newest Sleeping Cars, Vestibule Reclining Chair Cars and Dining Cars, through without change every day, Los Angeles to Chicago and Kansas City, with annex cars on sharp connection for Denver and St. Louis.

— HOURS QUICKER THAN THE QUICKEST COMPETING TRAIN —

Ticket Office in San Francisco is 644 Market St., Chronicle Building, and in Los Angeles No. 129 North Spring St.

GRAND HOTEL

THE BEST HOTEL IN UKIAH CITY, CAL.

All Stages Arrive at and Depart from this House:

FREE 'BUS'

BAGGAGE OF GUESTS CONVEYED FREE OF CHARGE TO AND FROM TRAIN

B. S. HIRSCH, PROPRIETOR



Queen Lily Soap

THE FINEST LAUNDRY SOAP IN THE MARKET. Washes well without rubbing, and does not injure the clothes. The Largest Family Wash in the city can be done in three to four hours. A girl of twelve years of age can do a washing with this soap.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

NEW ENGLAND SOAP CO.

Office, 307 Sacramento Street
Factory, 17th and Rhode Island Streets

SAN FRANCISCO

SAMUEL BROS. & CO.

132-134 FIRST STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Fine old Bourbon Whiskie

CONTROLLERS

Home Comfort Diamond B.
Golden Pheasant Club

OWNERS OF

CARMELITA AND

MT. DIABLO VINEYARD

**Healthy Old People
Will Tell You**

that the principal thing to do is to keep the stomach, liver and bowels in order if you want to live long. Physicians will say the same thing too.

The Remedy Called

RIPANS TABULES

is neither miraculous, mysterious nor remarkable. It is simply a well-known formula prescribed by the best physicians for disorders of the digestive organs. In the shape of tabules it is convenient to carry, easy to take, quick to act and economical to buy. It isn't necessary to go to the expense of consulting a physician in cases of

DYSPEPSIA,
BILIOUSNESS,
DIZZINESS,

HEADACHE,
CONSTIPATION,
HEARTBURN,

and troubles of a like nature.

RIPANS TABULES

are particularly effective if taken at the first symptom of any of the above ailments. They act so quickly that ONE TABULE GIVES RELIEF, and, if given a fair trial, are as nearly infallible as any remedy can be. Most druggists keep them, and any druggist will get them if requested to do so. The price is 50 cents a box, and they will be sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of price by the

Ripans Chemical Co.,
10 SPRUCE STREET,
NEW YORK.

Advertisement Designed and Printed
for the Princess Ink Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce Street, New York.



THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

RISING SUN AND SUN PASTE

For durability and for economy this preparation is truly unrivalled. 3000 TONS SOLD YEARLY IN CAKES FOR GENERAL BLACKING APPLIED AND POLISHED WITH A BRUSH

SUN PASTE

DUSTLESS LABOR SAVING BEST IN THE WORLD.

SUN PASTE

"FOR A QUICK AFTER-DINNER SHINE APPLIED AND POLISHED WITH A CLOTH"

Morse Bros. Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

HOLBROOK, MERRILL & STEISON,
SAN FRANCISCO AND SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Distributing Agents
FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

DURKEE'S

Spices, Mustard

Flavoring Extracts

E. R. DURKEE & CO.

Condiments of Every Description

Guaranteed



Spices, Mustard, Extracts, Salad Dressings, Sauces, Herbs, Celery Salt, Oils and Essences. Each and every article of the choicest kind, full weight and of full strength and flavor. Gold Medals and Diplomas awarded at Columbian Exposition to each article exhibited for superiority to all others. These articles cannot be excelled, and we challenge comparison with any goods sold.

E. R. DURKEE & CO., NEW YORK

Date Due

OCT 28 1964

Demco 293-5



VICTOR

BICYCLES THEY COST MORE TO
BUILD THAN ANY OTHER

OVERMAN WHEEL CO

NEW YORK, BOSTON, DETROIT, DENVER,
SANFRANCISCO, LOSANGELES, PORTLAND

A clean nation has ever been a strong nation;

Fortify with **SAPOLIO**

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

RISING SUN AND SUN PASTE

For durability and for economy this preparation is truly unrivalled

5000 TONS SOLD YEARLY

SUN PASTE

DUSTLESS LABOR SAVING BEST IN THE WORLD.

SUN PASTE
FOR A QUICK AFTER-DINNER SHINE
APPLIED AND POLISHED WITH A CLOTH

Morse Bros. Props. Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

HOLBROOK, MERRILL & STEISON,
SAN FRANCISCO AND SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Distributing Agents FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

DURKEE'S

Spices, Mustard
Flavoring
Extracts

Guaranteed



Spices, Mustard, Extracts, Salad Dressings, Sauces, Herbs, Celery Salt, Oils and Essences. Each and every article of choicest kind, full weight and of strength and flavor. Gold Medals and Diplomas awarded at Columbian Exposition to each article exhibited for Superiority to all others. These articles can be excelled, and we challenge comparison with any goods sold.

E. R. DURKEE & CO., NEW YORK



BRADLEY
VICTOR
BICYCLES THEY COST MORE TO
BUILD THAN ANY OTHER
OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

NEW YORK, BOSTON, DETROIT, DENVER,
SANFRANCISCO, LOSANGELES, PORTLAND

Send for Catalog to OVERMAN WHEEL CO., Larkin and McAllister Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

COOK'S TOURS

TO EUROPE AND ROUND THE WORLD

Steamship and Railroad Tickets by all
Programmes. Information free.

Thos. Cook & Son
621 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest
of all in leavening strength.—Latest United
States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

WONDER!

We are daily receiving New Goods comprising all the Novelties of the Sea-

BUSINESS COLLEGE

The Leading
west of Chicago.

24 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Shorthand, T-

keeping, Drawing, Telegraphing, Penmanship, ELECTRICAL
and the English Branches. 20 Teachers. 35 Writing Machines.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

No other soap
is found in so
many homes.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINTL.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED.
Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.

Breakfast Cocoa



Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast Cocoa

Made at

DORCHESTER, MASS.

It bears their Trade Mark
"La Belle Chocolatiere" on every can.
Beware of Imitations.



NOVELTIES IN MILLIN
THE WONDER Hat Flower & Feather
1026 MARKET STREET.

Branch Stores in Oakland and San Jose

Overland Monthly

JUNE
1896

EDITED by
ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN



ND AND ALAMEDA COUNTY.
OSPECTIVE INFLUENCE OF JAPAN.
W ON THE SILVER QUESTION.
EER BIMETALLIST—JUDGE C. C. GOODWIN.
N MILLER.

NEVADA

Cecil Hammerton

W. H. Mills

By the Governor of Idaho

J. Dryden

Charles Warren Stoddard

Overland Monthly Publishing Company
Dollars a Year SAN FRANCISCO. Single Copy 25 Cents

The Largest Shoe House on this Coast.



San Francisco Shoe House

931 & 933 MARKET STREET, (OPPOSITE MASON)

WITH BRANCH FOR

MEN'S AND BOYS' SHOES

AT 906 MARKET STREET

"The Oakland" Shoe House

1059 & 1061 Washington Street
Oakland, Cal.

With its branches at Berkeley and Alameda, are all first class Shoe Houses—up-to-date in every particular, with Fine Footwear at Moderate Prices.

G. E. FAIRCHILD, President & Manager

Goodyear Brands OF RUBBER HOSE

"Gold Seal" brand

The Best Made.

"Badger" brand

Excellent Quality.

"Conqueror" brand

Fine Quality.

"Elk" brand

Good Quality.

"Pioneer" brand

Medium Quality.

"Anvil" brand

Fair Quality.

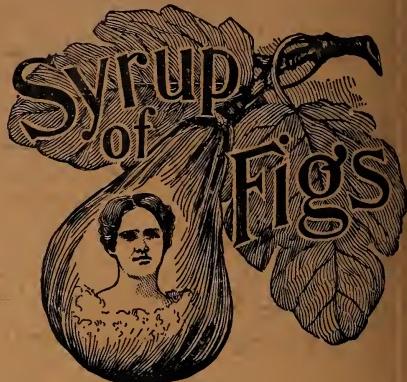
GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.

R. H. PEASE, Vice-President and Manager

577 & 579 Market St. - San Francisco, Cal.
73 & 75 First Street - Portland, Or.

One of the Greatest Factors

in producing a clear, clean skin and the before a perfect complexion, is the use of



Agreeable

preventives taken in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headache, Racking Colds or Fevers. Syrup of Figs is

Mild and Sure,

pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable. Taken regularly in small doses its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

Manufactured by

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP COMPANY

For Sale by all Druggists.

DRINK NAPA SODA

Why?

Because it is a Healthful, Refreshing, Palatable and Invigorating Beverage.

Because it makes the best Lemonade on Earth.

Because it is unexcelled as a Table Water.

Because it aids Digestion and cures Dyspepsia and Rheumatism.

IT APPEALS TO YOU

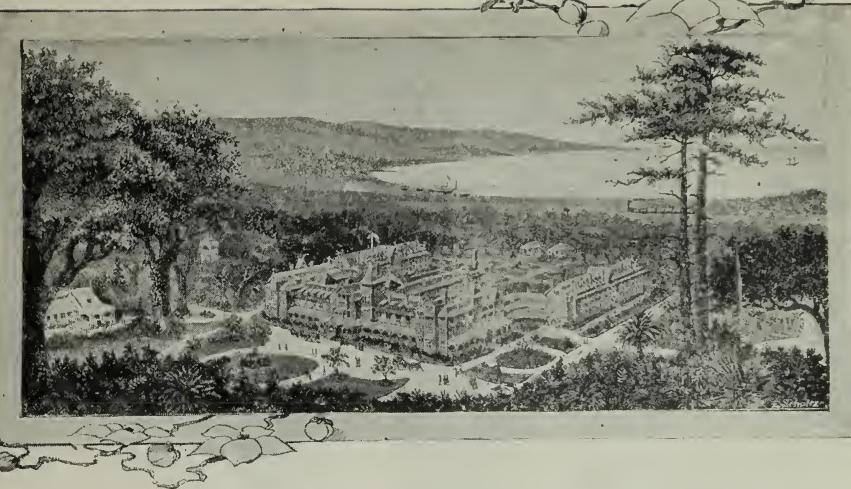
AND I want to be taken into your Home

SAYS I want to be taken in your Claret

TO I want to be taken in the morning

FAMILIES I want to be taken in a Lemonade

Delivered in Boxes containing 2 Dozen Bottles
from Office, 619 HOWARD ST., S. F.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF HOTEL DEL MONTE.

TWO FAMOUS RESORTS.

DEL MONTE BY THE SEA—CASTLE CRAGS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

HOTEL DEL MONTE is a supremely beautiful scene just now—always the case, visitors say, but more so than ever this season. Improvement is the genius of this magnificent establishment, and though perfection is said to be unattainable in human affairs, it seems here right within reach. The immense tropical gardens, interminable mazes of flowers, charming promenades, groves, and retreats, romantic drives among quaint and historic scenes, the finest of sea beaches and bathing conveniences, mild, genial, health-giving climate, and a hotel where elegance and hospitality go hand in hand, make this most famous of resorts as near paradise as it is possible to be on this earth. No watering place in the West so amply repays a visit.

THE TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAGS opens June 1st, and Summer outing devotees who find the attractions at this popular mountain retreat most to their liking are packing their telescopes accordingly. And by the way, that's a happy feature of the Tavern, it doesn't take long to get ready for a visit there. Its most remarkable peculiarity, however, is the absence of care. No one has ever yet entered the premises with an ounce of that hateful destroyer of human happiness clinging to his person. Try it. Nature and

good cheer reign supreme, and their edicts are peace and pleasure. The picturesque is ever prominent, and health-giving recreation is without limit.

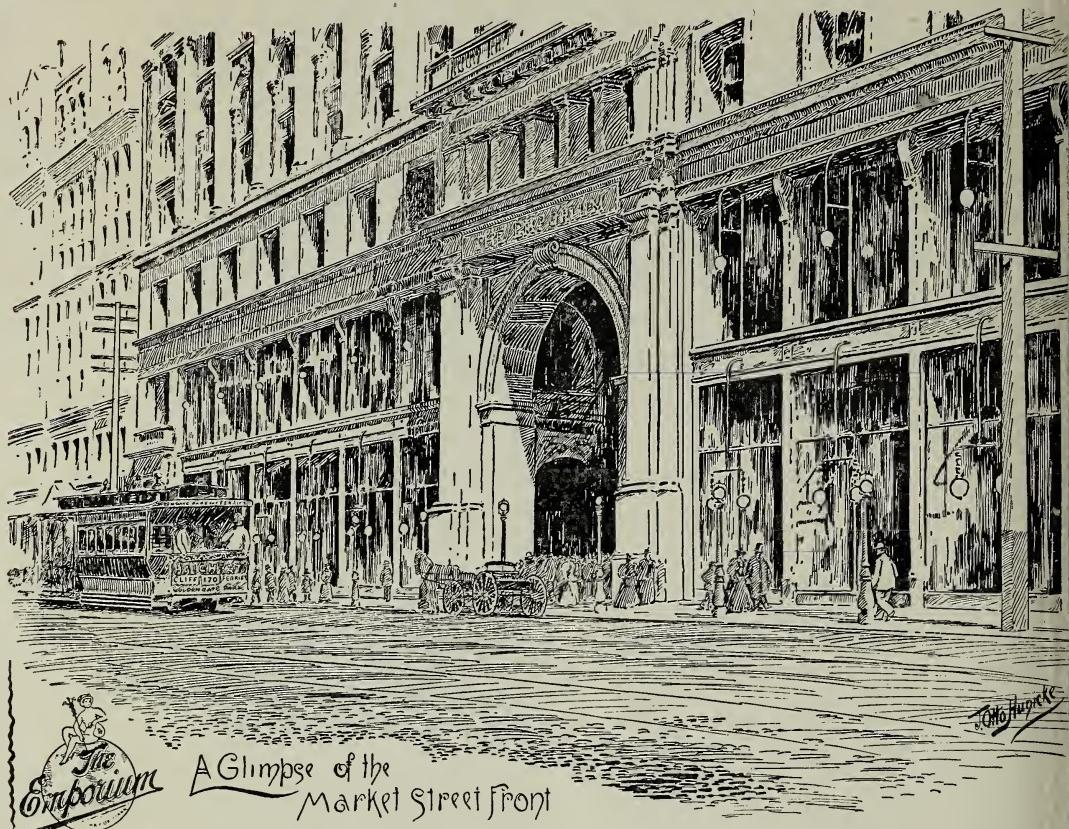
Those in search of first-class comforts, perfect rest and relaxation, and abundance of entertaining pastime, should go to the Tavern, near Mt. Shasta.



TAVERN OF CASTLE CRAGS.

The Most Beautiful Store in the World

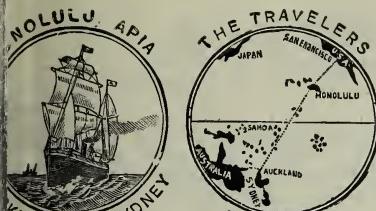
THE EMPORIUM, San Francisco



A Glimpse of the
Market Street Front

THE Emporium, which opens its doors for public inspection Saturday afternoon and evening, May 23rd, and for business on Monday following, is one of the largest and by far the grandest store on earth. The store covers fifteen acres of floor space and is magnificently equipped with mahogany counters and shelving, the bases of which are finished with Tennessee marble. Under the wonderful dome, 100 feet in height, a large cafe and band stand of ornamental bronze forms a delightful feature of the elegant appointments of the store. 560 arc electric lamps and more than 10,000 incandescent lights make the establishment a veritable fairy palace at night. Concerts will be given Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights each week by the Emporium Orchestra of

thirty musicians under the direction of Mr. John Marquardt, assisted by the famous harp soloist, Mme. Marquardt. Among the innovations of this great store are an Emergency Hospital, Nursery for Babies, Information Bureau, Free Parcel Check Stand, Elegantly Furnished Parlor and Reading and Writing Rooms. Eleven Elevators in the store, Special Freight Elevators large enough to accommodate a wagon and team, afford every modern facility for the transaction of business. The sixty departments of the store carry all lines of goods—the necessities and luxuries of mankind. The owners call it a "Twentieth Century Department Store," and it is indeed unlike any store that has ever been erected and conducted during the preceding centuries.



Hawaii,
Samoa,
New Zealand and
Australia

ARE REACHED ONLY
BY THE
indid American Steamers
OF THE
OCEANIC S. S. CO.
ual Spring. Rarest Tropical Luxuriance
A Traveler's Paradise.

ea, on Hawaii, the largest active Volcano in the World.
1 trip tickets to Honolulu at \$125.00. Through
o Auckland or Sydney allow stop-overs at Sand-
lands and Samoa. Send 10 cents in Postage
for "Kilauea," a pamphlet of exquisite photo-
s. Address:

D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO.
GENERAL AGENTS,
ontgomery Street, San Francisco.

Reduction in Price

COPPER=PLATE
ENGRAVING
100 Cards
FOR
100 Cents

Crocker's
Post Street Store
227-229 Post St.

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXVII.

No. 162.

SECOND SERIES.

TISPICE.—The Lorelei	581
<i>Painted by W. Kray.</i>	
TISPICE.—Hon. William J. McConnell.....	582
ALKED IN THE SANCTUM. <i>By the Editor.</i>	583
PROSPECTIVE INFLUENCE OF JAPAN UPON THE INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA. <i>W. H. Mills.</i>	587
<i>Illustrated from Photographs and by Sketches from Native Prints by Boeringer.</i>	
SLIPS IN THE GRASSES. <i>H. Winthrop Waring.</i>	610
ACTS FROM MRS. LOFTY'S DIARY. VI.—DOROTHY. <i>Batterman Lindsay</i>	611
<i>Illustrated by Boeringer.</i>	
CYCLONE. <i>Herbert Bashford.</i>	616
<i>Illustration by Boeringer.</i>	
TALES OF THE OLD WEST. XIII.—MATHEWSON'S RIDE. <i>E. K. Rountree.</i>	617
QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS. (Continued). <i>Horace Annesley Vachell.</i>	619
PATHS OF CATALINA. <i>Sylvia Lawson Covey.</i>	625
FAIRY WEDDING. (Copyright; all rights reserved.) <i>M. Isadore Knox.</i>	626
<i>Illustrations by Boeringer.</i>	
O'S GOOD TIGER. <i>Rounsevelle Wildman.</i>	628
<i>Illustrations by J. D. Strong, Jr.</i>	

(Continued on next page.)

CONTENTS—CONTINUED.

- DAWN, YAMHILL, OREGON. *Charles Grissen*
- UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF THE HIGH SIERRA. II.—THE SOURCES OF THE KING'S RIVER. *Theodore S. Solomons*
- Illustrated from Photos by the Author.*
- THE HALF DOME. *Wilbur Zeigler*
- EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT. CONCERNING SCHOOL LIBRARIES. *Milicent W. Shinin*
- A PIONEER BIMETALLIST. *J. Dryden*
- Illustrations from photographs.*
- THE POET OF THE SIERRAS. *Charles Warren Stoddard*
- Illustrated by J. D. Strong, Jr., and from Photos.*
- THE CITY OF OAKS. *Cecil Hammerton*
- Illustrated from Photos.*
- THE ROSES OF THE GOLDEN WEST.....
- THE VALUE OF MONEY. *Gov. W. J. McConnell of Idaho*.....
- ETC.....
- BOOK REVIEWS
- CHIT CHAT
- INDEX
- PUBLISHER'S COLUMN.....

Overland Monthly Publishing Company

San Francisco: Pacific Mutual Life Building

The Pacific Coast: San Francisco News Co.
New York and Chicago: The American News Co.

Eastern Advertising Agent, Frank E. Morrison, { 500 Temple Court, New York
514 Boyce Building, Chicago

[Entered at San Francisco Post-office as Second-class Matter.]

GEO. M. PERINE, President

J. H. MALLETT, JR., Vice-President

GRANT CORDREY, Sec.

INVESTORS

ARE INVITED TO INVESTIGATE THE PLAN OF THE

Renters' Co-operative Investment Compa

of San Francisco, California

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF CALIFORNIA.

And under the direct supervision of the State Bank and Building and Loan Commissioners.

OFFICE, 328 MONTGOMERY STREET

California Safe Deposit & Trust Co., Trustee, holding Securities and Funds of the Company
441 CALIFORNIA STREET

Continental Building and Loan Associati

OF CALIFORNIA

HOME OFFICE: S. E. COR. SANSOME AND CALIFORNIA STS.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Subscribed Capital, over \$2,000,000
Monthly Income, over 25,000

Does a general Savings and Loan Business.

A diverter of monthly payments of rents to the monthly payments on homes.

7 per cent. Paid up Coupon Certificates, protected by first mortgaged securities a species of coupons payable semi-annually at the office of the California Title Ins. and Trust Company.

DR. ED. E. HILL.....President

CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE.....Vice-President

WM. CORBIN.....Secretary and General Manager

CALIFORNIA TITLE INS. AND TRUST COMPANY.....Trustee and Treasurer

AYDELOTTE'S Business College

CLAY STREET, CORNER TWELFTH
OAKLAND, CAL.



COUNTING-HOUSE DEPARTMENT

A thorough Commercial and English Training School for both sexes. Up to date in every Department. Most complete Business Office System in the State. Four Courses:

Commercial, Shorthand,

Telegraphy and English.

Open the entire year. One year, \$100; six months, \$60; three months, \$35. These rates cover any combination of studies.

Oakland is a beautiful city of homes and schools and is free from metropolitan vices.

For circulars, specimens and information, address the proprietor manager,

J. H. AYDELOTTE,
OAKLAND, CAL.

Chatterbox

INTERESTS THE WHOLE FAMILY

WHEN I WAS A CHILD

I liked Chatterbox. So did you. Then, it came but once a year, on Christmas. Nearly every one has given or received Chatterbox as a Christmas gift. Now, it comes every month. It brings Christmas for the children and young folks twelve times a year. It is the best youth's magazine published, and the old folks are not forgotten. Its contents are most varied and entertaining. Not a member of the family, from the baby to the grandparents, is overlooked. The list of contributors includes the names of the best writers of the day. Its illustrations are the most artistic. Its cover is the handsomest. Its frontispiece is a beautiful tintograph in fourteen colors, a new one every month. Even its name has its special charm for the children, and awakens pleasant memories of childhood for the older folks. It is the Scribner's of the young folks and little people.

ASK THE CHILDREN

if they would not rather have their old Christmas friend in magazine form than any other publication. When it came but once a year it cost a dollar and a quarter. It was cheap at that. Now it brings Santa Claus twelve times a year and costs but fifty cents. That isn't much to spend for the babies and the big children combined. You were once a child yourself.

THE APRIL NUMBER OF CHATTERBOX

is a fair sample of the magazine. The following is a list of its contents:

- "THE TREASURES OF SAN ANTONIO," by F. Russell (a serial). An exciting story of adventure in search of buried treasure (fully illustrated).
- "ALL A MATTER OF TASTE," a story of an African king who liked to eat ants.
- "THE YOUNG WANDERERS," an illustrated story about a brother and sister who got lost.
- "A REVERIE," a poem illustrated.
- "A BIRD'S CRADLE," all about the nests of different birds.
- "OLD CUSTOMS," St. Valentine's Day. One of a series of old-time customs, illustrated.
- "FINISHING TOUCHES," a poem, illustrated.
- "THE STORY OF NELSON."
- "PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS."
- "POPULAR PLACES OF RESORT," illustrated.
- "LEFT IN CHARGE," a poem, illustrated.
- "THE CAPE RATEL," an exciting adventure with this beast in Africa, illustrated.
- "THE WAY TO BE HAPPY," a poem.
- "THE LILY OF THE VALLEY," an interesting bit of natural history, illustrated.
- "YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES," one of a series.
- "THE SWALLOWS," natural history.
- "THE TEN-POUND NOTE," a tale with a moral.
- "THE FLINT, STEEL AND TINDER," a fable.
- "THE FAITHFUL DOGS," a story about two dogs who saved a little girl from a poisonous snake.

The home without a child, or the child without a Chatterbox, is not a happy one.

Send Ten Cents in silver or stamps for Three Trial Months to

CHATTERBOX, BOSTON.



THE GREAT MAGAZINE

Well Worn Trails.¹

By Rounsevelle Wildman, M. L., being a series of outdoor articles on the State. "Santa Barbara," "Capay Valley," "The Geysers," "The Redwoods," "Santa Monica and Mt. Lowe," "Del Monte and Monterey," and "The Petrified Forest," which have already appeared, will be followed by "Los Angeles," "Mendocino," "The Yosemite," "Castle Crags," "Lake Tahoe." "Santa Cruz."

The Prospective Influence of Japan upon the Industries of America.

A debate in the June and July numbers between W. H. Mills, Esq., and John P. Young, Managing Editor of the *S. F. Chronicle*.

Municipal Conditions and the New Charter. By James D. Phelan.

IES OF THIS POSTER MAY BE HAD FOR

FIFTEEN CENTS.

xplored Regions of the High Sierra. By T. S. Solomons.

1. The Sources of the San Joaquin.
2. The Sources of King's River.
3. The Grand Cañon of the Tuolumne, etc., etc.

This series of eight papers will cover a section of the State never before explored, and will contain hitherto unpublished photographs and surveys made by the OVERLAND'S author-explorer.

Defenders of the Union—Part II.} By Comrade Frank Elliott
The National Guard of California. } Myers of Lincoln Post, G.A.R.

Silver Question. Continued by Hon. Irving M. Scott, Col. John P. Irish, Pres. J. J. Valentine, Senator Wm. M. Stewart, Gov. W. J. McConnell of Idaho, and others.

historic Sonoma. By Charles S. Greene.

A beautifully illustrated review and description of Sonoma County and its charming cities—Santa Rosa, Cloverdale, Healdsburg, and Petaluma.

Educational Articles. By Presidents Kellogg and Jordan, Professors Branner, Brown, Keyes, Pierce, Pennell, Crosby, and Hudson. This series of articles is in line with the OVERLAND'S great circulation among Public Schools of the State, and will be made of the greatest helpfulness to teachers, as well as interest to the public.

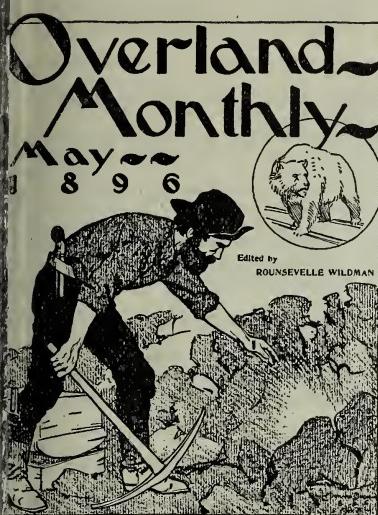
Study of the Classics. By Prof. Edw. B. Clapp, Ph. D.

Pioneer School—San Francisco College. By Arthur Inkersley LL. B.

Essays, Stories, and Poems, by Irving M. Scott, Wm. H. Mills, Senator Wm. M. Scott, Horace Annesley Vachell, Batterman Lindsay, Rounsevelle Wildman, John P. Irish, Gen. Lucius H. Foote, Joaquin Miller, Herbert Bashford, Charles Stoddard, John J. Valentine, Jas. D. Phelan, Gov. W. J. McConnell, and others.

¹ (Back numbers containing these articles can be had on application.)

OF THE PACIFIC COAST



IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

By California Authors

California Publishing

"Songs of the Soul," by Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras. Library edition, \$1.50. Souvenir edition.If Joaquin Miller had written nothing else, this one poem (*Sappho* and *Phaon*) would make a place for him among the immortals. Get the book and read and re-read it, it will repay you. Do not wait until the lands beyond applaud, but for once let us recognize our own.—*Lucius Harrwood Foote* in the *Wave*.In a recent article in the *London Athenaeum* is this sentence: "In point of power, workmanship and feeling, all the poems written by Americans, we are inclined to give first place to the 'Port of Ships' [or 'Columbus'] Joaquin Miller."

The Whitaker & Ray Co. have issued a new book of poems, "Songs of the Soul," by Joaquin Miller. There is no extravagance, less riot of fancy in this verse than in any our Joaquin has ever written. "Sappho" and "Phaon" long lyric, ambitious as any work this poet has ever penned, and more forceful than the "Songs of the Sierras."

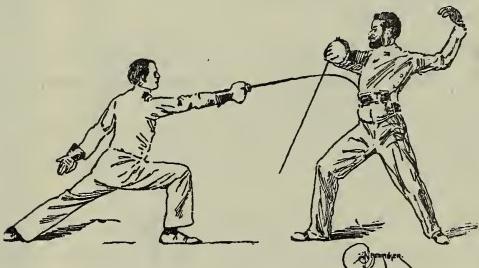
—*Frank B. Millard* in the *Examiner*, Sunday, May 2, 1896.A new book of poems by Joaquin Miller is a noteworthy event. The book will be welcome to all lovers of poetry, as it is an earnest that the inspiration of Joaquin Miller's earlier work has only been ennobled and spiritualized by the years.—*G. H. Fitch, S. F. Chronicle*, May 2, 1896.**"Pacific History Stories,"** retold by **Harr Wagner**, editor of the *Western Journal of Education*. Intercourse price 50 cents.**"Patriotic Quotations,"** compiled by **Harr Wagner**. Paper 25 cents, board 40 cents.**"Care and Culture of Men,"** by **David Starr Jordan**. Price, \$1.50. Ready June 1st.

This is the first book the President of Stanford University has had published on this coast and it will be an important contribution to our literature.

**THE WHITAKER & RAY CO., Incorporated
PUBLISHERS**

723 Market Street, San Francisco

Headquarters on the Pacific Coast for the Supply of Library Books,
School Supplies, and School Furniture



FENCING ACADEMY

PROF. H. ANSOT,

Fencing, Broadswords, Single Sticks, Foil.

HEADQUARTERS, CALIFORNIA FENCERS' CLUB.

PHYSICAL CULTURE. Private Classes for

LURLINE BATH BUILDING,

Cor. Bush and Larkin Sts.

**Notice to Collectors of
Artistic Posters**

On receipt of 10 cents we will send to any address, a copy of our largely illustrated catalogue of 500 posters, exhibited by "**The Echo**" and "**The Century**."

"The Echo" is the pioneer in fostering the poster in America. It began its department of Poster-Lore in August, 1895, and has printed it fortnightly with many illustrations ever since.

Each issue of "**The Echo**" bears a poster design, in two or three colors, on its cover. During the past year seven of these covers were by H. Bradley.

"The Echo" is \$2.00 a year, 10 cents a number.

New York, 130 Fulton Street

LOOK OUT for the second and popular edition of "**CAPE OF STORMS**," price 50 cents. One sent free with every yearly subscription to "**The Echo**."

When you write, please mention "**The Overland Monthly**."

THE POSTER CRAZE

• •

Limited edition, artist-signed posters published by the OVERLAND MONTHLY may be had at the following

	Each
Haleakala, June, or Hawaiian Poster, Goddess of Fire (Dixon).....	\$1.00
Oct., Man and Powder (Boeringer).	50
Nov. Poster, Shepherd (Dixon)	25
Dec. Poster, Bear and Indian (Dixon)	25
Jan. Poster, Indians at Fire (Dixon)	15
April, Hunter and Dogs (Cornwall)	15
June, Indians and Setting Sun (Boeringer).	15

Posters will be furnished Poster Collecs (not subscribers) during month ue at ten cents each, in tube, post-prepaid. To collectors who are ribers the posters will be sent each h for 25c extra per year to pay ge, if requested when subscribing.

to the OVERLAND

The Midland Monthly Is Your Home Magazine

the Pacific States are filled with men and women from the Middle-Western States. The Midland Monthly Magazine pictures the old middle-western life so familiar to all such, also the New Middle-West, with its astonishing growth and development.

Descriptive Papers, Stories, Poetry, Midland War Sketches, Representative Men Series, Themes, Literary, Economic and Educational Papers, Cash Prizes for Stories, Poetry, with its splendid typography and profuse illustrations—all together make a magazine very representative of the Middle-West, and one which, as such, is finding many delighted s both in the far East and in the far West.

and 10 cents postage for a late copy. Price, \$1.50 a Year. Address

JOHNSON BRIGHAM, Publisher

The Midland Monthly, DES MOINES, IOWA

Louis Roederer Champagne

Three Kinds, all of Equal Excellence

BRUT, an Extra Dry Wine

GRAND VIN SEC, a Dry Wine

CARTE BLANCHE, a Rich Wine

THE HIGHEST GRADE

IN THE WORLD

Used by all the leading clubs, hotels and restaurants, and may be had of all first-class grocers and wine merchants.

Macondray Bros. & Lockard

124 SANOME ST.

SOLE AGENTS PACIFIC COAST

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

THE LIVING METHOD FOR LEARNING

How to Think in French.

The most successful means yet devised for learning and teaching how to speak French.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.00.

"I am sure the book will accomplish precisely what is set to be its purpose."—Prof. James W. Bright, Johns Hopkins University.

"You have done a great and beautiful work in the publication of your manuals."—Bishop John H. Vincent, Chancellor of Chautauqua.

How to Think in German.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.50.

"As a practical book to aid in quickly acquiring the power of correct and fluent speaking of the German language, this work has no equal.—Scientific American, Nov. 11, 1893, p. 316.

How to Think in Spanish.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.50.

"The learner is not obliged to think of rules or of English words when he wishes to speak Spanish."—N. Y. School Journal.

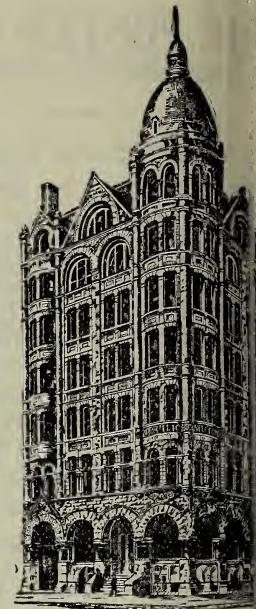
Prof. C. F. KROEH, Author & Publisher

Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J.

**Security
Liberal Terms
Profitable Returns**

ASSURED BY THE "UP-TO-DATE"
POLICIES OF

**The Pacific Mutual
Life Insurance Co.**



The Only California Compa

Best and Safest Legal Organization
for Policy Holders

**ORGANIZED 1868
CLAIMS PAID OVER \$7,000,000**

LIFE POLICIES—Combining protection with investment
ENDOWMENT BONDS—Producing specified returns
ANNUITIES

ACCIDENT POLICIES—Superior in benefits and conditions

KILGARIF & BEAVER, General Agents Life Department for California
F. W. VOOGT & BRO., Pacific Coast General Agents, Accident Department

PACIFIC MUTUAL BUILDING

N. E. Cor. Montgomery and Sacramento Streets
SAN FRANCISCO

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

the Best Value in
ATS or CAPS, go to

C. HERRMANN & CO. THE HATTERS

328

erry Street

NEAR PINE

(entire Building)



The ONLY Manufactur-
ing Retailers on
the Coast.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue,
mailed free.

ts Foolish...

To pay more for your goods
than you have to. Don't do
it. Send for a Free Copy of
the monthly "Home Circle."
It tells about "Good Goods
Cheap for Cash."

IITHS' CASH STORE 414, 416, 418 Front St.
San Francisco, Calif.

hat Busy Big Department Store

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM



TOILET
POWDER

Approved by Highest
Medical Authorities as a
Perfect Sanitary Toilet
Preparation for infants and
adults. Delightful after shaving,
Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettie Rash, Chafed
Skin, Sunburn etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples, makes
the skin smooth and healthy. Take no substitutes.
Sold by druggists or mailed for 25 cents.
Sample Mailed. (Name this paper). **FREE**

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

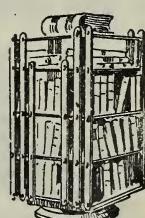
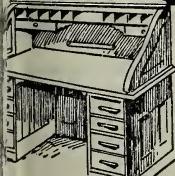
TELEPHONE No. 5531

WM. F. WILSON
PLUMBER



FINE. AND. SANITARY. PLUMBING

204 STOCKTON ST. OPPOSITE UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO



Geo. A. Fuller
Desk Company

MANUFACTURERS

638 & 640 MISSION STREET

San Francisco
Calif.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

**SPRING NO. 1.
FOR NERVOUS INDIGESTION.**

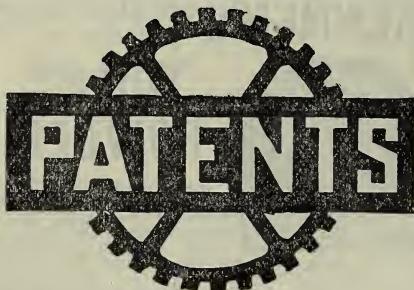
DR. WM. B. TOWLES, Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica
University of Virginia. Formerly Resident Physician at the Springs:

"Miss M —, aged sixteen, consulted me as to the use of the water, but weighing but sixty-eight pounds. For several years she had suffered from a severe form of dyspepsia, with want of appetite, acid eructation, Nausea and Vomiting after eating, Headache, Constipation, Hypochondriasis, etc. She was put upon the Water and directions given as to her diet. During a stay of two months at the Springs her digestion was restored; there was entire disappearance of other distressing symptoms. She gained largely in flesh, and left the Springs in full health, and soon afterwards weighed one hundred and eight pounds."

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles \$5.00 f. o. b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent free on application.

Springs open for guests from June 15th to October 1st.

PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, Virginia, (on the Atlantic and Danville R. R.)



BOONE & MURDOCK,
214 Pine Street, San Francisco.

RUBBER GOODS of every description. Send for particulars. Gem Rubber Co. Kansas City, Mo.

At $\frac{1}{4}$ Price Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Buggies, Harness, Farm & Blacksmith Tools, Engines, Boilers Mills, Scales of all Varieties and 1000 other Articles. Lists Free. CHICAGO SCALE CO. Chicago, Ill.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the hot sea water. Tub and Swimming Baths, foot of Mason street, terminus of the North Beach car lines. Only 25 cents. 6 tickets for \$1.00. Clear, warm, sea water.

JOHN FARNHAM, President & Manager.

ARE YOU USING WELLINGTON'S IMPROVED EGG FOOD FOR POULTRY?



IF NOT,
WHY NOT?

Every Grocer,
Every Druggist
Sells It.

SEEDS

{ Alfalfa Grass
Clover, etc.
Fruit and Every
Variety

TRADE SUPPLIED.

B. F. WELLING

425 Washington St., San Fran-

GERMEA
The Monarch of
Breakfast Foods
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO. SOLE AGENTS



THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

AND SUN PASTE

RISING SUN
STOVE POLISH

FOR DURABILITY AND FOR
ECONOMY THIS PREPARATION
IS TRULY UNRIVALLED
3000 TONS SOLD YEARLY

IN CAKES

FOR GENERAL
BLACKING APPLIED AND
POLISHED WITH A BRUSH"

HOLBROOK, MERRILL & STETSON,

SAN FRANCISCO AND SACRAMENTO, CAL.



SUN PASTE

"FOR A QUICK AFTER-DINNER SHINE
APPLIED AND POLISHED WITH A CLOTH"

Morse Bros. Props. Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

Distributing Agents
FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

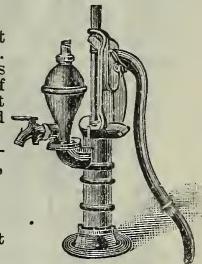


GALVANIZED GEM STEEL WIND MILL

WITH GRAPHITE BOXES

Guaranteed more durable without oil than other mills that are oiled. Practically these mills require no attention. Truly a Gem and worth its weight in gold. It combines beauty, strength, durability and simplicity. Governs itself perfectly, is easily erected, and is sold on its merits, in fact, it is the best on earth. The mill is made entirely of Steel and Cast Iron. Each one of our Gem Windmills is guaranteed.

NOTICE.—We carry a full line of all kinds of pumps—for hand, windmill and power use. Pipe, Pipe Fittings, Brass Goods, Hose, Tanks, etc.



Send for Catalogue—Mailed Free.

Woodin & Little 312-314 Market Street
San Francisco

UNION IRON WORKS

Office, 222 MARKET STREET. Works, POTRERO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

mine, Mining and Milling Engines and Machinery



SHIP BUILDERS, , , ,

BUILDERS OF U. S. WARSHIPS,

HYDRAULIC LIFT DOCK, ,

ork Office, 145 Broadway.

Cable Address, "Union."

C. WILSON & COMPANY

Telephone No. Main 1864



COAL

Family
Trade
Solicited

BATTERY STREET, CORNER OF VALLEJO STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Branch Office, 1058 Broadway, } OAKLAND, CAL.
Yard, Fifth and Webster Sts. } Telephone No. 54

Bolton & Strong

Printing Plate
Manufacturers.

HALF TONES A SPECIALTY

510 · 512 · 514 · MONTGOMERY ST.

••••• SAN FRANCISCO.



SOHMER

PIANOS are the BEST

NEWBY & EVANS.

Medium Price—Unparalleled.

Stock Guitars, Violins, Banjos, MANDOLINS.
Strings a specialty.

ON MAUZY, 308-314 Post St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA MUSICAL JOURNAL	
\$ 1.00 PER YEAR	
F.J.ZIFFERER, EDITOR & PUBLISHER	
26 O'FARREL ST. San Francisco Cal.	

BOOKS. CURIOUS BOOKS.
BOOKS OLD. BOOKS NEW.

assortment of *Valuable Books* for libraries to be
reasonable prices. Call and make your selections.

H. H. MOORE,
542 California Street.

UL P. BERNHARD & CO.

P. O. Box 214,

BBER STAMPS
STENCILS AND SEALS
MONTGOMERY STREET

IT WILL PAY YOU



KOHLER & CHASE

28 & 30 O'Farrell Street

IF YOU WANT A

PIANO OR AN ORGAN

Or any other MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

Mention that you saw Ad in Overland

WHICH CATALOGUE SHALL I SEND YOU?

Mandolins, Violins, Violin Music,
Violin Cases, Violin Bows,
Banjos, Banjo Music,
Guitars, Guitar Music,
Flutes, Flute Music,
Corns, Cornet Music, Harmonicas.

Violins repaired by the Cremona System.

C. C. STORY, 26 Central Street, Boston, Mass.

ONE DOLLAR IS ALL IT COSTS
PER YEAR,
FOR THE NEW MAGAZINE-REVIEW,

"TO-DAY," THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS
REVIEW AT A LOW PRICE

WE WILL SEND "TO-DAY" TWO MONTHS ON TRIAL
FOR TEN CENTS. Frederick A. Bisbee, Pub.,
1028 MASTER ST. PHILA., PA.

41 YEARS OLD

The Bulletin

Of San Francisco, Cal.

is recognized as the great home paper of the Pacific Coast—everybody reads it, and this is the best evidence of its value to advertisers who wish to reach the buying classes

Successful Advertisers

recognize that the Bulletin is the leading evening paper in this section, because of its circulation, its character, its influence; and experience shows that it brings them the quickest and largest returns :::::::

IT
STANDS
AT THE
HEAD

Eastern Office, Potter Building, New York

12 Pages Daily

24 Pages Saturdays

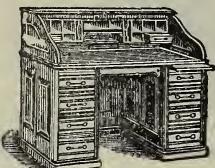
Circulation guaranteed exceeding 20,000 Daily

OFFICE, BANK and SCHOOL FURNITURE

76 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

MANUFACTURED BY
A. H. ANDREWS & CO.

215 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.



FINE BANK, OFFICE AND LIBRARY FITTINGS, DESKS, CHAIRS, ETC.



Upright Cabinet

FOLDING

* * * BED.

Numerous Styles.

Adjustable Cable Suspension Spring.
Guaranteed not to Sag.

SCHOOL OF ALL

OPERA AND CHURCH SEATS

Send for Illustrated Catalogues.

C. F. WEBER & CO.

UNION CLUB BUILDING,

AND

SOLE AGENTS FOR
PACIFIC COAST.Cor. Post & Stockton Sts. 229 SECOND STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PORTLAND, OR.

BON ESTELL & CO.

PAPER

WAREHOUSE

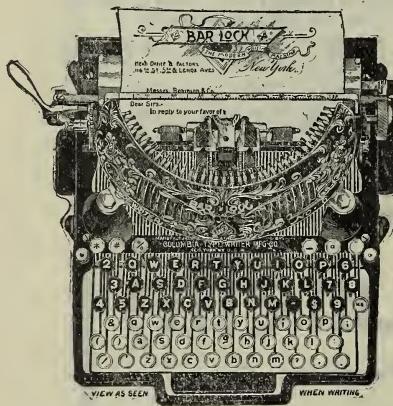
All kinds of Printing and Wrapping Paper
401 & 403 Sansome Street San Francisco

MRS. H. M. CASTILLAR

Book and Pamphlet Bindery

605 MONTGOMERY ST.

Work Promptly Done at Low Prices



THE BAR-LOCK TYPEWRITER

The New Nos. 6 and 7

Will do more work in a given time than any other Type writer.

Will do more work for a longer period than any other Type writer.

Will do more work automatically than any other Type writer.

Will do more manifolds with less effort than any other Type writer.

Will do more kinds of work accurately than any other Type writer.

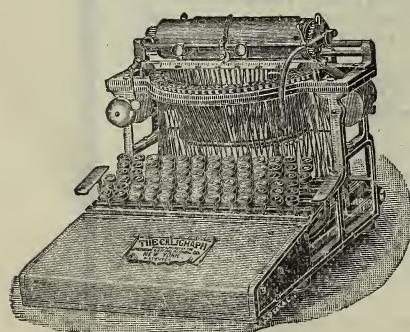
THE COLUMBIA TYPEWRITER MANUFACTURERS

Head Office and Factory

116th St., 5th and Lenox Avs., New York, U.S.A.

SCOTT & BANNAN, Pacific Coast Agents

San Francisco



For Good Reliable Work the

Caligraph

EXCELSIOR

"It gives perfect satisfaction."

"It outlasts them all!"

UNITED TYPEWRITER & SUPPLIES

AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST,

663 Market Street

San Francisco

For descriptive Catalogue, prices and terms, address
AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO. OR
237 Broadway, New York

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

* EDUCATIONAL *

Summer School for Boys

MOUNT TAMALPAIS MILITARY ACADEMY

Summer Session at Blue Lakes,
Lake County, Calif.

EIGHT WEEKS—June 10th to August 4, 1896

or the entertainment and care of boys.

For the Instruction of those who wish to make up back
s, or to prepare for Fall examinations.

arge for the session will be \$85; for a shorter period \$12

Payable in advance. Instruction fifty cents per hour.

ARTHUR CROSBY, A. M.
Headmaster.

AYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School,
Club and Parlor. Catalogue free.
T. S. Denison, Publisher, Chicago Ill.

MISS DANA'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Morristown, New Jersey, prepares for any College. Resident native French and German teachers. Advanced courses in Music and Art. Nearness to New York affords special advantages. Certificate admits to Smith, Wellesley, and Baltimore Colleges. Terms, boarding pupils, \$700.

O GONTZ SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES,

established in 1850, removed in 1882 from Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, to Ogontz, the spacious country seat of Jay Cooke. For circulars apply to Principals, Ogontz School P. O., Ogontz, Montgomery County, Pa.

Santa Barbara Business College, Santa Barbara, Cal.

A high class English and Commercial Training School, with department of Modern Languages. Skilled teachers and specialists. Write for illustrated catalogue giving particulars. E. B. HOOVER, Principal.

KENT COLLEGE OF LAW.

Diploma admits to the bar. Two year course. Improved methods uniting theory and practice. Students can be self-supporting. Fall term opens Sept. 7th, 1896.

MARSHALL D. EWELL, M.D., LL.D., Dean.

613 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.

EDWARD DENNY & CO.

IMPORTING AND MANUFACTURING

Stationers, Printers AND Blank Book Manufacturers
PACIFIC COAST HEADQUARTERS

Surveyors', Civil Engineers', Architects' and Draughtsmen's Supplies

Mechanical Instruments and Drawing Paper a Specialty

Manfrs Celebrated "Stag's Head" Brand Blue Print Paper

MONTGOMERY STREET, Opposite Entrance to the Mills Building SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

KS. BOOKS. BOOKS.

entire stock of Books, comprising all
es of Literature, at greatly reduced prices.
your list of wants.

NG'S OLD BOOK STORE

15 FOURTH ST., S. F.

OLD BOOK STORE

Books, Magazines and Pamphlets

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Special attention given to Literature published on and
relating to the Pacific Coast.

206 POWELL STREET, S. F.

A. A. DALY.

H. L. CURRAN.

CRITERION STEREOPTICONS ARE THE BEST.

LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT MAGIC LANTERNS, PHOTO ENGRAVERS'
AND THEATRE LAMPS BEFORE BUYING.
WE UNDERSTAND THE PRINCIPLES OF PROJECTION AS WELL AS OF MANUFACTURING
AND ARE GLAD TO IMPART INFORMATION TO INTENDING BUYERS. SEND FOR CATALOG
OF PROJECTION LANTERNS. ELECTRIC FOCUSING LAMPS &c. &c.

J. B. COLT & CO.,
15½ NASSAU ST. 59 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.
33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South 10th St. Philadelphia, Pa. 131 Fourth St. San Francisco, Cal.

512 Locust St. St Louis, Mo. 23½ Marietta St. Atlanta, Ga.

50 Bromfield St. Boston, Mass. 180 State St. Buffalo, N.Y.

33-38 South

FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE

ONE OF THE MOST
RELIABLE INSURANCE
COMPANIES IN THE WORLD
LOSSES PAID MORE
THAN \$15,000,000.00
A PROMPT AND
PROGRESSIVE
COMPANY

ASSETS, \$3,200,000.00.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.00.

FIREMAN'S FUND INS. CO.

SAN FRANCISCO,

CALIFORNIA

ORGANIZED
1863

D. J. STETSON,
WM. J. DUTTON,
Vice President.
BERNARD PAYMAN,
J. B. LEVISON,
LOUIS WEINMANN,
STEPHEN D. IVES,
Asst't Secretary.
Gen. Agent.



**71
Years.**

Great example of
continued service in
a distinguished house

DAVID T. HARADEN, 85 years of age, is now
actively employed as librarian in the factory
of CHICKERING & SON, of Boston, manufacturers of

CHICKERING PIANOS

He entered their employ at 14 years of age and
worked on the First Piano made by this oldest
establishment of its kind in America.

During all these years he has seen the practical
development of a piano that has reached the Highest Reputation, both in the Piano Makers' Art and also among the Greatest Musicians of this age.

This remarkable experience is a strong testimonial for this celebrated piano and its manufacturers.

Catalogue sent Free. 791 Tremont St., Boston.

HOTELS in New York city change frequently. Strange faces, new movement, and new methods seem to take from them the comfortable, home-like atmosphere to which the traveler has become accustomed. Here and there, however, the successful establishments which continue to hold their own under the same management.

THE ST. DENIS is a hotel of character, under the direction of its old-time proprietor, William Taylor, continues one of the most pleasant and attractive hotels in the city. The new addition which was finished years ago has doubled its capacity. The beautiful COLONIAL DINING ROOM is an attractive feature of this part of the house.

It is located corner BROADWAY AND EIGHTH STREET, directly opposite Grace Church in the center of the city. The Broadway cars pass the door, affording quick access either up or down town. For FAMILY as well as BUSINESS MEN it is most convenient. Accommodations are ample for a large number of guests, and the service prompt and courteous.

Connected with the hotel is the famous "TAYLOR'S RESTAURANT," one of the popular resorts in the metropolis for luncheons and dinner parties. The menu is most varied, both in American and French cooking. In season and out of season there is no want to tempt or satisfy the most exacting epicure or accomplished *bon vivant*.



painted by W. Kray.

The Lorelei.

See OVERLAND, June, 1893.

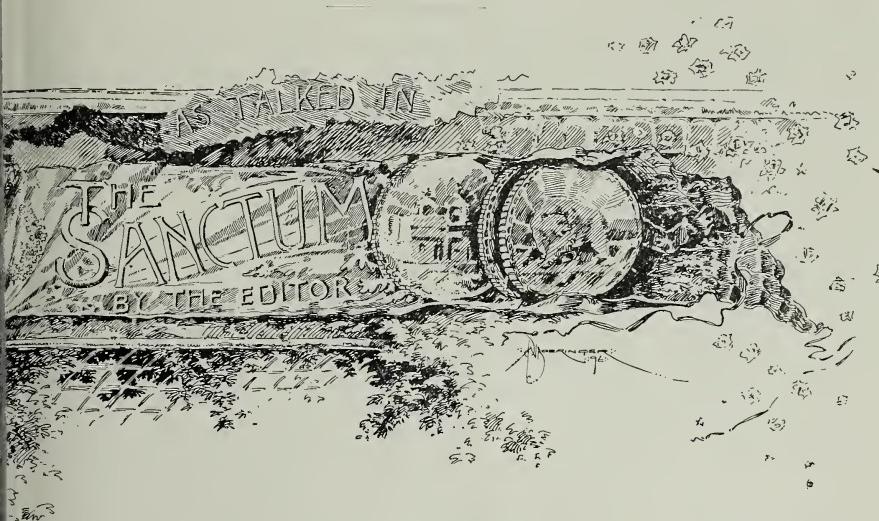


See "Etc."

Hon. William J. McConnell, LL. D., Governor of Idaho.

verland Monthly

VOL. XXVII. (Second Series.)—June, 1896.—No. 162.



COIS VILLON'S conceited assertion that "good talkers are only found in this" may be true. Still it has been remarked that certain members of the are more than mediocre conversationalists,—ornaments to the circle,—men

They, the talkers, have absorbed whatever meed of praise comes sanctified. If the Parson and the Contributor are pointed out on the street and in the newspapers, invited to banquets, asked to read papers before learned men, we feel it is only their due. Instead of showing jealousy we are secretly at their favor. Every member of the circle fills his own modest niche. The Poet, the Reader, know that they are just as accomplished listeners as one is an accomplished talker. The good listener does not hold the exalted polite society that the good talker does, but surely he is quite as important. We have all agreed, is never a perfect success as a talker unless he be a sterner. "Not to listen is not merely a want of politeness, it is a mark of tact."

Contributor had been airing his opinions on the Cuban question. The Reader had an idea, and he struggled to clothe it in imposing verbiage. The Connoisseur gazed absently out of the great south window toward the weather signals of Mills' Building. He may have understood beforehand what the Reviewer was to express, or he may have had the faculty of listening while thinking of means to reply, but it was not long before the Reviewer began to stutter and stumble. He closed abruptly in the middle of a sentence,—his ideas disconnected, his vanity wounded. The Contributor without noticing either the unfinished argument or the broken feeble finale, went on with the thread of his harangue which the Reviewer had not spoken.

The Contributor's oblivious rudeness and the Reviewer's poorly concealed annoyance sent a smile around the circle.

The Artist. "There is no question but that our Contributor is an accomplished monologist. Euripides has described him, 'He is a talker and needs no question before he speaks.' We all admire the ease and agility with which he skips from cause of the downtrodden Cubans to Reed's presidential chances. He is equally interesting on the cathode ray and the Sinai Gospels. Yet, if I may be allowed to interrupt and criticise at the same moment, I would say that he shares with the egotists their radical defect—polite inattention to the conversation of others. I want to have this matter out once for all with the Contributor, for I have long been a silent sufferer from his courteous condescension. It should not be necessary for me always to call him to earth with a question. He carries his habit too far. When he talks I do more than merely lend him a semi-conscious ear, I give him free rein with my ears and my eyes. I am willing to put up with this form of impertinence from my Senator, my creditor, or the man of whom I am to ask a favor, but from the Circle—never! I can imagine only one thing more stupid than a dinner party of brilliant-monologists,—a dinner party of listeners only. As Balzac says—'Nothing brings more profit in the commerce of society than the small change of attention.'

The Contributor. "I do not think I can be accused of being inattentive. The Artist's uncalled-for philippic. I am too old to change my bad habits and too used to be held up as a horrible example. I am willing, however, modestly to admit that for some time I have been aware that I am a better talker than listener. The reason is that I am a poor listener it is because I have never received proper encouragement in my youth. 'The Art of Conversation,' 'How to Become a Conversationalist,' are familiar titles in every library. The conversationalist is patted on the back in prose and in verse. If for a moment he gives up his prerogative of being the central figure, he sinks to the dead level of a bored listener to some halting speech or threadbare platitudes."

The Poet. "I will vouch for the glorification of the talker in poetry:—

Form'd by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe,

advised Pope, and Milton testifies,

With thee conversing I forgot all time.

The Artist. "Still I wish one might say of the Contributor as Sidney said of Macaulay, 'He has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful.'"

The Typewriter. "There is a gentleman out here that would like to have a conversation with the Artist. He complains that he had a story in the OVERLAND, and that the Artist put flowing Dundrearies on his clean shave."

The Reader. "No doubt the whiskers had plenty of time to grow while the tale was awaiting publication."

The Parson. "It seems to me that a readable article might be written on the genesis of a good listener. Success in life nine times out of ten makes a good listener. The successful man is seldom a listener. The listener is the courtier, for the successful man can win more by intelligent attention than by the brilliancy of his conversation. The unsuccessful man who talks well is put down as unpractical, and dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. His mistake is that he assumes that people will listen to him."

thout making a mental inventory of the speaker. The rich man should be fully listened to for what he is and not for what he says. Remember this, thy things will be forgiven you, even your failures in life."

Contributor. "The Parson reminds me of the man who talked steadily for hours on the Silver Question to a deaf man, and left remarking that he, the man, was the most entertaining conversationalist he ever met."

Reader. "I have run across the titles of a lot of curious old books of Cromwell's time. They rival our modern appellations of 'The Tinted Venus,' 'The Sin,' and 'The Heavenly Twins.' Listen,—'The Christian Sodality; or, The Hive of Bees, Sucking the Honey of the Churches' Prayer from the Psalms of the Word of God, Blowne out of the Epistles and Gospels of the Divine Word throughout the Yeare, Collected by the Puny Bee of all the Hive, not worthy to be med otherwise than by these Elements of his name, F. P.' 'A Fan to drive away the Drowsies: a theological treatise on Purgatory.' 'A most Delectable Sweet Perfume-nosegay for God's Saints to Smell at.' 'A Reaping-Hook, well tempered, Stubborn Ears of the coming Crop; or, Biscuit baked in the Oven of Charity, and conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Swallows of Salvation.' 'Eggs of Charity, layed by the Chickens of the Month, and boiled with the Water of Divine Love. Take Ye and eat.' 'Hooks for Believers' Breeches.' 'High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness.' 'Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion.' "

Artist. "No doubt the publications of the aboriginal Salvation Army."

Reader. "As I went through a list of these archaic book captions the idea came to me that I might bring some fame to the circle by indicting a bibelot of the Fashion in Book Titles,—How They Change." There is a fashion in new books—that is novels. In Thackeray, Dickens, and Levers's day the hero generally gave his name to the volume. J. Fenimore Cooper, Hugo, Dumas, and Walter Scott affected descriptive titles, while Charles and Wilkie Collins went in for mystery. To-day the title is more often without regard to anything between covers, like Artemas Ward's celebrated 'The Babes in the Wood,'—for example, 'Ships that Pass in the Night,' 'pure sensationalism note 'An Amazing Marriage,' 'A Sawdust Doll,' 'Two and a Fool,' 'Two Men in a Boat.' However I only intend to outline and my idea now. Later—who can tell?—it may appear in sweet-smelling heralded by a home-for-the-feeble-minded poster by Beardsley. It is thus oughts have their birth."

Reviewer. "How would you classify 'The Panglima Muda'?"

"Written," asserted the Contributor, with a majestic wave of the hand, "that Cuba shall be free. Fashions in clothes change, so they must in manners. The powdered wig, knee breeches, and high red-heeled shoes have a way of the divine right of kings. Debased, broken-spirited servitude is less than rampant, hot-headed liberty, but as for me I prefer my champagne glass to it well corked and secured in bottles. It may spoil the table linen at it will soon settle and be fit to drink. The Cubans have served theiriceship. Four hundred years of unrequited labor pays any debt that may be o their progenitors. It is not for us to criticise their nationality or color.

They are what their protecting Mother Spain has made them. Their excuse the struggle for liberty are nothing in comparison to the outrages of the chief officers of the land of Ferdinand and Isabella. I want to see Cuba free only because I believe it is right that she should be. I do not believe that any power or being has the legal or moral right to fasten on the necks of a million and a half of beings the galling yoke of a debt that is monstrous in its size and in its consequences. Spain is fighting, not because she really cares to hold Cuba, because she wants to compel her to pay to her creditors three hundred million dollars a sum of money ten times the size of the debt that the great State of Virginia admitted time and again that she was absolutely unable to meet. Spain has sent within a year 140,000 soldiers. Forty thousand of them rot in Cuban soil, spending one million dollars a day. She is cooped up in the city of Havana, and she refuses to acknowledge that there is a war going on on the Island. Correspondents are refused passes to the front; they are not permitted on pain of death to visit the insurgents' camp, and yet the official despatches report Spanish victories and claim that the rebels are but a handful of bandits. If General Weyler is such a genius and his troops so invincible, it is natural that we should want all the world to know it. If there is no war in Cuba and the Spanish troops are so humane in their treatment of old men and women, why then are representatives of our great journals forbidden to leave Havana? If all these things are true, Spain has nothing to fear from American recognition of the Cuban belligerents. It is the duty of every civilized power to uphold civilization. England was deaf to the cries of 50,000 dying Armenians is no reason why we should close her ears and eyes to Spanish atrocities in this hemisphere. We will care if three fourths of the Cuban army were blacks instead of one fourth, and we would rather see them free and murdering one another than being murdered by the most Christian kingdom of Spain. One or two generations would teach the world great lessons of freedom. Let this country formally recognize Cuba, and the world will recognize Spain's bankruptcy. It is un-American to wait longer."

The Office Boy. "Proof."





A PORCELAIN KILN.

PROSPECTIVE INFLUENCE OF JAPAN UPON THE INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA.

W. H. MILLS.

N 1854 the ports of the Japanese Empire were opened by treaty stipulations to the commerce of the world. We are to consider in this paper the question as to whether that event was to mark an era of progress in the nation of mankind, and especially in the question as to whether it was fraught good or evil to the industries of our country. Less than half a century has passed since the seals which bound the Japanese Empire in seclusion were broken. A half a century in the history of nations is a period as recent as the day of individual life. The brief period during which the people of Japan enjoyed relations of amity and

comity with the other nations of the world is not sufficient to afford the data in the way of statistical facts determinate of the ultimate consequences. But the fact that an insular empire, embracing forty millions of people, enjoying a high state of civilization, and to which more perhaps than to any other people on the earth the term "hermit nation" was appropriately applicable, has assumed its position among the nations of the earth, is highly significant and opens a broad field of speculative inquiry.

Civilization has been defined to be that state of society in which the relations and the rights of men are recognized and conceded. Accepting this definition, the people of Japan enjoyed a degree of civilized existence. They constituted a nation, having a central

authority, to which the entire people yielded fealty and obedience. They had made some progress in jurisprudence, and possessed a body of laws, somewhat feudal in their character it is true, but adequate to the preservation of civil order and to the enforcement of the relative rights of the subjects of the Empire. They had evolved a literature closely allied to the mythological stage of literary development. They had some knowledge of a few of the sciences. The art of the nation presented an eccentric advancement, being peculiarly national and uninfluenced by successive stages of schools, or by the external influence of foreign schools. It was a civilization upon a low plane of commercial and industrial efficiency. It was however a state of civil order, and constituted a well formed national existence and a broad foundation for future growth and development.

The conclusion that commercial supremacy between people who have attained a high civilization and people on a low plane of efficiency will ultimately result in the equalization of the two has been received without question. Therefore when the ports of Japan were opened the event was accepted as the advent of European civilization in Japan and the period at which the old methods of Japanese life would date the beginning of their extinction. Western nations forced upon Japan this new relation with the obvious purpose of establishing commercial relations with that people in full knowledge and belief of conferring upon them the status of civilized beings which they themselves enjoyed.

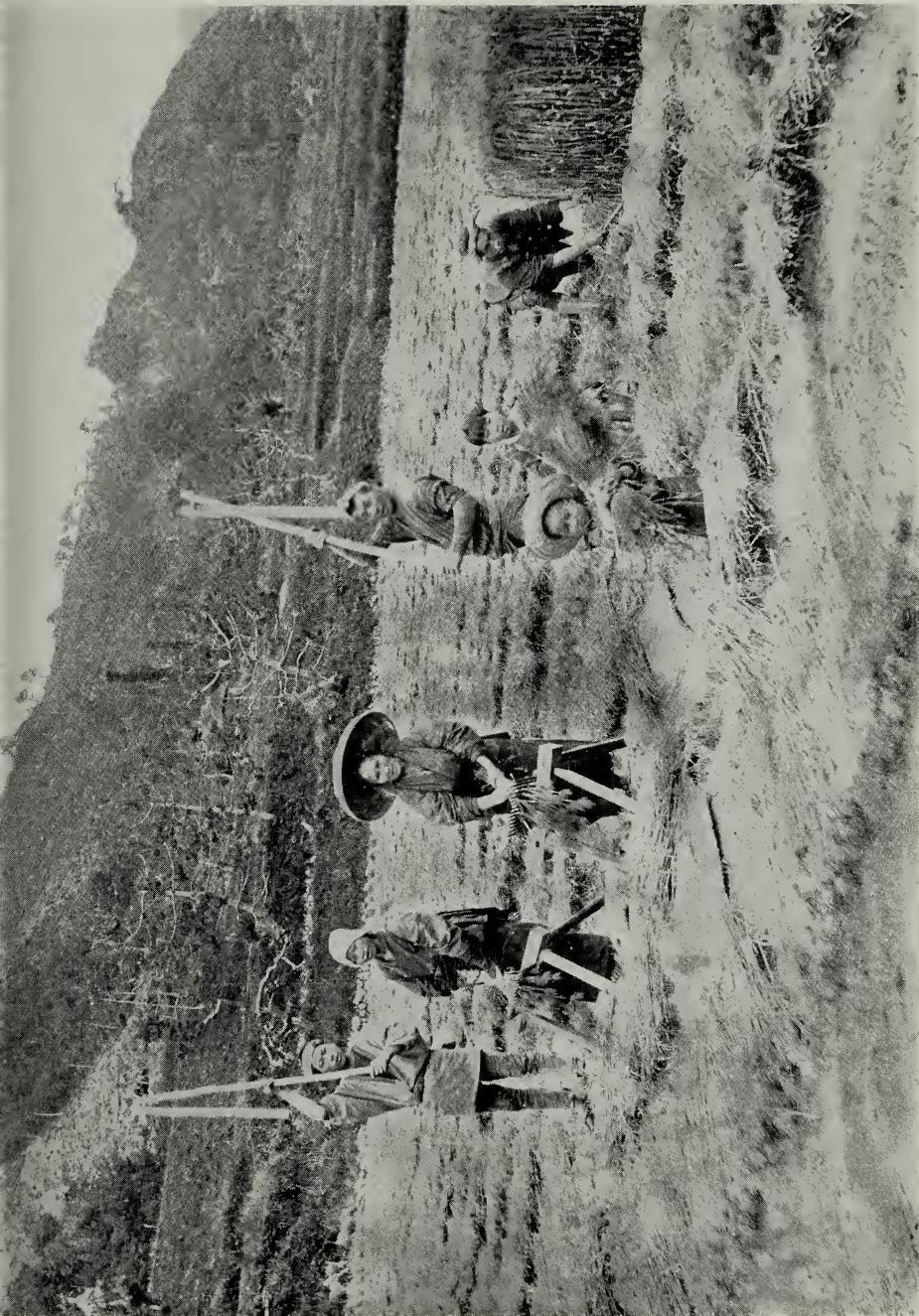
The thoughtful consideration of the effect of Japanese competition upon American industry is beset by prejudices. Every economic theory demands a healthy and insists that the whole fut-



PREPARING THE COCOON, SILK CULTURE.

Courtesy of Miss E. B. Gunnison.

CUTTING AND THRESHING WHEAT.



relation between Japan and America shall be regulated in accordance with its peculiar view of the true relation between nations.

The prejudices of men are easily aroused against competition with a foreign people, especially when that people is alien in race, religion, tradition, and all other elements of sympathy. The prejudice which has been engendered against the Mongolian hordes, as they have been termed, is now being worked to advantage by those who are too ready to declare that unless their peculiar theory of governmental policy is put in force at once, the Japanese will reduce our people to a condition of poverty and our nation to the position of a dependency of this Oriental empire.

A Senator in Congress from this State has declared that the "Japanese are able to disastrously affect the markets of the world," and the quotation of his own words will best indicate the alarmed state of his mind. He says: "What England will do we can only imagine. Unless she alters her method, she will be brought to the feet of Japan in the struggle for supremacy." This gentleman is an apostle of the theory of high protection, and he appears to be willing to exaggerate the menace of Japanese competition in favor of the success of his party in an approaching national contest. If Japan is able to bring Great Britain to her feet, she is indeed a formidable rival of the civilized nations of the world.

It is admitted that Japanese industries are in their infancy; that they are just struggling into existence. It is equally well known that the industrial efficiency of the Western nations is vastly superior to that of Japan. The comparative stage of development herein indicated is one which, according to the best accepted canons of the doctrine of high protection, should be invoked by Japan and not by

us. It is one of the fundamental tenets of the doctrine of high protection that infant industries should be given a monopoly of the home market until the conditions are established which enable them successfully to meet the competition of their more advanced neighbors. The creation of alarm concerning Japanese competition may promote the triumph of a party or the domination of an economic theory in our own government, and so the partisan Senator perceives the opportunity of achieving a distinct advantage for his party and his political faith. We are accustomed to endow with well bred patience the performance of the amateur and to encourage with motives of generous encouragement. We may therefore attribute the alarmed prophecy of the honorable Senator to his unfairness with the doctrines he appears to be so anxious to promote.

Another honorable Senator, representing an adjoining State, who has achieved leadership in the advocacy of the free coinage of silver, points the warning finger at commercial relations with the nation wherein the purchasing power of silver has not declined. This gentleman declares that we shall not be able to compete with the Japanese when the labor is paid with silver and ours with gold because of the difference in the purchasing power of the two metals. His avowed purpose to use the danger of commercial relations with Japan from this source as an argument in favor of the return to the free coinage of legal tender silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. Labor agitators pretend to a state of alarm at the disastrous consequences that will ensue by commercial intimacy with the nation where the scale of wages is much lower than in our own. All these apprehensions, whether real or merely professed, are used to strengthen the peculiar economic or financial theories



MODERN BRIDGE AT OSAKA.

se who put them forth. They constitute a distinct barrier to that thoughtful consideration which the magnitude of questions at issue deserves.

It is the sincere purpose of this paper to present such facts as may aid us in sowing from present causes to future effects, from existing conditions to future sequences, to ascertain what we have to fear or to hope from a new relation between this Oriental nation and our own. It is the further purpose to ascertain by thoughtful research the forces which underlie the development of the two nations and races, to the end that we may form some rational conclusion as to the ultimate consequences of intimacy between them.

It is no part of the purpose of this paper to present here any outline of the history of Japan, except in so far as that

history may throw light upon the aptitude of that people for manufactures and commerce, and their readiness to assimilate our form of civilized existence.

From 1550 to 1639, a period of eighty-nine years, almost a century, the Portuguese sustained trading relations with the people of Japan. They introduced to the attention of that people Western arts, sciences, and religion. During the period of this commercial relation, the Portuguese exported \$300,000,000 in gold, an average of \$3,500,000, annually. The Oriental prejudice against foreign nations drove the Portuguese out. They made no impression whatever upon the modes of thought or habits of the Japanese people. It is true that the Japanese acquired from the Portuguese some knowledge of metallurgy not before possessed, but it is a justifiable generaliza-

tion to say that the Portuguese made no impression upon the general conditions of the country. In this instance, we have a Christian and civilized nation in contact with Japan from 1550 to 1639, without influencing in any way the regular course of Japanese development on the national plane, or in accordance with the evolutionary force which was inherent in the racial attributes.

Ten years after the close of the trading relations which had subsisted between the Portuguese and Japan, the Dutch entered the country in a similar relation in 1649, and maintained that relation to 1671, a period of twenty-two years. It appears that the metallic wealth of Japan attracted the attention of the Dutch, and during the commercial relations between

these people, the principal object of commercial exchange related to copper and gold. But 1671 saw the close of the Dutch relations, and as in the case of the Portuguese, the treaty of 1854, nearly two hundred years afterwards, found the Japanese in about the same state of development that would have ensued had they never had intercourse at all with the Western powers.

According to Japanese history, the first sword was forged in the reign of Emperor Sujim, about fifty years before the Christian era, so that for nearly two thousand years at least, according to their history, they have been equal to the manufacturing and tempering of edged tools. They have made no marked advance in this direction, however, ex-



Courtesy of Macondray Bros. & Lockhard.

JAPANESE MATTING MANUFACTURING.



A JAPANESE FREIGHT AND TRANSFER COMPANY.

relates to implements of war. The manufacturing skill of any people is always on the line of their personal necessities. For nearly a thousand years internecine war was the normal condition of Japan and an excellent sword was the solution of that condition.

The first Englishman to visit Japan was William Adams. He was the pilot of a Dutch ship and landed on the coast of Japan at some date between 1600 and 10. The historic mention of this William Adams fixes the date of his appearance in Japan as the earlier years of the seventeenth Century. He was made welcome by the Japanese, and was given a very high sounding title of Hatamoto, a translation of which is not at hand. His instruction in ship building by an Englishman was given very early in the

Seventeenth Century is proven by the fact that in 1613, a date well ascertained, Captain Saris established an English factory at Harido, having visited the country no doubt through the assurance of William Adams that the Japanese were ready to adopt English manners and customs. From this it will be observed that naval architecture in Japan has had nearly three hundred years of growth, and the first lesson in this art was taught by a competent ship-builder and navigator who was himself a member of the foremost maritime race of the earth.

Thus the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English, have been instructors of Japan, the Portuguese instruction beginning 347 years ago, the Dutch 263 years ago, and the English 286 years ago. It will also be observed that since the Por-

tuguese trading treaty closed, in 1639, the advent of William Adams as naval instructor of the Japanese nation was a reinforcement of the influence of the Portuguese, and was contemporaneous with the later years of their relation with the Japanese. These recitations, being within the realm of well ascertained historical data, afford an adequate observation of the natural conservatism of the Japanese people. In 1854, when Commodore Perry opened the ports of Japan and concluded a limited treaty relation with that country, and in 1859 when the present status of amity and comity between Japan and Western powers was established, the influence of the Western nations upon the civilization of Japan,

notwithstanding the long period of time which had elapsed since the first contact with Western people, was inappreciable. The Japanese Empire, being isolated by reason of its insular character, was as has already been noted, the most distinctly hermit nation on the earth. It had emerged from barbarism, according to its own chronicles and traditions, deemed more or less reliable by modern students of Japanese history, 2,500 years prior to the time of breaking the seal of its seclusion, the present year being the 2557th of the Japanese dynasty. The pedigree of their sovereigns is traced back to the Sun Goddess. The first seven generations of Emperors were heavenly deities. Then followed five generations



PREPARING JAPANESE TEA FOR THE MARKET.



A JAPANESE SALT FACTORY.

thly deities, these being succeeded
ortal sovereigns, of whom the pres-
ikado is the 122d.

at the inherent capacities of the
e were capable of is clearly disclosed
e statement that a well defined form
ganized society with a well estab-
central authority in government,
other attributes of civilized life, had
d in Japan for 2,500 years at the
when modern civilization found these
e and pronounced their condition to
e of arrested development.

e apprehension now felt concerning
dustrial possibilities of these people
from several distinct sources.
e must be presented seriatim to be
y understood.

st: It is asserted that the Jap-
as a race have manifested the most
y progressive spirit, the greatest
ole adaptability to new conditions,
he most rapid advance in civilized

Second: It is asserted that by reason
of their intelligent industry, their imita-
tive skill, and their adaptability to the
production of articles suitable to the
wants of civilized men under skilled di-
rection, they will necessarily become for-
midable competitors with the industries
of our own country.

Third: By reason of the smallness of
their consumption due to the simplicity of
their mode of life, the scale of wages is,
and will remain, low, and therefore they
will possess a productive power equal to
the most civilized peoples with the low-
est possible consumption of labor, leav-
ing a dangerous margin of profit to the
employer, and therefore a dangerous
competitor to the people where civilized
want demands a civilized wage.

Fourth: That the consumption of the
result of labor will not advance in a pro-
portionate ratio to their productive capa-
city, and that in consequence of this their
exports of manufactured forms will con-
stantly augment, while the imports from

the countries with which they sustain commercial relations will remain practically at a standstill, thus producing an enormous balance of trade in their favor.

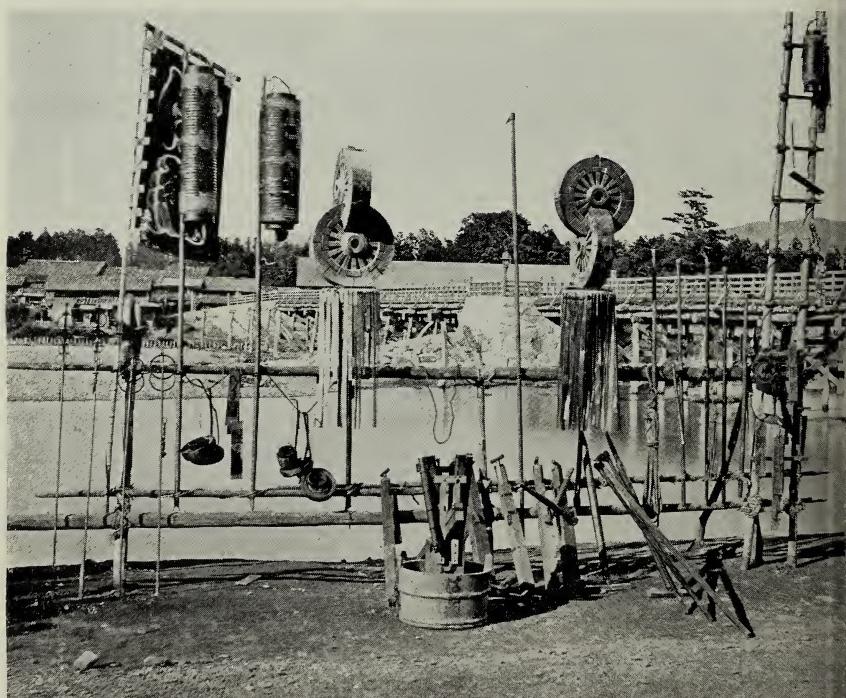
And generally : That the Japanese people are soon to acquire a civilized efficiency equal to that of Western nations without diversifying the wants of their own civilized condition or becoming to any considerable extent consumers of their own products or the products of other nations.

The ablest proponent of the theories thus outlined in this serial presentation is Mr. John P. Young, the editorial manager of the San Francisco *Daily Chronicle*. In a very exhaustive article published in that paper of February second, (and extensively copied in English publications,) Mr. Young says :—

In the most favorable aspect of the case, we shall only sell raw cotton to the British at their

own price to be trans-shipped to Japan, it will be manufactured into fabrics that will be shipped to the United States, where American goods will be displaced and the consumption of raw cotton by American mills diminished.

Mr. Young finds an additional source of apprehension in the fact that there is no appearance of concert of action on the part of Japanese labor, and that international "trades-unionism is as yet a chimerical dream." He declares that Japan is admittedly a nation of highly educated people having a simple and cheap labor force which is likely to endure until the majority of people are imbued with Western ideas and habits, and that for this reason Japan will enjoy a marked advantage over other nations, an advantage which Mr. Young declares, is accentuated by their unique system which permits manufacturers to reward their labor with a cheap currency and further that the rate of wages



A JAPANESE FIRE DEPARTMENT.



A JAPANESE PAPER MILL.

ressed in silver and therefore really ins a discount equal to the new parity relation between gold and silver. Anticipating as an answer to this that consumption of any people keeps pace with their productive capacity ; that with introduction of more highly civilized lives become more complex and more costly, and hence the rate of es must keep pace with the increase in their demands, he says : —

dered, his position is that the standard of living will not raise and that the Japanese nation will achieve a productive capacity on the plane of the highest civilized efficiency, while the habits and manners of the people will remain as simple and inexpensive as in the day when the seven generations of celestial deities ruled that Empire, or during the five generations



PRIMITIVE METHOD OF COAL MINING.



GATHERING OF HERBS FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF DYE STUFFS.

when terrestrial deities swayed the scepter of power.

In their individual aspect human wants come into existence with the capacity for gratifying them. That the cost of living increases to each individual as his fortune rises, is a fact within the observation and experience of every man. This could not be otherwise. Men strive for the possession of material things only



THE MANUFACTURE OF DYES.

y hope based upon the assumption that the g of the standard of living will act as a barrier to Japanese competition, must be ious.

all this, Mr. Young has manifested a high degree of skill in the art of controversy. Anticipating the line of reply, attempts to break its anticipated force a dogmatism. More simply ren-

because they desire to possess them, and that desire for possession is founded upon an inherent desire to expand, exalt, and embellish, individual life. The sole object for which men produce any article of commerce is for the purpose of exchanging it for other articles adapted to their wants. They produce that they may sell and they buy because they consume. At the basis of all industry lies the individual want of man. As the desires of his mind expand, his effort expands correspondingly. Thus the energy of the individual rises proportionately to the diversity of his want. In fact, the want his mind perceives is the actual parent of his productive capacity. To assume that a race of men will become producers of wealth on a very large scale without becoming consumers on a correspondingly increased scale is to attribute to them the stolidity of a purpose to become rich without other object than the mere love of being productive without any corresponding personal benefit to themselves. If contact with the nations possessing higher civilized efficiency is to have no other effect upon Japan than to increase its productive capacity without enriching or diversifying the civilized want of that people, then the Japanese must be regarded as the most stolid, unimaginative, and stupid, of all the races of men. If the prophecy in this direction is indeed to be realized, it will be the first instance in the history of the race. It may safely be assumed as an axiomatic conclusion of reason that men produce only because of their desire to consume; otherwise, industry would be a meaningless, purposeless slavery. To assume otherwise would divest industry of every noble attribute and reduce it merely to brutal servitude. There is no justification to be found for this assumption in either the character or the history of Japan. The evolutionary force of Japanese industrial life is dis-

tinctly imaginative and artistic. unimaginative alone become miserly hoard wealth for the mere lust of ownership. The imaginative and a temperament makes industry the conservator of conquering a larger harmony of life. The chivalry, the piety, and the intensely artistic temperament, which are the distinctive attributes of the Japanese character, afford guarantees that what has been observed of all other races of men will be true of them: to wit,—civilized want is the true source and motive of the productive industry and by the introduction of higher standards of life, the increase of intelligence will keep pace with the increase of their productive capacity.

If it is objected to these statements that they are purely generalizations that they exist only in the realm of theory, let it be understood that they have a substantial basis in fact in the experience of each individual and are fully confirmed by the observation of all history. They are consistent with the philosophy of human life, human aspiration, and human desire.

Passing from this class of considerations to a statement of absolute, well-tained fact, full confirmation of the theoretical view of the case may be found in the Bulletin of the Department of Labor for January, 1896, edited by the United States Commissioner Charles Eleroy Wright, will be found an article on the industrial revolution in Japan by Eleroy Curtis, introduced into the ports of the Department with the approval of the Commissioner. The statements of exports and imports relating to the commerce of Japan from 1894 furnish a full confirmation of the assertion that with the rise of industrial efficiency in Japan the imports increased disproportionately to the exports. This as the testimony of actual ascen-



MANUFACTURE OF STARCH—THE WORK IN THE FIELD.

bear upon the case, this presentation so far reaching and so conclusive its details will be dwelt upon at some length. In 1885, the exports of Japan valued at \$18,573,346, while the imports were valued at \$14,678,484. In this year, the exports exceeded the imports by \$3,894,862.

Passing now for the sake of brevity to facts relating to the year 1894, the exports of Japan amounted to \$56,623, a gain of over 300 per cent. Taken itself this fact would indicate a very sudden and gratifying expansion in the export commerce of Japan. It is clearly indicative of Japanese export commerce in this period of nine years. It shows the Japanese have found a market for their products and that commercial relations with the rest of the world have much to awaken in the Oriental mind a vast productive industry. But apprehension which this condition of affairs gives rise to is dispelled by a comparison of the imports. The value of imports for the year 1894 was \$58,740, a difference in favor of imports of \$7,935. Thus, while the exports in 1885 exceeded the imports of the same

year by nearly \$4,000,000, the imports in the year 1894, nine years later, exceeded the exports by over \$2,000,000, producing a changed relation equal to \$6,000,000 on the side of imports as against the exports. These values are stated in American gold on the basis of two silver yen to the dollar. There is therefore nothing to be inferred against the accuracy of the figures by reason of the difference between the currency of Japan and that of the gold nations with which they sustain trade relations. Is there anything to be feared from a people who by reason of their increased productive capacity become purchasers of other nations largely in excess of the volume of products they sell? The full significance of these figures should not escape particular attention. From the testimony of ascertained facts, the industrial revolution now going on in Japan shows that



THE MANUFACTURE OF STARCH—THE WORK IN THE FACTORY.

the rise of productive capacity increases the purchasing power of that people and increases the actual volume of purchases to an amount in excess of the full value of their sales. The articles exported and imported in detail would be very instructive. But a few can be presented in the space of this paper. Among the imports may be mentioned:—

Raw cotton	\$9,551,961
Machinery	7,974,543
Sugar	6,662,261
Bread-stuff, including rice	5,877,016
Iron and steel	4,589,384

Woolen goods	\$3,991,441
Cotton yarn	3,998,683
Cotton fabrics	3,788,267
Oil, mostly kerosene	2,845,797
Drugs and medicines	1,798 140

Glancing over the list of these articles, it is easy to perceive that Japan is a patron of the products of the United States so far as relates to raw cotton, machinery, bread-stuffs, oil, cotton yarn, and cotton fabrics, to a vast extent.

The chief articles of export are very instructive. The principal ones follow:—

Raw silk	\$21,446,376
Textile fabrics, mostly silk	8,867,744
Food products, chiefly rice	5,406,599
Tea.....	3,965,143

The other articles consist of metals, mostly copper, matches, floor-matting, lacquer-ware, bamboo and wooden-ware, with miscellaneous articles which fall below \$200,000 per annum. The two articles tea and raw silk equal one half the value of all the exports from Japan for the year 1894. A former statement by the author of this paper that the chief articles of export from Japan were raw silk and tea, which has been criticized by Mr. Young, is therefore fully confirmed by the statement of the Commissioner of Labor of the United States.

Having thus shown that in nine years the balance of trade passed from \$4,000,-000 in favor of Japan to \$2,000,000 against that nation, it is interesting to note the distribution of this commerce between the nations of the world. The United States purchased of Japan in 1894 \$21,660,779, and sold to Japan in the same year \$5,491,279; that is to say, the United States purchased four times as much of Japan as it sold to that nation. On the other hand, Great Britain purchased from Japan in 1894 \$2,975,099 and sold to Japan \$21,094,-937, or seven times the volume of its

purchases. Thus while the volume of purchases in the United States was one hundred per cent of its sales, the same in Great Britain to Japan were seven hundred per cent of the volume of its purchases. The process of bringing Great Britain to the feet of Japan has evidently not reached its incipient stages. The difference between the result of the commercial intimacy between Great Britain and Japan and this country and some nation opens a broad field of speculation. There will be those to contend that to the free trade policy of Great Britain is due the balance of trade in her favor, while to the protection policy of America is wholly referable the opposite result. In all her history England has sought intimate commercial relations with peoples in the incipient stages of industrial and commercial development. Her wealth, power, and commercial primacy, are referable to the fact that such relation has always proven favorable to her. In the instance under consideration, we find England selling to Japan seven times the value of its purchases from that nation, while we find the United States purchasing twenty times the value of its sales. The commercial policy of Great Britain appears to be devised with reference to the advantageous trade relations with the nations of the world. The policy of America appears to be devised with reference largely to commercial expansion with ourselves. Whether the high civilization efficiency in Japan is advantageous to us or otherwise must depend wholly upon the policy which we pursue concerning commercial relations with her. Japan is exactly in that stage of development wherein commercial intimacy with a higher civilization may confer the greatest possible benefit upon the latter. While she is in the incipient stages of production, she is also

f a vast expansion of her civilized want, we will find in her a most able customer. If any danger is to apprehended from Japanese competition with American industry, it is to be in the direction of erecting barriers to commercial relations with that; that policy will drive us in upon ives and have a tendency to produce us the hermit condition in which und Japan in 1854.

e new relation between Japan and ica must inevitably exert an influence upon our national policy with respect to our trade relations with all n countries. Geographically we ss, with regard to Japan, advance over other nations, and the oppor will inspire in us the wisdom to the full measure of that advantage. ere is a tendency to sell the result manufactures in foreign countries ver rates than the prices obtained some. This has found numerous plifications. The twelve inch Oliver d plow, which is sold in America at \$11 in American gold, is sold in o at \$7 in Mexican silver, which in arison with American gold has 87½ ent discount. Thus the plow we ur people for \$11 is sold in Mexico but \$4 in our currency. When the r Sewing Machine was sold in ica for from \$100 to \$125, the machine was being sold in England 5. We have not yet adopted this with reference to our commerce Japan, but our ability to do so will is an advantage over other foreign cers in that market. There is a margin of fictitious profit in Amerianufactures disproportionate to the ence between the rate of wages in this country and other countries i can be eliminated without loss to some producers. According to the

testimony of the Director of the Elgin Watch Factory, the most costly movement placed in any watch costs the manufacturer but \$7.50, while the most valuable case costs less than \$30. Thus watches sold in America for from \$100 to \$200 cost the manufacturer but from \$25 to \$40.

We are alarmed at the statement that the Japanese manufacture a fairly good watch for fifty cents, but we are consoled when we are told that the factories do not keep pace with the home want; but watches equally valuable with those of Japanese manufacture are sold in the United States to publishers at from forty to sixty-five cents and are offered as premiums for subscribers. It is within the bounds of reasonable probability to say that we can sell bicycles to Japan at from \$20 to \$30, equally as good as those sold in America for from \$75 to \$100. Our protective policy enables us to put an artificial and fictitious value upon the manufactured articles, but at the same time, it enables us to sell in the cheaper markets of the world at rates which meet the competition offered by the products of other and cheaper countries, and that we do so is an undeniable fact.

It is stated upon the authority of Professor Bernard Moses that Pullman fare in Mexico is \$2 per night, payable in Mexican money, while in America it is \$2.50 per night, payable in gold. Practically Pullman fare in Mexico is a little more than one half the charge made for it in America. And yet Pullman cars are manufactured in America, the porters are paid in Amerian money, and the general expense of operating Pullman cars is determined by the American standard. General railroad fare in Mexico is approximately the same payable in Mexican money as in the United States. These instances give

emphasis to the tendency to place the products of our industry in foreign countries in successful competition with the products of those countries, notwithstanding the standard of values may be lower. In addition to this, there is a tendency to work off the surplus stocks at distant places. California in its relation with the rest of the United States is the victim of this tendency. In order to conserve the rate to home custom, the surplus products of mills and factories are sent to distant parts and sold at prices which constitute a large concession to the buyer. Our California manufacturers have to meet the competition offered by this tendency to their serious detriment.

The absence of trades-unionism in Japan has been used as an argument against a more intimate commercial relation with that nation. Trades-unionism is simply a manifestation of the capacity of any people to act together. The productive and commercial power of a people resides as much in their ability to act through large aggregations of capital as in the individual intelligence of its people. A trades-union is simply the cooperation of persons engaged in the same calling for the purpose of maintaining a fair division of the profits arising out of the joint effort of capital and labor. It has its counterpart in the cooperative relation of capital, as in the formation of trusts relating to the limitation of production for the purpose of augmenting the price. A trust is simply a peaceful form of strike against low prices to the consumer. All these forms of cooperation are external manifestations of an inherent capacity on the part of any people to act together. A trades-union has the same justification for its existence as combinations of capital; boards of under-writers; pooling between railroads to conserve high rates; trusts for the monopolization of any

article of commerce; and they all proceed from the capacity of a people to make by cooperative effort a productive force. They are the varied forms of cooperative instinct. They are manifestations of a high productive capacity, as we have seen, every important element in the productive capacity of any people resides in their ability to cooperate in conduct enterprises upon a large scale, magnitude being an element of economy in production. They are strongest races having the highest genius for government.

Strikes have been condemned by thoughtful people, but there is a sense in which all cooperative efforts are strikes, and especially is this true of the policy of protection. A measure of protection is one form of strike on the part of a nation against the products of other nations and in favor of domestic prices. But it is not true that the Japanese are devoid of this capacity for combination. Trades-unions for the purpose of controlling the wages and working time of their members exist in Japan. The principal of these relate to the Guides' Association in Yokohama. Beyond this, within a recent period, strikes have occurred in Japan. An account of these is to be found in the Bulletin of the Department of Labor heretofore quoted. One occurred among a railway construction gang, who, having been hired to work six days in the week, were required to work seven days without additional compensation. According to Mr. William Eleroy Curtis, when their protests were unheeded, they laid down their tools and appealed to the police authorities for the enforcement of the law which makes six days a week's work. This law was passed to prevent contractors or private individuals from compelling men to work more than six days a week without extra compensation.

day was fixed upon as a day of rest, but of any religious scruples, but possibly out of respect to foreign notions and customs. This strike was successful and railroad constructors were forced to yield to the demands of labor.

The second strike occurred in Tokio in summer of 1895, only one year ago. A party of bricklayers engaged in building a factory near Tokio had their hours extended from twelve to thirteen hours by use of a desire on the part of the management to complete the job. The contractor did not decline, but they asked a corresponding increase of wages. The contractor refused, and they accordingly stopped work. Then followed all the symptoms of a sympathetic strike. The greater number of the brick-layers in the city of Tokio, a city of one million inhabitants, decided to join; but more than one thousand men engaged upon the city's works and railway freight houses, other large structures, quit work and did not return until the difficulty was adjusted. The contractor conceded the demands of his labor and went back to twelve hours' work for twelve hours' pay.

Here is a distinctly defined symptom that the Japanese laborer will demand higher wages as the intelligent person sees the value of his labor rises.

Mr. Irving M. Scott, of San Francisco, authorizes for the statement that while twelve years ago twelve cents per hour was the common rate for the service of *rikisha* men, the rate at the present time is fifteen cents per hour, and this scale of rate is established by ordinance of the city, and is now being observed in every instance.

Appealing to Mr. Scott's wide observation of the industrial revolution in progress in Japan and its influence upon the common life of that country, I have availed the following over his own signature, which is here introduced in his

own words. Referring to the question as the increased productive capacity of the Japanese people would increase the expensiveness of their habits, enlarge their patrimony of life, and augment their consumptive capacity, Mr. Scott says:—

The famous watering places of Japan, and all other places of note, now have tram cars run by horses from the main railway lines to the foot of the mountains, which people ride instead of walking, which they formerly did. Some of these tram lines are twenty miles long, and along the road are stations where the cars pass each other, there being a single track with switches at intervals. At these stations there are regular watering places for the horses, as well as for the travelers. You will find in all of these places bottled waters, lemonades, and ices, graded to suit the wants of the traveler, in addition to the teas which they formerly had exclusively. The tea house at Myabasha was lighted with electric lights, and every department along the line of travel indicated an elaborateness which did not exist fifteen years ago at the time of my first visit.

On the subject regarding trade unions:—Japan is entirely controlled by guilds, and there is nothing in Japan that is not controlled by the moral influence of the guild, which is the same as the trade union. For instance—the silk raisers have a guild, and if they contract to deliver so many bales of silk of a certain kind at a certain price, and at a certain time and place, and the market prices advance, they decline to deliver same if they see fit. The buyer has his recourse to the court, and he obtains judgment and forces delivery in accordance with the contract. The results are, that that man and that house cannot purchase a single bale of silk from any silk raiser in Japan and they virtually boycott them out of existence. If, on the other hand, the buyer of the silk rejects a lot of it because it is not up to the standard of sample or for any other reason, and the silk sellers are not satisfied with this decision, he cannot buy any silk from them at all. So that the purchaser and seller of silk in Japan are controlled by the laws of the guild, which, in their far-reaching effect, are above and beyond the civil law.

Again, there is a common usage among landholders and their tenants. It has come to be a universal rule that under certain conditions of misfortune to the tenant, in the way of a failure

of crops from any cause, or any very disastrous loss in his family through epidemic or other causes, should the landlord insist upon collecting the rents agreed upon, all the tenants in that district unite together, take bamboo poles twenty feet long, sharpen the ends of them, and surround Mr. Landlord, and he either agrees to their terms or he ceases to exist. The moral effect of this is, that this unwritten law is carefully observed by most of the landlords, and is never opposed unless the landlord himself is in some safe place, and I believe that it is a truth which cannot be successfully combated, that all manners and doings are regulated by these time-honored customs in the shape of the guilds. The moral effect of which is far reaching.

There was a strike of the servants of the club at Yokohama while I was there this time, all governed by the law of mutual adhesion.

The next subject that demands attention is the answer to the question, Is Japanese labor cheap? We are easily misled by the relative rates of wages in any country to the conclusion that the low quotation of wages necessarily implies cheap labor. This is not true. Labor is cheap or dear in proportion, not to the nominal rate paid, but to the relation of that rate to the productive capacity or the result of the labor purchased with the money. England has a productive capacity in her machinery of 400,000,000 of men. Here is an impersonal factor which receives no wages. The wages of labor have increased with the introduction of labor-aiding machinery because it has augmented its productive power. The manufacture of bicycles in Japan has been used as an illustration of the danger of Japanese competition with American industry. An interview taken for use in this paper with Mr. F. W. Hopps, who was a visitor in this city within the recent past, and who is at the head of an old established importing house in Yokohama, will be illustrative. He was asked to explain just what the Japanese are doing in the manufacture of bicycles, the style of bicycles they are building, the quality of

the machines, and what they sell in Japan. The gentleman had represented several makes of American and English bicycles in Japan for the past three years, and furnishes the following authentic statement:—

At Kanagawa, some four miles outside Yokohama, is a factory which turns out about sixty wheels in a year. These are an interesting combination of the Victor, Rambler, Columbia and Cleveland bicycles of very obsolete style. They usually have the old style of Dunlop tires which they cannot or will not guarantee to run over five miles safely. I have known for myself a wheel to last over five months without some damage being done to it that renders it useless for all time. It is impossible to find Japanese who are familiar with the manufacture of steel and the working of same, and frames after running a few months collapse in other words, the construction of the same is the very crudest kind. Their machines retail at one hundred and ten Mexican dollars or about \$60, United States currency. These are pneumatic tired machines. The cushioned machines are eighty Mexican dollars. A few years ago, I was selling wheels for about \$280 to \$300 Mexican dollars, and found buyers who preferred an American wheel at that price to the Japanese wheel at \$110.

Being asked as to the weight of an average Japanese bicycle, he stated that their smallest machine weighed forty pounds; that they do not use ball-bearings unless they import them, because they cannot manufacture them; that they do not use steel tubing except the imported article; that they have no machinery for the construction of bicycles. He stated that they are paid by the month and that the average wage amounts to from five to twelve Mexican dollars per month. He declares, however, to be unskilled labor, and owing to their limited stock of machinery, a very large percentage of the labor is performed by hand. To employ his own words, he said:—

The factory which I mention has turned out about sixty machines in a year, and has employed about twenty men. There is no

the factory who understands a wheel base to the handle bars. Ninety per cent of all the wheels sold in Japan are manufactured. The Japanese Government buys foreign made machines and especially Japanese makes for the use of the police, the army and the postal service, in preference to their own manufacture, and I have been told by the Sergeant of Police at Yokohama that American made bicycle is the only one which gives satisfaction, as they are continually subject to long and hard use.

Twenty workmen at from five to seven dollars per month produce sixty bicycles in a year, or three machines to man. Make the average of wages \$7.50 per month, and the yearly cost for labor in the construction of sixty machines would be \$32.00 per machine. In this instance it will be seen that the cost of labor entering the manufacture of a bicycle in Japan is greater than in America and is therefore not cheap.

This principle applies to the competition between the agricultural products of our country and Japan. This may best be presented by quoting from a bulletin of the Department of Labor, as follows: —

"This is one vast garden, and as you look over the fields you can imagine that they are like toy farms where children are playing. Obeying the laws of nature and raising samples of all kinds of vegetables and grain. Everything is on a diminutive scale, and the work is more and more accurate as that applied to a fine vase. What would an Illinois or an American farmer think of planting his corn, wheat, and barley, in bunches, and then when it is four inches high, transplanting every plant in rows about as far apart as you can spread your fingers. A Japanese farmer weeds his onion bed, and cultivates his potato field with as much care as a Long Island farmer bestows upon his asparagus or mushrooms or flowers."

"When grain is ripe it is cut with a sickle close to the ground. The bottom ends are carefully bound together with a wisp of straw; the bunch is dried, and hung over a bamboo pole or a

rope, like Monday's washing, to dry, sometimes in the field, and sometimes in the back yard, and even in the street in front of the house. When it is thoroughly cured, the heads of grain are cut off with a knife, and the straws are carefully bound up and laid away in bundles. The heads are then spread out on a piece of straw matting and beaten with a curious old-fashioned flail. Another method of thrashing is to take handfuls of straw and pull them through a mesh of iron needles. After the thrashing is done the grain is taken up in a sort of scoop basket made of bamboo, and shaken by one woman who holds it as high as her head, while another stands by with a large fan which she waves rapidly through the air and blows the lighter chaff away from the heavier grains as they are falling. The rich farmers have separators built upon a primitive plan and turned with a crank. People often winnow grain by pouring it from a scoop upon a pan three or four feet wide, upon which it is tossed gently up and down, so as to leave the chaff in the air when it falls. Another method of thrashing is to beat the heads of grain upon a board or a row of bamboo poles.

However nominally cheap the labor employed in agricultural production in Japan, it becomes dear when judged by the standard of its productiveness. An estimate made by five of the most extensive and intelligent wheat farmers in California recently as to the productiveness of a single farm laborer with the use of existing machinery as against the productive capacity of a single laborer when wheat was cut with a sickle and thrashed with a flail, resulted in a consensus of opinion that with the gang plow and combined harvester the productive capacity of a single laborer in California was seventy-five times greater than by the primitive methods. It is easy to derive the conclusion from the picture herein presented of the methods of agriculture in Japan that a single farm laborer in California will produce more wheat by the aid of machinery than one hundred farm laborers would in Japan. Farm labor in California is therefore cheaper by what might be termed an infinite degree without exaggeration.

The consideration, however, will be presented that with the introduction of machinery and the adaptation of the labor of Japan to the operation of machinery, the cost of labor in the production of any article will be greatly diminished. It is a fact within the observation of all who have directed mechanical employments that a higher degree of intelligence and skill is required to operate machinery than to produce manufactured forms by hand. The accomplishment of any result by a machine is analogous to the accomplishment of results by direction of the labor of others. The direction therefore of machinery requires a higher grade of intelligence and efficiency than the performance of mere manual labor or handwork. Whoever has sufficient intelligence efficiently to operate complicated machinery will soon learn the true value of the labor they perform in the markets of the world. Even the Japanese may be credited with sufficient intelligence to desire the highest rate obtainable for their labor. They have already manifested this intelligence in a very marked degree as the instances of strikes herein referred to amply illustrate. If the commercial attributes of the Japanese mind are so low as not to perceive this most primitive instinct, then Japan will not be formidable on any field of industrial or commercial activity.

Japan seeks a place in the commonwealth of nations at a time when human labor as an element of cost in industrial production is smaller than ever before in the history of labor, and is a constantly diminishing factor. Hereafter the possession of merely cheap manual labor will cut but a small figure in the competition of cheap productiveness. Facility and cheapness of transportation, the existence and accessibility of material resources, the availability of cheap power, the facility for organizing capital into

large aggregations, the invention and application of labor aiding machinery, intelligent direction of mechanical power toward economic results, are hereafter to be the great leading factors in cheapening production.

The inconsistency of the alarmists relating to the danger of Japanese competition is apparent everywhere. In the first place, they attribute to the Japanese the highest industrial and commercial qualifications, and yet deny to them the commonest commercial instinct. Land is nominally cheap in Japan, though actually so, as already amply shown by cause of its limited consumption by the Japanese themselves. The residence in the average condition in Japan does not require one twentieth of the cost of labor to construct it that a residence in the same plane of life in Europe or America does. There are single business blocks in this city which have required more days labor to construct them than would be required to construct houses in a village of twenty thousand people in Japan.

The household belongings of the average Japanese family may be carried from place to place as hand luggage; and the average residence of a Japanese家庭 would not require the labor of three men for more than ten days in construction. The average home of the common people in this country including its carpets, pictures, books, musical instruments, furniture, would build and furnish homes in Japan. The United States Commissioner's Bulletin, already quoted, declares that of the forty millions of people in Japan, not ten thousand use the wear of modern manufacture. The straw-matting and very simple wooden sandals of home make.

A. H. Butler, of Osaka, Japan, recently arrived here, was interviewed on the subject of the manufacture of watch-



THE MANUFACTURE OF LINEN.

country. He stated that while these were manufacturing a watch could be sold for fifty cents in American money, they could not supply the demand; that they were not at all able to export watches for use elsewhere because the home demand greatly exceeded the supply of the factory. Here was want in the Japanese life. As the Japanese become manufacturers of watches, they become wearers of them, and the output of their factories will not meet the demand.

There are three thousand miles of railroads in the Japanese Empire. They were constructed at a cost of \$75,000,000, or \$5,000 per mile. This is within four dollars per mile of the average of constructing and equipping the roads of the United States, many of which are constructed over mountainous districts, while those of Japan up to this time have been laid upon perfectly level ground. The rates of transportation by

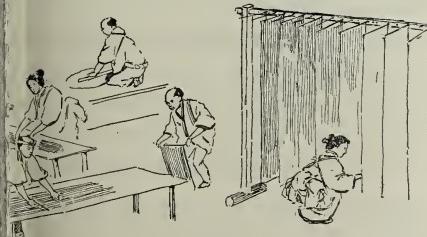
rail both for freight and passage in Japan are about the same as in the United States, and it is the testimony of those who have visited the country that they are very liberally patronized, and are profitable dividend-paying railroad properties. Here is a new want introduced into the life of Japan. The existence of railroads in any country, as has been observed concerning the industrial development of Mexico, extends metropolitan wants and tastes throughout the country. Urban life is always on a higher plane than rural existence, but railroads have a tendency to equalize these things. This tendency is already observable in



MAKING THE THREAD FROM THE SILK COCOON.

Japan. The desire for travel and the habit which the opportunity begets is an additional expense to Japanese life, and to be gratified must be reflected in the earnings of the people.

But thirty-seven years have elapsed since the opening of the ports of Japan to the commerce of the world. In that period, however, it may be admitted that industrial revolution has made decided progress. But every ascertained fact discloses an expansion of want more than commensurate with the productive force of that people. Upon taking her place as a recognized member of the family of nations, the first and most conspicuous



MACARONI MAKING.

act of her history was to wage an aggressive war. The war with China recently closed was on lines closely imitating the most aggressive nation of modern times. Japan organized a navy by purchasing modern ships of war, and organized an army equipped with the most modern inventions of arms of precision. She invaded a nation ten times her own strength numerically, and practically destroyed the navy of that nation, and all for the maintenancy of a suzerainty over a territory on the main land, the maintenance of which had no logical relevancy to her own national greatness or power. The enormous cost of this war will be a charge upon labor, while the maintenance of a military establishment to support the pretensions of a first class power will be an additional tax upon her productive energy. War is the most rapacious consumer of the energies of a people, leaving but little surplus to be expended in competition with the peaceful industries of other nations. We are told that Japan is consumed with an ambition to be the Great Britain of the Orient. If she pursues this ambition after the methods of Christian nations, the energies of her people will find ample employment and expenditure in other directions than in that of competing manufactures. Ambition for national supremacy is costly, and this cost is to be paid out of the earnings of the Japanese people.

Thus step by step as the wants of civilization are multiplied in the lives of the Japanese, the use of labor is increased and its cost necessarily rises. The \$75,000,000 invested in railroads in Japan will find profitable employment. The use of these lines will constantly increase and become an added cost to the individual life. Thus Japan stands charged to-day with the support of three thousand miles of railroad, and an increase in the productiveness due to facilities of trans-

portation will be attended by an increase in the reward of labor.

The instances of increase of the cost of living by reason of the industrial improvement of the country might be multiplied. There are but two million in the Empire of Japan. The proofs with the acquirement of wealth the Japanese manifest the same desire for embellishments of life which is common to other races of men is fully illustrated by the sumptuous manner of their dwellings. One of these resides in Tokio. He has three splendid residences surrounded by extensive grounds, with costly buildings, lakes, and fountains, kept strictly in the sumptuous mode of life of those enjoying a corresponding degree of wealth in other countries of the world. One of these is described as sixty acres of valuable land, almost in the heart of the City of Tokio, as sumptuously appointed and as costly in maintenance as any residence and grounds to be found in any European city. These men are Japanese. What they are doing in a way is completely illustrative of what their fellow-countrymen will do in proportion to his ability.

Statistics of the commercial relations between the Western nations and Japan admonish us that with or without our aid Japanese civilization is a coming certainty, and it remains for us to determine whether we are to enjoy commercial relations with a people whose purchasing power is continually rising, or whether we will reject that opportunity through fear of competition.

It may be admitted that generalizations are sometimes dangerous and misleading, but the observation of the inherent tendencies of men on their upward path toward the higher levels of civilization in existence seems to confirm in us the belief that if Japan is to be placed on the plane of civilized efficiency equal to

we shall enjoy with her an advanced trade relation, which will make the city of San Francisco the front door of great commerce analogous to that enjoyed by the city of New York with reference to commercial exchange with the civilization of Europe.

Contrasting Japan with America is the comparison of a pygmy with a giant. Japan has a territorial area of 155,000 square miles, comprising thirty million acres of cultivable land, an amount equal to that of the State of Illinois, and seven million acres less than the State of California. The United States has 3,400,000 square miles, of which 700,000,000 acres are susceptible of the highest state of cultivation. The people of Japan as a nation have manifested no commercial spirit, no inventive skill, and no decided manufacturing taste or aptitude. The people of the United States belong to a nation essentially commercial in all its pursuits, unsurpassed in inventive genius, and fertile in every industrial resource. Japan has forty million people, living upon a very low plane of production and consumption. Its limited territory will retard the growth of its population. America has seventy million people, occupying a plane of civilization equal to the highest ever attained by mankind. Prophecy concerning the greatness of Japan is founded largely upon the beginnings expressed to the present time by the manifestations of an imitative genius. America has passed every experimental stage of social attainment. As contrasted with America the accumulated capital of Japan is insignificant. Of the aggregations of capital in America, Professor James Bryce, in his dispassionate review of the American Commonwealth, says:—

"I say there are more men with a capital of \$250,000 to \$1,000,000 in America than in any other country, and fifty years hence it will

probably contain as many large fortunes as exist in all Europe put together."

Rising to the plane of prophecy concerning the future of our country, Professor Bryce says:—

And the masses in America seem likely to constitute one half of the civilized world. There are those now living who may see before they die 250,000,000 of men dwelling between the Atlantic and Pacific, obeying the same government, speaking the same language, and reading the same books. A civilized society like this is so much vaster than any which history knows of that we can scarcely figure to ourselves what its character will be or how the sense of its immensity will tell on those who address it.

If the rise of a state of civilization in Japan is indeed a menace to our future, then the subsidence of civilization in Europe would promote our prosperity. England is our most formidable competitor and yet England is our most profitable customer. Forty-seven per cent of all we sell is sold to Great Britain, while, as relates to some articles, notably cotton and wheat, we sell to Great Britain from seventy to eighty per cent of our entire exports. The extinguishment of civilization in Great Britain would at once eliminate our most profitable customer. Our wealth is not to be augmented by the impoverishment of other peoples, but is to be greatly enhanced by the purchasing power of those with whom we sustain trade relations. The purchasing power of the people of Japan will rise with their producing capacity. It is only from wealth that wealth may be obtained since poverty has nothing to confer. All legitimate trade relations between people must be reciprocal. The trade relation, which, sustained by two nations, impoverishes one to the advantage of the other is at best but a species of piracy. If the establishment of a higher state of productiveness in Japan, with all its attendant benefits to that peo-

ple and the incidental benefits to the world, is a menace to our prosperity, that result will be reached only through the decline of the industry, the intelligence, and the virtue, of our own people. We are rich today because of the wealth of the nations with whom we sustain trade relations. The rise of a new star of empire in the Orient should therefore be hailed as the dawn of a new era of prosperity for us. If the extension of civilization among mankind is a menace to our prosperity, then science should extinguish its lamp and religion its torch, lest a cheaper method of producing cotton fabrics than is known to us may be discovered. The rivulets and the rivers may entertain jealous apprehension that the ocean will become the reservoir of all their waters since their currents empty into the sea. They may entertain ignorant apprehension of the evaporative power of the sun ; but the truth will remain that the sun

and the ocean are the parents of streams, the true source of all four. So individual nations are enriched by civilizations they confer upon other nations and draw the sustenance of civilized life from the universal civilization of mankind.

Since the attributes of civilization are not diminished by their expansion, man may derive courage from a faith that the providence which guides the onward and upward march of humanity to the lifting of any people will contribute to the exaltation of all nations. Happy will be the day when the snowy summits of Fusiyama shall look down upon the highest level of material well being, of intelligence, of refinement and happiness, ever attained by man.

William H. Mu-

[NOTE BY EDITOR: The thumb nail sketches in this article are from native prints; translations of titles by the Japanese scholar, Ota May, interpreter to the Superior Court.]

COWSLIPS IN THE GRASSES.



H, BUT you 're sweet and but you 're neat," I said,
"Sweet Susie with your bended cowslip head
All yellow red.

"Perfect and trim, shining in gown of green,
Was ever anything so dainty seen ?
Never, I ween.

"Susie, Susie, supple neck a turning,
Graceful Susie yellow hair a burning,
Sunlight spurning,—

"In among the cowslips, bending, standing,
All your willowy waist with cowslips banding,
Love commanding!

"Little feet a hiding in the grasses,
Look ye, lads ! (With envy, O, ye lasses)
In the grasses ! "

H. Winthrop Warming.



EXTRACTS FROM MRS. LOFTY'S DIARY. VI.

DOROTHY.

"In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father."

SEPTEMBER 18th. Back yesterday from the seaside. Find poor Dottie just convalescing from an attack of scarlatina. Well, like love, we must all have it; and like love also, better get it over early. It seems to be more dangerous when you take it after maturity.

There is my poor Sarah, for ple. She would get married; was deserted; and has several times wed back the penitent prodigal and led him up, only to have him wax on on good feeding, and abscond. I always hold her place open for and she is back now the third time. I suppose I must catalogue her among the really constant. There are such—ly among the lower classes. But

she takes it so coolly. She never makes any fuss over it, either when he departs or when he returns, but accepts it all as in the day's work.

September 25th. The scarlatina has certainly put an extinguisher on Dorothy. Not that it has made her angelic, by any means; she is full of the peevishness and caprices of weakness, but I have n't seen her in one of her good spirit-stirring gusts of temper since I came back. When she is bad, she is undoubtedly very bad. The curious fiction of duality that she adopted in her infancy has served her ever since, and grown with her growth, until we have all accepted it, and are prepared to deal with two Dotties,—Dottie Dimple and Dottie Tempest. One you will adore as a heaven-sent messenger, and the other you must leave alone to work out her own salvation. Her

mother is appalled at her transports : I know it is only a vehement young soul, rebelling against its limitations in time and space. Presently, it will discover the abortiveness of rebellion and submit, as we all do sooner or later. Today she was attempting with unwonted patience to put thread and needle-eye *en rapport*. I expected momentarily to witness an outburst, but it did not come. She finally dropped the task with a sigh, and only remarked, " My finders gets dizzy now, when I try to thread a needle."

It was so unlike Dorothy that a pang of sudden, nameless fear smote my heart.

October 1st. Perversity, thy name is Fate. Ethelberta was married in January,—today red-headed twins made their advent. When Mrs. Ostrom was told, she exclaimed, " What ! I thought she had the number and sex and complexion all prearranged scientifically before the wedding ceremony !"

Valeria does say a good thing sometimes. Of course Dottie has had her observations to make also.

" I suppose," she says, " when anybody sends God word for a baby, He just takes a soul out of His box, where He keeps 'em, an' wraps it up in flesh an' skin, but He has n't any sewing machines in heaven, to make clothes for it, so He just sends it down naked. I wish," she added, " I knew where the ladder is He climbs down on. I 'd sit an' wait for Him an' ask Him to send one to our house. I 've asked my mamma an' the Doctor till I 'm tired."

There is no use trying to disguise it from myself, I am uneasy about the child. Her eyes are getting so big and starry, and her thoughts seem to run in such an uncanny direction for a six year old. The other day she burst out with, " Oh ! would n't I like to know the secrets God keeps to Himself ! How He made the worlds, and how He borned Hissell ! "

And having thus, with one ihop, vaulted to the utmost bound of human thought, she stood gazing with wide bright eyes and parted lips, expecting an answer out of the infinity. Something must be done to fetch her back to the level of her old time tantrums or she will be sprouting before our eyes.

Tuesday night. Sarah received a letter today from Chicago. Her recreant son had got so far on his travels on this occasion, before he became broke and penniless—synonomous terms. The letter was not from him but from the Captain of the Salvation Army, who wrote forth that our dear, erring brother had found Jesus, and was truly penitent, resolved to lead a new life ; and entreated the injured wife to extend forgiveness and a helping hand once again. I read me the letter, and asked my aunts what they thought of it, but I declined to offer it ; but of course I must be looking out for a new bride. No one suits me like Sarah. I wish some horrid man would n't turn up with unfailing periodicity.

Ethelberta is furiously disgusted with the red-headed twins, as well as I am. The desired promptitude of their arrival has Reuben is ecstatic. I offered to take the least hideous one off his hands, but he scoffed at me. Nothing but the fence prevents him from climbing on top of it and crowing at the neighbors. Now when I snub him, he will call me " Grand-Aunt ! " To think of it !

Sunday—and a rainy Sunday—so difficult to keep from boring one to death on a day like this. Drip, drip, on the dead leaves. I see Dottie with her face pressed against the window, looking out wistfully. I am going to see Martin over after her with an umbrella. Only yesterday her mother was finding herself on the child's great godmother.

n getting over the scarlatina so well, none of the dreaded aftermaths. I join but half-heartedly in her self-
ation, for I do not believe all is well Dottie. I have made up my mind
e her to the doctor, without saying
ng to her mother. It afflicts me
forebodings to see that tricksy elf,
used to confess frankly of herself,
middlin' good sometimes and bad
time," becoming so demure. She
ay about with all her old enthu-
for ten minutes or so, and then sit
and lean her curly pate upon her
hand. If you ask her what is the
, she replies, "Nothing. I just
enough, that's all."

ked Sarah this morning what an-
he had made to the Captain's letter.
ell," she said, with her charac-
drawl, "I'll tell you, Mrs. Isham,
bout made up my mind to let her
is have him. 'S long as they've
him, they'd better keep him."

hat is settled, thank goodness.
ober 15th. To have something to
have taken up my music again
under Hegardt. Hegardt is a man
s about many things beside music,
hen he is not pressed for time, the
ometimes runs over a bit, while he
ses; and I freely confess that when
it is a pleasure to me to listen to him
ne holds up one or another time-
d fiction under the cold search-
his intellect. It seems to me an
y innocent and unexceptional plea-
but Valeria Ostrom has managed
ht it for me with an inuendo. How
se the sex! She and Mrs. Bloom
calling yesterday when he came,
was the way she said: "Oh!
s your music teacher. We will
ur leave."

that, and no more, with her inno-
urr. Commend me to the woman
sists on being your intimate friend,

for saying things to you that to seem to
notice would be to "confess judgment,"
as the lawyers say.

Hegardt sat down at the piano and ran
his fingers up and down the keyboard,
while I was looking out my music. Mean-
while, I saw out of the corner of my eye
that he was watching me with his un-
compromising fixed stare.

"What is it, then?" he asked. "What
were they saying to you?"

Woman-like, I answered one question
with another. "Who? What?"

"Ach!" he said, laughing, "Do you
think I can not tell? Why do you let
those women annoy you? Why do you
not make yourself free from them?"

"How, then?" I cried impulsively.
"I free! Any woman free! Oh, no!"

"Why not a woman as well as a man?"

"And are you, then, free?" I asked
with curiosity.

"Absolutely," he replied. "What-
ever pleases me, that I do, and you see the
world accepts me. It accepts any one who
simply acts and does not debate the ques-
tion. If you allow yourself to argue with
the world, you are lost. Its manifold
tongues will overwhelm you, but it is
complaisant always to accomplished
facts."

"A brilliantly true generalization, no
doubt," I retorted, "but it does not help
me, individually, to freedom."

"Ach, well, the way of that you must
find out for yourself." And he made way
for me on the piano stool. "Mr. Isham
is a very big man, and it would not be
pleasing to me to come into collision with
him."

It is very well for Hegardt to talk about
making oneself free, but unless you have
the armor of the rhinoceros how will you
be free from the gnats and mosquitoes
that infest daily life? One must have a
very detached soul indeed, not to feel
their stings.

Wednesday night. I took Dottie to the doctor today. Though I was uneasy about her, I was not prepared for such a dreadful sentence as he pronounced. Organic heart trouble, presumably there always, but fatally aggravated by the scarlatina; and some day, sooner or later, probably sooner, the little life will go out with more or less suddenness.

"Great care, no undue exertion or excitement," and so on, and on, the way they talk. And it must be just Dorothy and no other, when there are hordes and hordes of them that nobody would miss, and are better out of the world than in, for the world's sake and their own.

November 4th. Everybody is failing in business, and no one can tell whose turn will be next. I know Harry is troubled about his affairs, and I wish I could be of some use to him; but, personally, it does not touch me as nearly as it would have done a short time ago, for I keep saying to myself, "What is the use of money if it is powerless to save one little precious life,—just one?" It is strange how the realization of that certitude has changed the color of the earth and sky, and taken the melody out of music, and the savor out of food, for the people concerned with it. But stranger still is the fact that life goes on just the same under the suspended sword edge, and some way or other you accommodate yourself to its being there, and eat and drink and clothe yourself, and sit and stand, and read and work, aye, even smile sometimes.

December 12th. Sarah went with a message to Ethelberta's this morning.

"How did you find Mrs. Harper?" I inquired when she returned.

"I found her 'n' that nurse girl of her 'n bathing and dressing the babies," said Sarah. "Such a time as they *du* have with them new improved button-up-in-front clothes, trying to get them on with-

out breaking the twins' arms off, tw 'em backward into the sleeves." She sniffed. "Mis' Harper had a thermometer in the water, an' one of the bawled murder when they put it in. girl said the water was too cold to s but Mis' Harper said that was the p temperature, an' the baby must g to it. She believed in beginning disc in the cradle. But the thing straigh out and held its breath till it was in the face, an' she was frightened to death, an' screamed out, 'Oh! S what's the matter with it? R some more hot water, quick!' I p it up an' spatted it, an' it caught breath quick enough, an' the Harper said 'You cruel thing!' W left she had a whole new bolt of blue ribbon, an' was deckin' 'em out in an' loops all over 'em, an' sayin', 'they sweet, Sarah? The little Such lovely golden hair an' such little noses!' I never would have lieved Miss Ethelberta would have so silly over such a couple of red-faced putty-faced little things," and sniffed again. "Not but what the well enough, for babies," she added an evident desire to do them justic

Dottie, who has been taken to see two or three times, thinks them loful, and wishes she were a grown up so she could buy one for herself. Her mother has been talking to her lately about Jesus and his home, but practical Dottie, accus to see all the men she knows busy Jesus should have some more im occupation than minding little chil

"I guess," she says, after pon the matter according to her wont when God goes away visiting, Jesus take care of the stars."

December 16th. I was sent for before yesterday in haste, and kn the sword had fallen. I believe

poled myself to meet the stroke when
ould come, but that was a delusion.
en I saw Dottie lying there, with
wn visage, and parted, purplish lips,
infantile charm and roundness struck
of her little face, the pang smote
ough flesh and spirit to the quick of

All day and night we worked over
with stimulants and oxygen, hoping
n the cruel egotism of love, that she
ht rally from this attack to suffer
n and yet again, if only she might be
ed to our craving hearts a little further
e. Sometimes she rallied and smiled
into our bending faces, or spoke a
ing word or two; sometimes she lay
stupor; but she never let go her
her's hand, or suffered her to leave
side. And hourly the breathing grew
e labored and agonizing to witness,
he lung cells collapsed from lack of
power the failing heart should have
lied to them, but could not. And
ly that brave little heart grew weaker
ne unequal struggle, until at last he
or shook his head and turned away,
we looked into each other's eyes and
knew the other hopeless.
nd then that mother (O, what is it
the mother heart that makes such
ines of little everyday women!), that
less mother, spoke gently, "Dorothy!
you hear mother, darling?"
he blue eyes opened wide in answer.
y darling baby, we are afraid you will
e to leave papa and mamma, and go
ve in God's home, with Jesus that
s little children so."

No! No!" cried the baby, rallying
er terror to full consciousness, "No!
I want to stay here with you."

How can I tell it? How that mother
strode for an endless hour, sublimely putting
self away, to paint to her wee lamb
the joys of paradise, and reconcile her to
entering there. With such inspired love
she strode that at length Dorothy yielded
up her will, and lay passive with bright
dilated eyes; her breast had ceased its
frantic heavings, and her breath fluttered
forth now scarcely perceptible. The
agony was past, both of flesh and
spirit.

After a time she said, quite distinctly,
"Mamma, do you think the *little* angels
will have something not *very* hard to do?
Just to run and fetch God a book, or go
and call Jesus when He wants him? They
could fly so quick, you know, with their
little wings."

Those were the last words Dorothy
ever spoke. The end came peacefully at
last, and from the stupor of asphyxia, she
passed quietly to the eternal sleep.

Tomorrow she will be put away from
our sight. She lies there in the silent
house, embowered in satin and tulle, and
knots of ribbon, and fragrant white flowers,
arrayed with all the sumptuous coquetry
of a bride to meet my lord, The Worm.
Still and pale, but not rebellious, the two
who loved her best stand hand in hand
and look down upon her. There must
be some well-spring of truth in the
creeds when they can teach such resig-
nation.

But after all, are they most to be pitied?
For them, there may be yet other winged
souls waiting in the unknown to flutter
across the threshold and light upon their
now lonely hearthstone. But for me
there will never be another Dorothy.

Batterman Lindsay.



THE CYCLONE.

THE child of horror and wild wrath am I,
A creature that loves ruin and despair.
My loins are girt with fury and I wear
The robe of night; to seize fair homes, to try
My power upon the haunts of men is my
Delight; the huge veins in my black breast glare
With flame and passion while I onward bear
An hundred souls across the shaking sky.
Ah, when with thunder voice I earthward come,
Pale women shrink and shudder! At the sight
Of my dark form the bravest holds his breath;
My awful majesty strikes all things dumb,
As on the rough round of the world I write
The terrorizing signature of death.

TRUE TALES OF THE OLD WEST. XIII.

MATHEWSON'S RIDE.

In May 1857, John Mathewson, a pioneer in hydraulic mining, to whom belongs the credit of building the first water-derrick in California had both legs broken while erecting a derrick at Washington, on the North fork of the Yuba River, twenty-five miles north of Nevada City.

He was taken out from the s of his derrick and word sent to Nevada City for an ambulance.

S. Olin was the driver of the daily between Washington and Nevada and he at once placed a bed in a cord coach and drove over from Nevada City. Next morning the injured was tenderly placed in the coach made as comfortable as possible. At the Cold Spring House, six miles from town, Olin pulled up to water his horses winding the ribbons around the e before leaving the box.

A dog ran and drove of hogs under the es' feet, and in a flash the spirited als were tearing down the ridge. Some one at Nevada City happened to canning the road through a field-glass suddenly shouted "The stage is ng hell bent for 'lection an' Olin on the box!"

The news spread through the town wild-fire and in an incredibly short the whole town turned out and all had field-glasses were anxiously hing the swaying stage in its mad er along the ridge towards the steep

grade leading into town. It was still some four miles distant.

The excitement was intense. Everyone knew that Mathewson, helpless and weak lay inside, at the mercy of the four blooded animals. The wheelers especially were a splendid pair of mettlesome stallions and the leaders carefully selected. No power on earth could have stopped them on that ridge. Down the grade they plunged. The speed was terrific. Strong men turned away in horror expecting from moment to moment that the stage would go crashing into the canyon below.

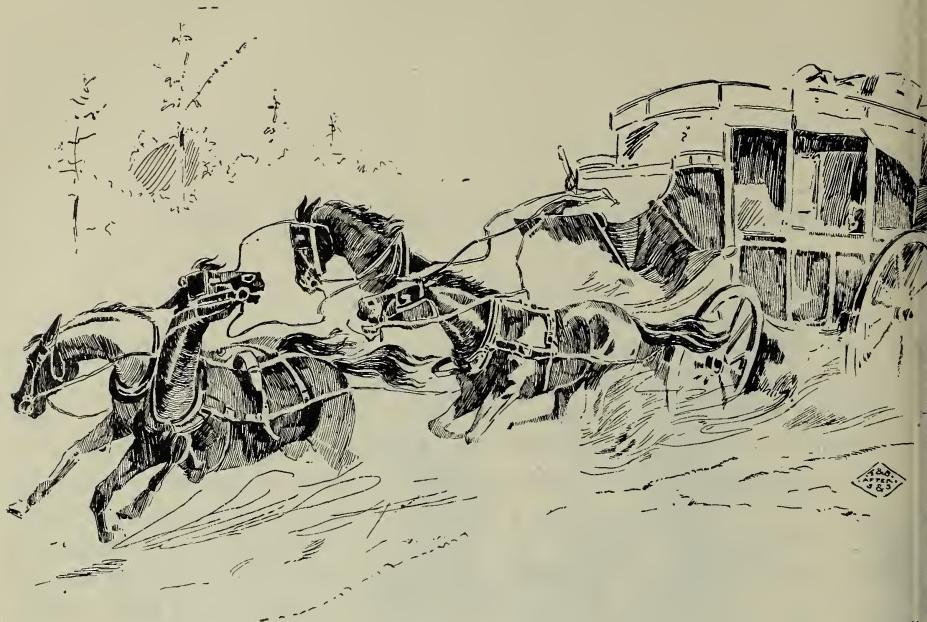
Half the distance towards town had been accomplished in safety when a hoarse cry broke from the watching multitude. "The stump! the boulder!" Three miles from town the stage-road lead between a stump on the lower side and a boulder on the upper side of the grade.

With long plunging strides the animals approached this danger point.

The crowd was too horrified to shout. Only a stifled groan, more eloquent than words could have been heard.

"A few rods more and God help poor Mathewson," reverently murmured a grizzled miner, as the tears flowed down his wrinkled face. Many a hard-looking but tender hearted man around him murmured, "Amen."

Gaining increased momentum at every bound, the stage ran into a cloud of dust just before reaching the stump and boulder. Awed, pallid upturned faces



"THE COACH DISAPPEARED IN A CLOUD OF DUST."

gazed with fascinated intentness at that little cloud of dust.

"They 've done it," whispered a man in front, with eyes still glued to his glass.

With only fourteen inches to spare on either side of the stage it had passed through in safety. But the danger was not yet over. The steepest and roughest part of the road was yet to come.

As the stage reached town the people gave way on either side none dreaming of trying to stop the foam covered stallions in their wild run.

Along Coyote Street they whirled, then making a flat iron turn entered Main ; still on they dashed wheeling into Commercial, then up into Pine and still at full speed to Broad, heading for the destination of the stage in front of the National or Pierson's Hotel in the middle of the block.

Arthur Hagadorn, the owner of the stage line, was standing, pale with excitement, close to where the stage usually reined in. None can ever know

how it came about but at the sight of the familiar figure the four intelligent animals slowed up and came to a stand within a foot of where they would have been driven, had Olin been on the box.

Stepping up to the lead horse Hagadorn stroked his wet neck and said, "Noble fellow, you 've done your day's work."

Mathewson was unhurt and feeling better thanked friends and acquaintances who crowded around the stage to congratulate him on his miraculous escape.

Such is the record of one of the wildest stage rides ever taken by man.

E. K. Rountree

One of the wheelers on this stage was the stallion St. Clair the sire of Senator Stanford's famous Occident. It is not generally known that the late Senator deserves much of the credit of helping to perfect the instantaneous process in photography.

Occident was said to have the finest action of any trotter of his day and Stanford spent years and Sixty Thousand Dollars before finally succeeded in obtaining a satisfactory photograph of Occident at his best, by means of the instantaneous process.

THE QUICKSANDS OF PACTOLUS.¹

HE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF JUDGE KETCHUM," THE "CHRONICLES OF SAN LORENZO," ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.

XIV.

 HE tiger was pacing up and down his cage—a very luxurious cage—as Helen swept aside the heavy portières and stood for a moment in the doorway. Her quick eye noted immediate signs of temper; a frown, a set about the powerful jaws, a gleam in her eyes.

"We come," he growled, "to hear my goodby to me."

"Indeed?" returned Helen lightly. "I could have thought 'Good morning' the appropriate salutation, but you are accustomed to having your own way, I suppose—goodby."

"I can't say goodby as glibly as I do," he muttered, dropping her

"Then don't say it," she retorted. "An unpleasant word between real s, but a delightful one between ones. If you say it I shall class among the latter."

"Are you never serious?" he asked, smiling at her smiling face.

"Are you never polite? You are not a bit all: you are a bear, sir. Look at our hand."

He held it forth. A drop of crimson glistened upon the whiteness of a

in August number, 1895.

finger where the facet of a large diamond—the gift of Desmond—had wounded the tender flesh.

"It cuts,—that ring," he answered significantly. "Why," he added suddenly, "do you call me a tiger?"

"A fancy of mine. All men resemble animals. I count among my acquaintances several apes, a mule or two, a dozen foxes, and at least fifty asses. As a tiger, or even as a bear, you take high rank among the animals."

"And women?" said Chetwynd, in a lighter tone. It was impossible to be seriously angry with this mocking creature, with her brilliant eyes and seductive wiles.

"O, women are mostly geese. I am a goose. Do you know, yesterday I was silly enough to believe that my feeble cackle really impressed you. Didn't I tell you that this New York trip was to be abandoned?"

"You did."

She stamped her foot upon the thick Turkey carpet.

"I will repeat it again. I tell you to stay."

Both were standing in the center of the room with the light from the huge bay window falling aslant their faces. The air was somewhat oppressive, for the thermometer was standing at eighty, Fahrenheit, a rare occurrence in San Francisco. Here and there massive jardinières were scattered about the room

and from these exhaled a perfume of roses and exotics unpleasantly potent.

"You tell me to stay," he repeated unsteadily, "but do you know the value of words?"

"I mean," said Helen, looking frankly into his eyes, "that your book can wait, that —"

"Damn the book," he cried passionately.

The claws were beginning to appear. Helen, however, was not a whit dismayed.

"Certainly," she said calmly. "I daresay it will be damned by the critics. But why this strong language. I don't like it. Custom—Mr. Desmond, you know, swears very prettily—has not staled my repugnance to the word *damn*. Let us discuss this thing quietly. Is it not foolish on your part to cut short, even by an hour, these golden days? We have enjoyed the last few weeks immensely."

"Speak for yourself," he said brusquely.

"Very good. I will speak for myself. I have enjoyed the last few weeks, not the last few minutes, immensely. Your friendship has been much to me, how much I will not say. I have not paltered with it, turning it fastidiously over and over and pecking at it like a canary at a lump of sugar. No,"—she drew herself up to her full height, and her wonderful voice vibrated crisply in the heavy air,— "I accepted it frankly. I have let you see that I valued it, that I considered it a privilege to know you, as I have known you, intimately."

He moved closer to her, holding out his trembling hands with a gesture of entreaty.

"Wait till I have finished. In a month my husband returns."

She paused. The note of hopelessness in her tones struck Chetwynd like a buffet in the face.

"Then," she continued sadly, "I can go,—the sooner the better,—he comes, stay."

"I will stay," he began eagerly. She smiled. The fruits of victory toothsome.

"I thought you would," she answered softly. She was satisfied now; she had shown his claws; long and sharp were they, but they had inflicted no wound.

She held out her hand royally, small hand with the drop of blood upon it. John Chetwynd seized it feverishly, and kissed it. The woman trembled as she felt the pressure of his lips.

"That will do," she remonstrated, cheeks flushing.

For answer he drew her towards him, but she snatched her fingers from his grasp and sprang back. She was entirely mistress of herself, although her bosom panted and her limbs trembled. She could even analyze her own emotions and blame herself rather than him for the tempest she had aroused.

"Mr. Chetwynd," she said slowly, "the color coming and going in her face, once told you that friendship between man and woman was a dainty fabric. You have torn it, but the cloth is stronger than I suspected. Am I to reverse your commands and tell you to go?"

"Could you be so cruel?" he replied.

"I admire in you, and do homage to your strength, not your weakness."

None the less she blushed as the heat fell from her lips. In her heart his words had endeared him to her. The consciousness of his love colored the rest of the sentence. "Leave me now, when we meet tonight let us try again to get this morning."

"Tell the sun not to shine," he said, with his hand upon the handle of the door. He did not attempt to approach her; the expression upon her face

further speech. When he had gone lung herself face down upon the at the end of the room and cried ly. The task had been almost be her strength and the reaction was le. As she lay there, distracted by angs of passion, the door re-opened. uvens," she thought, "is he coming

This is more than I can bear!" e struggled half blindly to her feet faced the jeering, contemptuous fea of her husband. Distraught by this n appearance, she remarked, none ss, a change for the worse in the

His face was bloated, his lips en, and an extraordinary tremor, be described, shook him from head t.
ou!" she stammered.

idn't expect me,—eh?" he sneered. ry I did n't come a minute sooner. Chetwynd on the steps. He was n't ed to see me. Haven't you got a or a fellow?"

jumped upon her suddenly and ed her in his embrace. She was too to resist and hung limply in his

Then he pushed her from him ughed.

What a loving wife it is," he cried. n crying for her hubby. Curse ' he cried savagely, "what d'ye ?"

e retreated a few steps, putting up ands, as if to ward off a blow. The ny light in Desmond's eyes alarmed

've heard of your doings," he cried, a harsh laugh, "and so I've come to take care of my wife, and assert rights. I'll show you, my fine m, that a husband has rights."

in he advanced and again she re- transfixing him with a glance of est loathing. That he was drunk angerous she knew, but the knowl- rather provoked hate than fear.

" How you love me," he mocked, still advancing. " But I'm going to be master. D'ye hear? Master."

Something indescribable in his tone and look arrested Helen's attention and retreat. Changing her tactics she swiftly approached him and then stood still, her contemptuous face within a few inches of his. Thus standing, they eyed each other askance, — he, speculating with drunken perplexity as to the motives which prompted her advance: she, for her part, thinking wildly of the tie which bound her to a sat.

" Master," she repeated slowly. " The man who calls himself my master must possess a quality which in you, Hector, is conspicuous by its absence,— self control. Let me pass, sir."

But he barred the way, leering at her like a satyr.

" You sha'n't leave this room till you kiss me," he observed, with odious facetiousness. " You hate me, Nell, but, damn it, I love you."

" Love," she cried with somber emphasis, "you dare to talk to me of love."

" It's come upon me lately," he re- torred, speaking thickly, the glassy look in his eyes, and his fingers nervously twisting and untwisting themselves. " Your cursed coldness has set me afire. There is n't a finer woman than you in the State of California. Let's make it up,—hey?"

He held out his arms, but she shrank from his embrace, the disgust plainly visible in her eyes.

" You are mad," she said coldly.

" Yes, I am mad,—mad,—mad!"

His voice culminated in a shriek.

" You are surely mad," she replied disdainfully, but I am sane."

" You used to love me, Nell."

" Ah," she cried passionately, " in your wretched conceit you mistook tolerance for love. I never loved you. Love

between you and me is unthinkable, impossible!"

"Ah," he retorted with an oath. "I know what the trouble is. That cursed woman has been telling you her story."

Helen understood him instantly. Corroborative details supplied the gaps in Stella's text. She had remarked more than once that Hector avoided the nurse; that he had spoken offensively of her; that she, unfortunate creature, had remained since her arrival in strictest seclusion; that she hailed from the southern portion of the State: that her lover was young, handsome, and sang like a bird. What hatred and indignation surged through her heart as she identified *her husband* with the base betrayer of her friend.

"Yes," she replied, after a pregnant pause, "that cursed woman, as you call her, has been telling me her story."

He cowered beneath the lash of her tongue.

"I offered compensation," he whimpered.

"You offered to marry her—at the pistol point: and she refused the honor. For that alone I count her my friend."

"But I love you," he persisted, thinking with drunken obstinacy that no woman could resist him. "I love you."

"Go your way, Hector, and leave me to go mine, in peace."

"With Chetwynd," he screamed. "Do you take me for a fool?"

"For a fool! Yes. And for a coward, and a bully, and a sot."

Justly incensed, she had gone too far. A physician could have told her that the man opposite with livid face and glassy eyes was no longer responsible for his actions. The demon, Drink, was in possession. In an instant his strong fingers were gripping her throat. She struggled vainly in his grasp and he laughed loudly as he heard the rattle of her failing breath, and shouted with insane glee.

Then, suddenly, his tense muscles relaxed and Helen fell to the ground. Eyes wandered uneasily from her prostrate figure to the pattern in the carpet wreaths of roses on a sea of palest azur.

"They're alive," he shrieked. "Help!"

His powerful voice rang through the house and startled Stella in her laboratory and the servants in the rooms below. The butler and a footman responded most instantly, and led their master, staggering, from the room. Stella devoted herself to Helen. Her quick eye had detected the encircling brand of Desmond's fingers, but she apprehended serious mischief, and a couple of minutes later, Helen had recovered sufficiently to sit up upon a couch and recite the horrid facts.

"Delirium tremens," said the nurse bluntly. "I shall send at once for Doctor Fortescue."

"Send for his own doctor," murmured her friend, speaking slowly and painfully. "Doctor Boak, of Geary Street."

"True. I had forgotten. Don't tell Mrs. Desmond. I will attend to everything. You must lie down at once."

She rang the bell and gave her orders with professional curtness, omitting nothing in the confusion of the moment or controlling by voice and presence the excitement of the servants. Helen lay passively upon her own bed; her body at rest, her mind madly errant, pursuing hither and thither the phantoms of the past. In the distance she could hear the cries of her husband. At first they were cruelly shrill, then fainter: and at last, as the bromides began to take effect, heavy silence stole upon the house, silence pregnant with suggestion. Death often came like this, heralded by cries and groans, and Death, here, would be a welcome visitor. But presently Stella came softly to her bedside and told

the paroxysm was over and the
nt resting quietly. The paroxysm
d return: that, of course, but he
d recover. Recover,—heavens!—
pose upon her an odious love. She
ed her beautiful face, set hard as
e, to the wall and Stella, with a sor-
al glance at the livid circle around
white throat, smoothed her pillows
then left the room. Half an hour
she took leave of the doctor, a funny
itioner of the old school.

Unfortunate business, very," he mur-
d, rubbing assiduously the lenses of
gold-rimmed spectacles, " but Mrs.
Desmond need not be alarmed. I—er—
ed her husband of this before he
to Santa Monica. Sad case, very.
young man. Mrs. Desmond quite
rated with the shock? Dear, dear,
! An hereditary taint, I fear, but
er—attack may prove a useful
n. Came up on the steamer, so I
from his valet who is with him now.
fellow mentioned unlimited cham-
e and brandy and cocktails. I had
cribed salt water, plenty of exercise,
a pint of claret a day."

"Any instructions?" said Stella
quely, cutting short his garrulity.

"Pardon me, are you —"

"I am a professional nurse, Doctor,
cannot undertake this case. At the
time till some competent person
s I will do the best I can."

The treatment is simple enough.
ect quiet, of course, and if the heart's
n is at all enfeebled, send for me
ntly. He is now asleep; will, prob-
not awake for some time. I will
ater and send medicine, a tincture of
ona and nux-vomica."

hurried off and Stella retraced her
till she came to Helen's door. It
slightly ajar. Confident that she
closed it securely a few minutes be-
she tapped softly upon the panel

and hearing no sound peeped into the
room. Helen was not there. Wondering
vaguely at this sudden disappearance, she
pursued her way to the end of the pas-
sage and paused in front of a green baize
door at the farthest end. This door,
which led to the laboratory, she found
unlocked. Disturbed at her work by the
screams of Desmond, she had left every-
thing in confusion but had remembered to
lock this door. Helen, therefore, who had
a duplicate key, must be inside. At a loss
to understand the vagaries of her friend,
she entered the room and found Helen
sitting listlessly in a chair by the window.

"It is cooler here," she murmured.

"You ought to be in bed," said Stella,
critically noting her extreme pallor, ac-
centuated by a black lace shawl which
hid the sign manual of her brutal husband.
"Let me feel your pulse. Yes, just as I
thought. You must go back to your
room, Mrs. Desmond, and remain there,
or I won't answer for the consequences."

Helen rose obediently to her feet and
glanced regretfully around the bare walls.

"We have had some pleasant times
here," she remarked with a slight shiver.
"I like this room although —" she paused
and a faint smile flitted across her face,
"although, Stella, the study of the inor-
ganic does not appeal to me as it does to
you. I am hopelessly vertebrate and
interested in vertebrates like myself, but
for what you have done for me I thank
you from the bottom of my heart."

Stella was watching her eyes rather
than listening to the courteous words
which fell from her lips. The dilatation
of the pupil was quite remarkable.

"Does your head ache?" she asked
quietly.

"Unbearably."

"I can give you a powder."

Helen shook her head.

"No drowsy sirups or powders for me,
Stella. Later perhaps, but not now."

They returned to her bedroom, but she refused Stella's offer to stay and rub her head.

"You may be wanted elsewhere," she suggested.

"You need as much attention as Mr. Desmond," retorted the nurse. "He will do well enough. His valet knows what to give him."

"There is no danger, then?"

"Danger? None, I should say. The first attack is rarely fatal unless complicated with heart disease. Shall I send to you your maid?"

"Certainly not. Trouble, like this of mine, must be faced alone, Stella. Surely you know that. Kiss me, dear, and go. How cool your cheek is! I wish I were like you, calm and serene, but my father's blood runs too hotly in my veins."

"If I go will you promise to lie down?"

"Yes."

Stella reluctantly left her.

When she had gone, Helen heaved a sigh of relief and locked the door. Then she drew from the bosom of her dress a small phial and looked thoughtfully at the tincture it contained. Muscarine. She smiled as she murmured the name. And it left no trace,—mysterious alkaloid! Swallow a few drops, and her heart would beat slowly and more slowly till its action ceased, and the verdict of the coroner would be cardiac paralysis. Suicide? An ugly weapon wherewith to bruise the hearts of kinsfolk, but lack of evidence would strangle hypothesis, and decency hush suspicion. Blessed muscarine! She prepared to die, believing, according to the grim philosophy of her father's school, that her life was her own to do with as she listed. The love of two men drove her to sacrifice her life rather than her honor. Desmond's attitude had horrified and dismayed her. What could she do against his jealous love? How combat it? The world, her own family, her

friends, even, would be on the side of her husband, and the pressure would be greater than she could bear. And Chetwynd? She admitted, now, that friendship between herself and Chetwynd was impossible. Almost she had yielded to his entreaties, and as long as Hector lived the lines of their lives must, in the end, of honor, lie apart. She could love Chetwynd, she reflected, as he deserved to be loved, but the shame of it would kill her. In her morbid self-analysis she was compelled to coolly take into account the thousand and one trifles which together make up the weight of a strong man's love kick and beam. Sooner than suffer the slight and affronts of men and women he would die. As Chetwynd's wife, how pleasant life would be,—as his mistress, how intolerable!

Thus she reasoned, gazing out across the bay which sparkled and glittered in the glorious sunshine. At this sudden moment her pride purred and prided itself over this triumph of mind. Her intellect had trampled upon the animal instincts which never before had so strongly asserted themselves. But her intellect really triumphant? Together with the doubt came the certainty of a flaw in her reasoning. Could not intelligence — awful thought — carry its ends more effectually if she lived? If Hector died? The strength of the conviction smote her so that she trembled and clung to the table for support.

Her quick wit apprehended the opportunity, which allowed to pass by and would never again present itself. She recited Stella's words, her accurate account of the drug and its physiological effects on the lower animals — frogs, for instance — and upon man. Why the symptoms of acute alcoholism were almost identical with the manifestations of the poison. Stella, the only person to fear, would never suspect her friend and patron.

she did, would she voice her suspicions? She wished that awful buzzing in head would cease and allow her to speak properly and succinctly. Stella—of course, Stella should be avenged. Is there any justification needed? ! the doctrine of the survival of the fittest covered that question. A universal law of universal application. Again that terrible buzzing. Would it never cease? Her thought ran amuck as the pains, twining and twisting like theacles of an octopus, sucked the reason from her brain. "Thou shalt not" Who said that? Some scraps of father's apothegms, culled from the realistic waste-basket, flitted through her head. The law of the individual, superseding in the hour of need, the law of men. Sitting at the window with head between her hands, she recalled arguments, among them the cardinal principle of the greatest good for the greatest number. Would it be better for the world if Hector paid the penalty of his sins with his life?

She sat there, racked by physical mental tortures, a knock at the door broke the oppressive silence. The butler used to say that some medicine had

come and a note from the doctor. She received both medicine and note, and rejecting the man's respectful offer to bring her refreshments, resumed her seat by the window. The note advised her of the writer's regrets that an imperative call from a dying patient would postpone for a few hours his visit to Mr. Desmond. The two capsules were to be administered immediately.

Her eyes fell upon the small box, fresh from the druggist, in its wrapping of immaculate paper. She trifled with the string, a burning flush dyeing her cheeks. As her fingers toyed with the knot a hoarse cry fell upon her ears. Desmond was awake—in the throes of a second paroxysm! She heard, above the horrid throbbing in her head, the sound of hurrying footsteps, and above these again the raucous screams, screams not of a man but of a beast.

Then she bent forward and swiftly and deftly untied the knot.

A minute later she delivered the box into the hand of a servant.

"Miss Johnson," she said quietly, laying a slight emphasis on the name, "will know how to administer these. Give them to her."

Horace Annesley Vachell.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE PATHS OF CATALINA.

HERE the wild path she made doth turn and wind
Up, ever up into the lifted height:—
Here the clouds rest, with bosoms fleecy white.
Here, o'er the rocks which earth's fair structure bind,
Along the little rills, the goat doth find
The terraced steps, and bounding fleet and light,
Rounds the swift turn to vanish out of sight!
Here hath rude Nature, time long out of mind,
Held her own sway, and should some careful hand
Think to improve upon her aspect wild,
How she would teach the unsuspecting child
The weight of her displeasure! Towering grand
Above the hills she loosens o'er the land
Her roaring torrents,—rock on rock is piled!

Sylvia Lawson Covey.

THE FAIRY WEDDING.

SAT the royal pair, fairy groom with his queen,
In the tiniest boat that ever was seen.
A spider-web top with a frill of spun lace,
And gossamer net-work to hold it in place.
The sail was made out of a butterfly's wing,
And a soft cushioned seat, the daintiest thing,
Was made from a cloud that the sun had shone through
To give it the loveliest, rosiest hue.

Where a violet hid in a garden bed,
And a zephyr breathed softly just overhead,
In secret was made, from its petals so rare,
The white bridal robe that adorned lady fair.
The veil of the bride, from the water-fall spray,
Was fastened with dew drops on that festive day
When the royal pair, in their newly made skiff,
On the waves of delight, sailed out from a cliff.

Sailed on, till they heard, in the cosiest A sweet song of love, by a murmuring brook Where they tied their frail bark with a chain, To a mushroom stalk, and the brooklet's strain Made the blue-birds all join in a chorus of So entrancing to them was the pure melody And the stately sun, flooding earth with light, Led the minuet dance, in the tree-tops b



nd there, with the sun-beams, they
danced all the day.
ne daisies coqueting with each little
ray;
hile the sweet-briar played on a gilded
lyre,
nd anemones waltzed in gauzy attire.
e daffodil courtier great deference paid
the modest forget-me-not, coy in the
shade.
r nature's delights were in loveliest
tune
r the bridal pair, in the sweet month of
June.



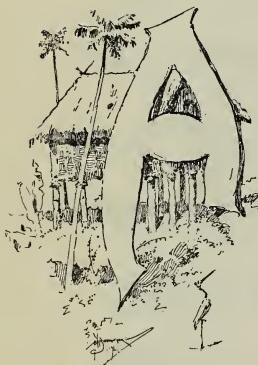
They at last made their home in a rosy
sea-shell,
With an exquisite tower shaped like a
blue-bell.
The wave-scalloped edge was the grand
winding-stair,
Rose-tinted and polished with daintiest
care.
Now the sentinel moon, with its kindly
old face,
Looks tenderly down on the beautiful
place,
Where the sun-kissed wavelets, with
pebbles at play
Keep up the refrain of that bright wed-
ding day.

M. Isadore Knox.



BABOO'S GOOD TIGER.¹

A MALAYAN TALE.



BOO DIN'S first-born, Baboo, was only four years old when he had his famous adventure with a tiger that he found sleeping in the hot lallang grass within the distance of a child's voice from Aboo Din's bungalow.

For a long time before that hardly a day had passed but Aboo Din, who was our *syce*, or groom, and wore the American colors proudly on his right arm, came in from the servants' quarters with an anxious look on his kindly brown face and asked respectfully for the *tuan* (lord) or *mem* (lady).

"What is it, Aboo Din?" the mistress would inquire, as visions of Baboo drowned in the great Shanghai jar, or of Baboo lying crushed by a boa among the yellow bamboos beyond the hedge, passed swiftly through her mind.

"Mem see Baboo?" came the inevitable question.

It was unnecessary to say more. once Ah Minga, the "boy;" Zim, t cook; the *hebuns*, (gardeners); the *tua ayer* (water-boy), and even the se Hindoo *dirzee*, who sat sewing, dozi and chewing betel-nut, on the shady s of the veranda, turned out with one cord and commenced a systematic se for the missing Baboo.

Sometimes he was no farther off than the protecting screen of the "compound hedge, or the cool, green shadows beneath the bungalow. But oftener the government Sikhs had to be appealed to, at Kampong Glam in Singapore search from the great market to the courtly of Sultan Ali. It was useless to whip him for whippings seemed only to make Baboo grow. He would lisp serenely as Aboo Din took down the rattan whip above the door, "*Baboo baniak jaba*" (Baboo very bad!) and there was something so charmingly impersonal in all mischief, that we came between his

¹With acknowledgments to the *Youth's Companion*.

own body and the rod, time and again.

There was nothing distinctive in Baboo's features or form. To the casual observer he might have been any one of half-dozen of his playmates. Like them, he went about perfectly naked, soft, brown skin shining like polished teakwood in the fierce Malayan sun.

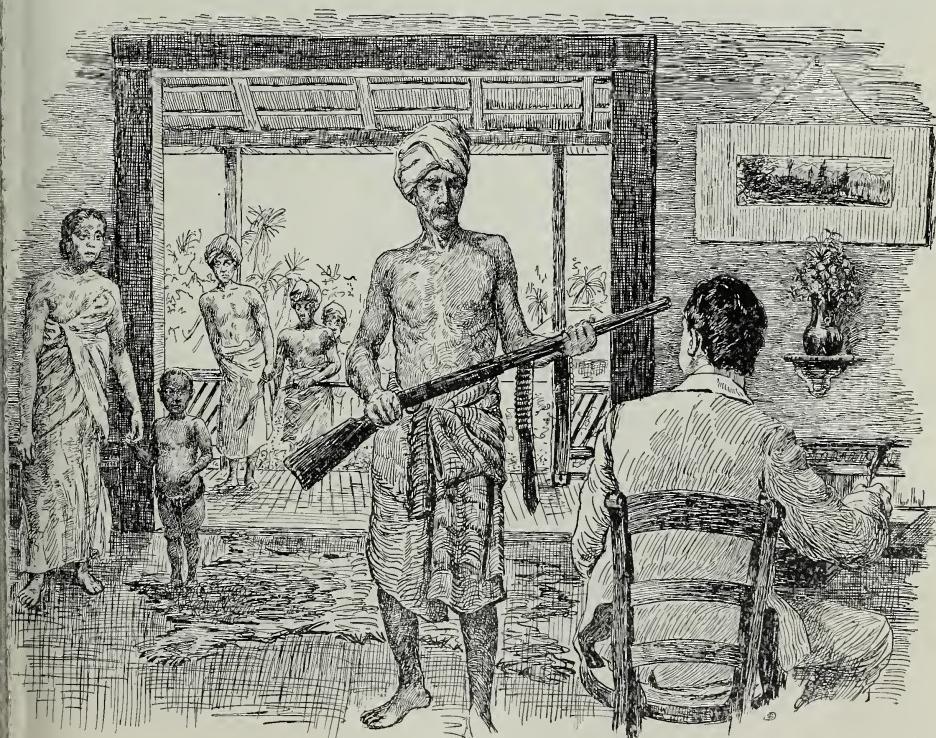
His hair was black, straight, and short, his eyes as black as coals. Like his companions, he stood as straight as an arrow, and could carry a pail of water on his head without spilling a drop.

He, too, ate rice three times a day, puffed him up like a little old man, which added to his grotesqueness and gave him a certain air of dignity that went well with his features when they were in repose. Around his waist he wore a silver chain with a silver heart

suspended from it. Its purpose was to keep off the evil spirits.

There was always an atmosphere of sandalwood and Arab essence about Baboo that reminded me of the holds of the old sailing-ships that used to come into Boston harbor from the Indies. I think his mother must have rubbed the perfumes into his hair as the one way of declaring her affection for him to the world. She could not give him clothes, or ornaments, or toys: such was not the fashion of Baboo's race. Neither was he old enough to wear the silk *sarong* that his Aunt Fatima had woven for him on her loom.

Baboo had been well trained, and however lordly he might be in the quarters, he was marked in his respect to the mistress. He would touch his forehead to the red earth when I drove away of



"SNATCHED UP MY WINCHESTER AND CARTRIDGE BELT, * * * SAYING 'LEKAS, (QUICK) COME.' "

a morning to the office, and the next moment I might catch him blowing a tiny ball of clay from his *sumpitan* into the ear of his father, the syce, as he stood majestically on the step behind me.

Baboo went to school for two hours every day to a fat old Arab *penager*, or teacher, whose schoolroom was an open stall, and whose only furniture a bench, on which he sat cross-legged, and flourished a whip in one hand and a chapter of the Koran in the other.

There were a dozen little fellows in the school; all naked. They stood up in line, and in a soft musical treble chanted in chorus the glorious promises of the Koran, even while their eyes wandered from the dusky corner, where a cheko lizard was struggling with an atlas moth, to the frantic gesticulations of a naked Hindu who was calling his meek-eyed bullocks hard names because they insisted on lying down in the middle of the road for their noonday siesta.

Baboo's father, Aboo Din, was a Hadji, for he had been to Mecca. When nothing else could make Baboo forget the effects of the green durian he had eaten, Aboo Din would take the child on his knees and sing to him of his trip to Mecca, in a quaint, monotonous voice, full of sorrowful quavers. Baboo believed he himself could have left Singapore any day and found Mecca in the dark.

We had been living some weeks in a government bungalow, fourteen miles from Singapore, across the island that looks out on the Straits of Malacca. The fishing and hunting were excellent. I had shot wild pig, deer, tapirs, and for some days had been getting ready to track down a tiger that had been prowling in the jungle about the bungalow.

But of a morning, as we lay lazily chatting in our long chairs behind the bamboo chicks, the cries of "Harimau!

Harimau!" and "Baboo!" came to us from the servants' quarters.

Aboo Din sprang over the railing of the veranda, and without stopping even to touch the back of his hand to his head, cried.—

"Tuan Consul, tiger have eat dog and got Baboo!"

Then he rushed into the dining-room, snatched up my Winchester and carbine belt, and handed them to me with "Lekas (quick)! Come!"

He sprang back off the veranda, ran to his quarters where the men were arming themselves with ugly *krisse* and heavy *parangs*.

I had not much hope of finding the tiger, much less of rescuing Baboo, alive or dead. The jungle loomed up like an impassable wall on all three sides of the compound, so dense, compact, and interwoven, that a bird could not fly through it. Still I knew that my men, if they had the courage, could follow where the tiger led, and could cut a path for me.

Aboo Din unloosed a half-dozen pack dogs that we kept for wild pig, and led them to the spot where the tiger had lain. In an instant the entire pack gave up a doleful howl and slunk back to their kennels.

Aboo Din lashed them mercilessly, drove them into the jungle, he followed on his hands and knees. I only waited to don my green *haki* suit and carry shooting hat and despatch a man to the neighboring *kampong*, or village, to the *pungbulo* (chief) to send me a party of *shikaris*, or hunters. Then I plodded into the jungle path that my kebuncut with their keen parangs, or jungle knives. Ten feet within the confines of the forest the metallic glare of the C. Sea were lost in a dim, green twilight. Far ahead I could hear the half-hearted snarls of the cowardly, deserting tigress.



BABOO.

and Aboo Din's angry voice rapidly exhausting the curses of the Koran on their heads.

My men, who were naked save for a cotton sarong wound around their waists, slashed here a rubber-vine, there a thorny rattan, and again a mass of creepers that were as tenacious as iron ropes, all the time pressing forward at a rapid walk. Ofttimes the trail led from the solid ground through a swamp where grew great sago palms, and out of which a black, sluggish stream flowed toward the straits. Gray iguanas and pendants of dove orchids hung from the limbs above, and green and gold lizards scuttled up the trees at our approach.

At the first plot of wet ground Aboo Din sent up a shout, and awaited my coming. I found him on his hands and knees, gazing stupidly at the prints in the moist earth.

"Tuan," he shouted, "see Baboo's feet, one — two — three — more! Praise be to Allah!"

I dropped down among the lily-pads and pitcher-plants beside him. There, sure enough, close by the cat-like footmarks of the tiger, was the perfect impression of one of Baboo's bare feet. Farther on was the imprint of another, and then a third. Wonderful! The intervals between the several footmarks were far enough apart for the stride of a man!

"*Apa?*" (What does it mean?) I said.

Aboo Din tore his hair and called upon Allah and the assembled Malays to witness that he was the father of this Baboo, but that in the sight of Mohammed he was innocent of this witchcraft. He had striven from Hari Rahmadan to Hari Rahmadan to bring this four-year-old up in the light of the Koran, but here he was striding through the jungle, three feet and more at a step, holding on to a tiger's tail!

I shouted with laughter as the dawned upon me. It must be Baboo was alive. His footprints before me. He was being drawn through the jungle by a full grown layan tiger! How else explain his possible strides, overlapping the blemishes!

Aboo Din turned his face to Mecca, and his lips moved in prayer.

"May Allah be kind to this tiger," he mumbled. "He is in the hands of a witch. We shall find him as hairy as an old cat. Baboo will break off his teeth with a club of billion wood and off his claws with his own teeth. He is merciful!"

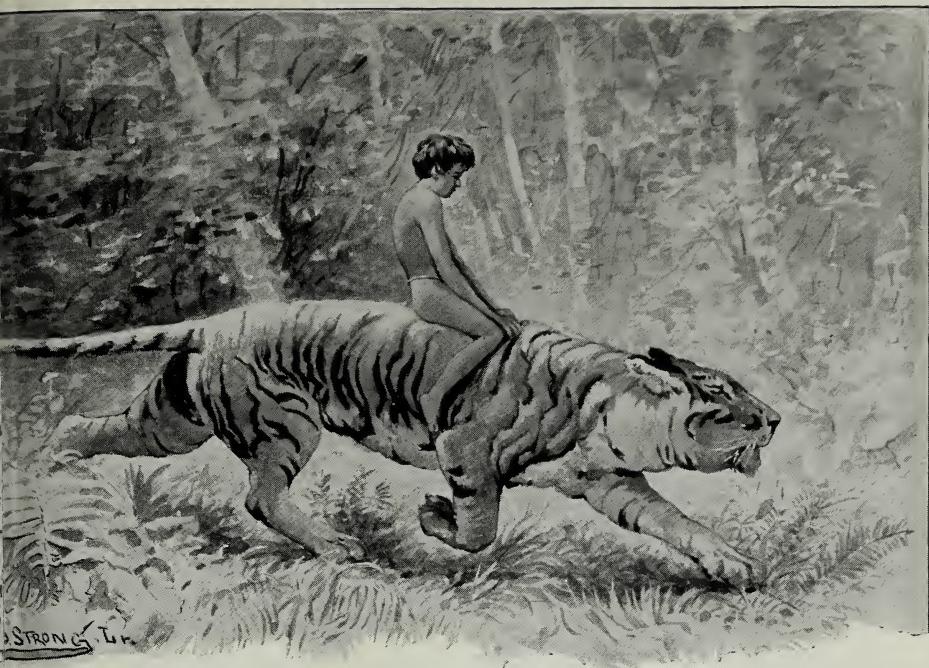
We pushed on for half an hour over dry, foliage-cushioned strip of ground that left no trace of the pursued. The second wet spot we dashed forward eagerly and scanned the trail for signs of Baboo, but only the pads of the tiger marred the surface of the slime.

Aboo Din squatted at the root of a huge mangrove and broke forth into lamentations, while the last remaining cur took advantage of his preoccupation to sneak back on the homeward trail.

"Aboo," I commanded sarcastically, "pergie! (move on!) Baboo is a tiger and a witch. He is tired of wallowing and is riding on the back of the tiger."

Aboo gazed into my face incredulously for a moment; then, picking up his sarong and tightening his sarong, started ahead without a word.

At noon we came upon a sandy stretch of soil that contained a few dried cocoanut palms, fringed by a shallow lagoon, and a great banian-tree whose trunk was hardly more than a mile in circumference. A troop of long-tailed wah-wah monkeys were scolding and whistling within its dense foliage with surprising intensity. Occasionally one would drop from an outreaching limb.



"BABOO IS A MAN AND A WITCH, AND IS RIDING ON THE BACK OF A TIGER."

of the pendulous roots, and then, a shrill whistle of fright, spring to the protection of his mates. Malay silenced them by throwing a ipe cocoanut into the midst of the and we moved on to the shade of turdiest palm. There we sat down st and eat some biscuits softened in milk of a cocoanut.

There is a boa in the roots of the n, Aboo," I said, looking longingly d its deep shadow.

nodded his head, and drew from ouch in the knot in his sarong a few n fragments of areca nut. These apped in a lemon-leaf well smeared lime, then tucked the entire mass he corner of his mouth.

a moment a brilliant red juice died os, and he closed his eyes in happy ntment, oblivious, for the time, of and fallen trunks that seemed ice in the parching rays of the sun, ous, even, of the loss of his first-

I was revolving in my mind whether there was any use in continuing the chase, which I would have given up long before, had I not known that a tiger who has eaten to repletion is both timid and lazy. This one had certainly break-fasted on a dog or on some animal before encountering Baboo.

I had hoped that possibly the barking of the curs might have caused him to drop the child, and make off where pursuit would be impossible; but so far we had, after those footprints, found neither traces of Baboo alive, nor the blood which should have been seen had the tiger killed the child.

Suddenly a long, pear-shaped mangrove-pod struck me full in the breast. I sprang up in surprise, for I was under a cocoanut-tree, and there was no mangrove nearer than the lagoon.

A Malay looked up sleepily, and pointed toward the wide-spreading banian.

"Monkey, tuan!"

My eyes followed the direction indi-

cated, and could just distinguish a grinning face among the interlacing roots at the base of the tree. So I picked up the green, dart-like end of the pod, and took careful aim at the brown face and milk-white teeth.

Then it struck me as peculiar that a monkey, after all the evidence of fright we had so lately witnessed, should seek a hiding-place that must be within easy reach of its greatest enemy, the boa-constrictor.

Aboo Din had aroused himself, and was looking intently in the same direction. Before I could take a step toward the tree he had leaped to his feet, and was bounding across the little space, shouting, "Baboo! Baboo!"

The small brown face instantly disappeared, and we were left staring blankly at a dark opening into the heart of the woody maze. Then we heard the small, well known voice of Baboo: —

"*Tabek* (greeting), tuan! Greeting, Aboo Din! Tuan consul no whip, Baboo come out."

Aboo Din ran his long, naked arm into the opening in pursuit of his first-born—the audacious boy who would make terms with his white master!

"Is it not enough before Allah that this son should cause me, a Hadji, to curse daily, but now he must bewitch tigers and dictate terms to the tuan and to me, his father? He shall feel the strength of my wrist; I will—O Allah!"

Aboo snatched forth his arm with a howl of pain. One of his fingers was bleeding profusely, and the marks of tiny teeth showed plainly where Baboo had closed them on the offending hand.

"*Biak, Baboo, mari!*" (Good, come forth!) I said.

First the round, soft face of the small miscreant appeared; then the head, and then the naked little body. Aboo Din grasped him in his arms, regardless of

his former threats, or of the blood that was flowing from his wounds. They amid caresses and promises to Allah kill fire-fighting cocks, the father hugged and kissed Baboo until he cried out in pain.

After each Malay had had the little fellow in his arms, I turned to him and said, while I tried to be severe,—

"Baboo, where is tiger?"

"*Sudah mati*, (dead), tuan," he answered with dignity. "Tiger there, tuan. *Sladang* kill. I hid and wait for Aboo Din!"

He touched his forehead with the back of his brown palm. There was nothing either in the little fellow's bearing or words, that betrayed fear or bravado. It was only one mishap more or less to him.

We followed Baboo's lead to the edge of the jungle, and there, stretched out on the hot sand, lay the great, tawny beast, stamped and pawed until he was almost unrecognizable.

All about him were the hoof-marks of the great sladang, the fiercest and most ferocious animal of the peninsula—the layan bull that will charge a tiger, black lion, a boa, and even a crocodile on sight. Hunters will go miles to track one of them, and a herd of elephants will go trumpeting away in fear at their approach.

"*Kuching besar* (big cat) eat Baboo chow dog, then sleep in lallang grass—this was the child's story. "Baboo find, and say, '*Bagus kuching* (big kitty), see Baboo's doll?' Kuching like Baboo's doll mem consul go. Kuching run away. Baboo catch run too. Kuching go long ways. Baboo 'fraid Aboo Din whip and tell kuching must go back. Kuching pick Baboo in mouth when Baboo let go."

"Kuching hurt Baboo. Baboo s' fingers in kuching's eye. Kuching

re hurt Baboo. Kuching stop under
hian-tree and sleep. Big sladang
ne, fight kuching. Baboo sorry for
d kuching. Baboo hid from sladang,
Aboo Din no whip Baboo?"

His voice dropped to a pathetic little
iver, and he put up his hands with an
ealing gesture; but his brown legs
e drawn back ready to flee should
oo Din make one hostile move.

"Baboo," I said, "you are a hero!"
Baboo opened his little black eyes, but
not dispute me.

You shall go to Mecca when you
w up, and become a Hadji, and when
come back the high *kadi* shall take

you in the mosque and make a *kateeb* of
you," said I. "Now put your forehead
on the ground and thank the good Allah
that the kuching had eaten dog before he
got you."

Baboo did as he was told, but I think
that in his heart he was more grateful
that for once he had evaded a whipping
than for his remarkable escape.

A little later the punghulo came up
with a half-dozen shikaris, or hunters,
and a pack of hunting dogs. The men
skinned the mutilated carcass of the only
"good tiger" I met during my three
years' hunting in the jungles of this
strange old peninsula.

Rounsevelle Wildman.

DAWN, YAMHILL, OREGON.

HUSHED and still and tremulous all,
Save, now and then, a bird's low call and crow
Of lusty cock. Afar off, hanging low
Beneath the gray horizon like a wall,
Shy mists ascending spread a shifting pall
O'er hills and slumbering forests; while below,
The drowsy fields look on and smile. When lo!
Sweet morn appears with radiant face, and all
The waking world seems glad. Hood's luminous crest
Sends golden rays o'er fields of bearded grain,
Whose bended heads whisper of harvest days;
And 'round the bald-browed guardians of the West
Rebellious mists reluctantly remain,
While hill and dale blush in the morn's embrace.

Charles Grissen.



Charybdis, 13,300 feet.

Scylla, 13,200 feet.

DISAPPEARING CREEK, HEAD WATERS MIDDLE FORK KING'S RIVER.

UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF THE HIGH SIERRA.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE KING'S RIVER.



NA cloudless Sunday morning in the summer of 1863, Mr. Clarence King, just out of college and come to California in search of glory, stood on Mount Bullion, a little peak in the

Mariposa foothills, and sighed his soul toward the snowy mountains that lay gleaming in the sun far to the east and south. In those days the groves of Mount Bullion were Mr. King's temple, whither he repaired for quiet meditation, leaving the miners and greasers of Mariposa town to break the Sabbath in their own peculiarly hilarious way.

Now, as a rule, the farther away a mountain, the more insignificant it appears; but Mr. King, being an uncommonly clever young fellow, decided that those snow peaks were grander in proportion as they receded from view: later he let Professor Whitney into his secret. Whitney was Chief of the California Geological Survey, with a small salary

and a small appropriation with which was expected to tell everything possible to be learned concerning the 175,000 square miles of California; so, to economize, he imported to assist him, young King, young Gardner, young Hoffman, and other bright youngsters, who it may be suspected were paid mostly in the hope of glory.

We can imagine Whitney patting King on the back in a fatherly way and saying, "All right, Clarence, my boy, we'll send a party into those new Alps of yours as soon as the season opens."

At all events, this is what was done, for the following May found Professor Brewer and his young assistants with pack-animals, laden with instruments and all manner of impedimenta, wading through the shallow sea of flowers that filled the San Joaquin Valley in early time. From Visalia they traveled to Thomas's Mill, and then, taking the ridge between the King's and Kaweah rivers, marched courageously eastward toward the unknown Alps.

From Sonora Pass to Tehachapi —

les—the High Sierra “brooded in ty solitude.” Neither stockmen nor prospectors had visited it. Nomadic Indians from the desert sometimes crossed the range over strange paths, and a few trappers had penetrated the outskirts of fastnesses. The Spaniard of the foothills,—which then contained the greater part of the population of the bordering counties of Fresno and Tulare,

himself during the expedition. He climbed Mount Tyndall by the most idiotically perilous route he could have followed had he made selection of his course from a balloon. From its summit he saw and named Mount Whitney, after his chief, (Brewer had already been similarly honored,) and Mount Gardner and Mount King after one of his comrades and himself. The latter—a miniature Matterhorn—probably only King could climb. It still awaits complete conquest. Thanks to his judiciously injudicious selection of routes of ascent and his want of proper outfit,—all of which may have been either his tenderfootedness or only a kind of literary forethought,—he succeeded in meeting with experiences so thrilling that nothing of published travel in the Alps is possessed of greater fascination; this, well told, with vivid descriptive passages, chapters of local character study, and bits of humor the brightest and keenest and most irresistible than can be imagined, make up his “Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada,” whose wide sale must have compensated this precocious young mountaineer for any quantity of back salary unpaid by the California Legislature.

It will not be necessary, therefore, to say much on the subject of the southern



VIEW FROM MOUNT GODDARD—GODDARD CREEK,
MIDDLE FORK KING'S RIVER.

when asked for information, invariably responded, “Quien sabe?” shrugging shoulders and glancing with no kindly eye at the forbidding landscape. So the little party plodded on, discovered the King's River Cañon (and gave, perhaps, a juster criticism of its relation to Yosemite than we have had since), climbed and named a number of peaks, passed completely over the summit to the desert, and after a little more exploring in the basin of the San Joaquin, finally reached Clark's Ranch, more dead than alive. But King had vindicated himself. These mountains were found to be the “summit of the United States,” and to constitute what was called an American Alps, a small portion which was pretty well explored before the Survey was legislated out of existence. King especially distinguished



LOOKING SOUTH FROM SAN JOAQUIN—KING'S RIVER DIVIDE.

branches of the King's River. The great Cañon of the South Fork, and the several tributaries of Bubb's Creek, were drawn on the map of the old Survey with approximate accuracy, as was also much of the rougher topography of the region they drain. Mount Silliman, Mount Brewer, Kaweah Peak, Mount Whitney, Mount Tyndall, Mount Williamson, Mount King, and Mount Gardner, were



DISTANT VIEW OF THE PALISADES FROM MOUNT WALLACE, 14,000 FEET.

all well described in the report of the Survey. These form a magnificent cluster of peaks. But north of the great Cañon the party could not proceed. The divide between the South and Middle Forks of the river, over which the frequently traveled Granite Basin Trail now zigzags, proved an impassable barrier, and they turned east, to enter the mountains again over the Mono Creek pass, about sixty miles to the north. Since 1864 none but shepherds and a few private persons have penetrated the intervening region, and today the map of Fresno County is either a blank or a falsehood in its delineation of the topography of the North and Middle Forks of the King's River.

This region, equally with that to the north and to the south, abounds in the grandest alpine scenery. Its gorges are

peculiarly deep and wild, its peaks having an elevation of over fourteen thousand feet, and there are a number of features not elsewhere found in the Sierra, so far as I have observed. In the upper regions of the Middle Fork, also, there is a peculiar mingling of volcanic rock and slate with the granite which is not found southward until the lower Kern is reached.

As was the case with the previous article on the San Joaquin, I shall be able to give here only a general sketch of the sources of the King's River, preserving the special features of the region, especially its gorges,—for separate articles.

About thirty miles north of the King's River Cañon, a ridge of dark-colored saw-teeth mountains rises high above the surrounding crest. These are the Palisades. From them the axis of the range veers from its northwest course and trends in a nearly westerly direction a distance of twenty miles; and from this point nearly at the center of this course another ridge shoots off westerly by a little south. This is the divide between the King's and San Joaquin rivers. With the eastern half of the twenty-mile stretch of crest, it forms the watershed of the Middle Fork of the King's. From it at least five large streams flow irregularly southward, which, uniting in the vicinity of the Upper Cañon, as it



LOOKING SOUTHEAST FROM MOUNT GODDARD.



UPPER MIDDLE FORK KING'S RIVER, INTERSECTION OF CARTRIDGE CREEK.

illed, form the main Middle Fork of the river. Thirty-five miles below, this stream joins the South Fork, and eighteen miles farther down the North Fork empties into the now mighty King's River. The maps show the North Fork as heading on the main crest, but in fact it does not rise within fifteen miles of the true crest.

The western terminus of the King's-San Joaquin water-shed is Mount Goddard, which is a very prominent point from the south, from which direction it was named by the old Survey; but from the north it is an exceedingly inconspicuous mountain. Northward of the peak the Evolution group of mountains lies on the opposite side of the trough of the Middle Fork of the San Joaquin. Westward the South Fork Cañon of the same river soon plunges into its long trench, southwestward the North Fork of the King's drains toward the plains, and immediately to the south heads Goddard Creek, which is one of the five streams that unite to form the Middle Fork of the King's. This twenty-mile ridge from Goddard to the Palisades marks the

widest zone of true Alpine crest in the Sierra. The deep gorges of the King's lie on one side, the fantastically eroded lake basin of the San Joaquin on the other. On the former, gentle slopes of fractured granite lead down from the culmination of the divide; these quickly change into precipitous descents to the gorges. On the latter, the face of the divide is a continuous line of nearly perpendicular precipices against which large bodies of snow and ice lie banked, protected by the shade of the gaunt cliffs. Much of this is possibly glacial ice. I once followed this divide from Goddard a distance of five miles and then descended one of the Middle Fork gorges,—a most remarkable locality to be hereafter described. It was that through which flows Disappearing Creek. (See map in article in the May number.)

Immediately below the amphitheaters at the base of the peak, Goddard Creek drains at first a deep valley, the black walls of which—similar to those of the Enchanted Gorge—imprison it relentlessly within the mountain fastness. A strangely incongruous sight it is, and

yet one eminently characteristic of the high Sierra, as the traveler looks down into this upper Valley of Goddard Creek from the heights of ice and rock that everywhere surround it. On the north the mighty escarpment of Mount Goddard, built up cliff above cliff, buttressed and bastioned five thousand feet into the thin blue air ; on either side, east and west, great leaning walls of slate ; and below, a narrow defile of rock-throttled gorge, through which the mad-dened stream tears its way for twenty miles to the Middle Fork. Thus harshly enclosed is a garden so spacious that a town could be built upon it, and so lovely that it might well be the home of a band of mountain sylphs. About the talus margins and here and there in the center of the valley grow alpine trees with pale green foliage, brightened by effects of gold and silver, the colors, respectively, of the live and of the dead trunks. In the middle, through a rich, level lawn the stream winds its sinuous, glassy

course, and exactly in the center of garden is a beautiful lake of forty or fifty acres.

Twelve miles below, opposite the mouth of Disappearing Creek, granite walls rise to the height of Yosemite cliffs, and similar to them in abruptness, in sculpture and in vegetation. From this point on the Middle Fork, the right hand wall of Goddard Creek is a continuous precipice of gray granite, the left hand wall a continuous precipice of blackish slate. On one side a glare as of midsummer day, on the other the somber shadow of winter twilight.

But it is the region of the Palisades that forms the chief glory of the Middle Fork Alps. Goddard and its creeks lie from twenty to twenty-five miles away. Obviously, then, as we approach the main crest, we should expect an expansion and intensification of the scenery. It is so. The Palisade country, I have reason to believe, is the acme of alpine sublimity on the American continent.



Cliffs, 6,000 feet high.

FISKE'S MINE, UPPER MIDDLE FORK KING'S RIVER. ALTITUDE 6,500 FEET.

merit this distinction, it needs only to be superior to the crest about the head of Bear Creek on the north and of the King's on the south, and I think it is. Certainly it is the most formidable of conquest of any part of the Californian Alps. There is here a very chaos of gorges of appalling depth and savage aspect, separating and throwing into fearful relief a great mass of peaks, precipices, and cliffs, amongst which glitter frozen lakes, cascades, snow-fields, and, it is said, glaciers. Over this Titan's pandemonium tower the Palisades or Saw-teeth, flinging aloft their pinnacled crests

Fork Cañon, and Paradise Valley, undoubtedly the most remarkable cluster of gorges on the face of the earth.

In altitude the Palisades cannot be inferior to Mount Whitney by more than a paltry few hundred feet, and I have some reason to believe it not impossible that the North Palisade, occasionally so-called, may on accurate measurement be found actually to dominate the whole Sierra. With one possible exception no reliable observations have ever been made of the elevation of the crest within ninety miles on the south and sixty miles on the north of the Palisades.

Frank Dusy, mountaineer and sheep-owner, and Lil A. Winchell, pioneer mountain explorer from impulse of pure love, both of Fresno, deserve the credit of having been the first to exploit the marvels of the Middle Fork Alps. A blackened spire toward the northern end of the Palisade Group bears Mr. Dusy's name, while Mr. Winchell has spent many a week through many a summer exploring and sketching in the vicinity. Last August, Professor Bolton Coit Brown, of Stanford University, led a little mule up Cartridge Creek to the head of the South Fork, and down the cañon of the latter stream to a point from which he found it impossible to rescue his animal; upon which he made his way on foot to his destination and starting point, the King's River cañon.

Of hardly less savage magnificence than the Middle Fork country is that of the South Fork. Between the upper part of its main stream and the crest—a triangle whose northern apex is the Palisades—a bristling array of peaks, for the most part nameless, shelter the perpetual snows that feed the streams of the King's River Cañon. Mount King and Mount Gardner are the vanguard of this numerous group, upon others of which, of striking form, Professor Brown has bestowed the names



SNOW TUNNEL IN ENCHANTED GORGE, MIDDLE FORK KING'S RIVER.

thousand feet clear of the surrounding mountains.

The streams of Triple Falls drain this fifty area toward the south, flowing from Palisade Valley—a place of truly awful desolation—into Cartridge Creek, one of the largest branches of the Middle Fork, into which it pours a few miles north of the confluence of Goddard Creek. On the south of Palisade Valley the head streams of the Main Fork of the river have their rise. Thus the Palisades are the true parents of the King's, giving birth to those mighty rivers, first of ice and then of water, to which we owe the King's River Cañon, Tehipite Valley, the Middle

Striped Mountain, Red Mountain, Split Mountain, and Arrow Peak.

A little farther south the water flows into Bubb's Creek, the right hand artery of the South Fork, whose southern tributaries drain extensive *nérée* fields that robe the base of the precipices of the great King's River divide. Farther west, Roaring River and Big Bowlder Creek are the last of the King's River streams within the high Sierra.



B—Mount Goddard.

G—Mount Fiske.
VIEW OF KING'S-SAN JOAQUIN DIVIDE FROM
MOUNT WALLACE.

The basin of the King's is not so extensive as that of the San Joaquin, and the latter excels it also in the possession of certain features of peculiar novelty and beauty, while its distinctively alpine scenery is quite as fine, excepting possibly for the Palisade region. But the basin of the King's is a place of gorges, cañons, and narrow valleys, deeper, longer, of greater number, and as it were, of a more spectacular scenic quality than those of the San Joaquin. The King's River Sierra is the gorge country of the range. Bubb's Creek, the King's River Cañon, Paradise Valley, Tehipite, the Upper Middle Fork, Goddard Creek, the Enchanted Gorge, and Cartridge Creek,—all these gorges will receive fitting

attention—though of necessity brief in succeeding articles.

There has been much prospecting the metamorphic slate among the head streams of the Middle Fork of the King River. Silver ore in considerable quantities has been located, and a little mined, in a small way, with profit. Some gold has been found, it is said; much iron ore is in sight; there are traces of copper, and also an occasional seam of fairly good graphite. None of this may now be developed, however, since all the Southern Sierra has been reserved as a national park. But for some time to come its principal material wealth—the grazing—will be utilized as of yore by the sheep herds. The American sheep-owner is content with a monopolization of the large ranges in the lower parts of the mountains; the alpine pastures, often all but inaccessible, with their short seasons of freezing nights, and scant camp-fire fuel, are left to the Portuguese or French herder, who, with his fifteen hundred to two thousand sheep,—all he possesses in the world,—forces his way with great hardship over the passes from the east as soon as the feed is finger high; or when the incredible patience and skill drives him half famished bands up the cañons of the



SOURCES OF THE MIDDLE FORK KING'S RIVER,
14,000 FEET.

western slope to these high basins, there remain until the fall storms force him down to a milder zone. The "Portoogee" can take his pack train, his mules or burros, over ground that baffles the mountain-climbing craft of the most experienced American herders, and the Frenchmen are said to show their heels to the Portuguese. These Basques, or "Bascoes" they are called, who drive their sheep to the very teeth of the Californian Alps, are perhaps the most skilful mountaineers in the world. Show them grass and they will get their sheep to it,—sheep can be driven almost anywhere,—and in time, their pack animals, though to do so they may have to make a detour of fifty miles. The highest "short-hair" meadows often lie in seemingly impenetrable fastnesses of summit ridges whose sheer, roughly fractured flanks and pinnacled crests seem to forbid the very thought of such an undertaking. It is all one to the countless Frenchman. He first finds the best point of attack along the whole length of the "divide." This may lead through narrow, torrent-worn, aspen-choked gullies that shelves up to a notch in the rugged ridge. Step by step he leads his

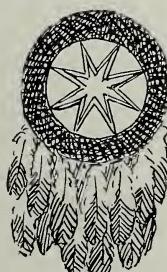
jacks,—buried under a great pack usually topped by an inverted bread-pan,—now among the boulders of the icy brook, now clinging to the loose debris on one side or the other, and so toward the crest. Soon they must traverse a patch of snow of dangerous acclivity. At every step the jack strikes the narrow, sharp little hoofs of his forefeet deep into the hard, treacherous surface. There is suddenly a gap in the snow-field, and five feet below, the fractured rock surface, alive with snags. With a little coaxing, burro takes aim, leans low and springs lightly, planting his feet with an unerring mechanical sense of friction and equipoise,—though occasionally he slips a little. A spring, and he is on the snow slope again, which, crossed, is succeeded by a shapeless pile of rock-debris, over which he picks his way with infinite care and caution to the notch of a pass. Here, perhaps, he is lowered by a rope down a precipice twenty or thirty feet, after which, on finding himself once more on those four talented legs of his, he continues down the opposite side of the ridge and into the basin, where myriad gray specks of sheep are moving in the short-hair.

Theodore S. Solomons.

THE HALF DOME.

MONARCH mountain! whose clear image lies
Reflected on the waters at thy base,
If thou wert animate, I could surmise
Why steeply climb thy shoulders into space,
And why no woods, nor beetling ridges break
The open view below thy marble face.
For then, unmoving, freely thou couldst take
Proud glimpse of self within the Mirror Lake.
Thus while the coming sun unbids the lace
Of cloud worn nightly on thy sovereign brow,
And ruffling winds are pent, I fancy thou
Art watching rapt beside the lake with me,
To see thy naked form appear. Lo, now
It shows in its serene sublimity!

Wilbur G. Zeigler.



CONCERNING SCHOOL LIBRARIES.



OST educated men and women of at least middle age who have taken the pains to compare the reading of the children they know with that of their own youth, have experienced a surprise not altogether agreeable in finding how much lighter in character it is. Outside of a few families, in which the reading of the children has been very carefully controlled, one will find that books which were regarded as exciting recreation in his own youth, are now ranked as heavy reading, destined for the improvement of the mind. Within a day or two I visited a home where I found an intelligent young girl of fourteen absorbed in a light society novel of no particular value. "I cannot get her to read Ivanhoe," her mother said, turning over the unworn volume, in a pretty, tempting edition. "She complains that it is too heavy and long. She quarrels with the descriptions, and wants to get on with the story. I'm sure we used to think Ivanhoe most exciting reading at her age; and to enjoy stopping over the descriptions, and trying to picture the scene."

The deterioration in quality of reading that has taken place between parent and child is a thing quite provable and measurable: one has only to recall, as most people can quite exactly, the books that were his favorites at any given stage of his youth, and then find what young people of the same age like to read now. I am satisfied that such a comparison will show in very many cases a loss in liter-

ary taste, in power of sustained attention, and in comprehension of the English language.

This is a very serious matter: disposed to think it is more radically serious than we have begun to realize. I occasion lately to look over a group of autobiographic sketches of the manner of education of some dozen such men as Edward Everett Hale, President Andrew D. White, Commissioner Harris. Some of these men had "tumbled about in library" from infancy, and had attended the best schools in America; some had been bred in the poverty of lonely farms and picked up what learning they could in a few months of district school. But all except one learned to read early, and long before they were ten entered in the household treasure of at least a few volumes of classic worth, — Bunyan, Burke, Addison, Keble, Wordsworth. The one who did not was the single exception of the group who stumbled drearily through his later education, and found little in it till he reached manhood. I am certain that in our colleges today the effect of the weakness of reading habits in earlier stages of education is severely felt. The precious power, the invaluable power, of sustained attention is easily crippled.

Probably the greatest agency in the deterioration has been the interest of publishers and writers in the sale of juvenile literature. And immediately taking juvenile literature. But it has been backed by the doctrine which has gained so firm a hold on many parents and teachers, that effec-

dangerous to children's brains. The muscles are daily tasked in romping ; it would tire a grown person, and the parent looks on and sees that it is good ; unknown terrors may befall the wing brain if it is given like vigorous fatiguing strain. And a very few hours of accustoming it to languid efforts, asks always well within its powers, brief and changing demands on attention, make the fear true, by the condition incapacity for exertion and the readiness for nervous fatigue that has been brought about. The child then really does not rise except by irksome effort to long and inspiring reading.

I believe that in spite of floods of pedagogic talk, brains in this world have suffered very little from hard work. There are two main dangers that threaten us, and they begin by the time a baby three or four months old, and have an appreciable effect by the beginning of school life. One is the danger of atrophy from lack of exercise ; the other of a frivolous, fickle excitability from too much light and changing stimuli.

In the matter of reading, the child in the country, without even a small card of good books in the home, sometimes grows up with a great incapacity to read and understand books. It may be open to discussion whether the city child's access to public libraries, to the stalls of cent books and five-cent periodicals, large Sunday School libraries, and borrowed books and papers of all sorts, is a social evil in itself : but it is far from being as easy to control. A little school library, well chosen, and a wise teacher, will unlock the doors of great literatures to the bookless country child : but it is easier to keep the city child's mind free from the enfeebling stuff that will so completely shut out good literature. And as a matter of fact, parents and teachers

seem surprisingly neglectful in exercising the control they might over the child's reading. As far as I can learn, it is a common practice to give a child a library card and let him forage for himself in our ordinary public libraries. The most careful parents will turn a child loose thus in a Sunday School library. The school library in Californian cities is so small a collection compared with others accessible, that it plays a minor part ; and the right policy for the schools is undoubtedly some such alliance with the city library as that worked out in Worcester by Mr. Green. Something of this sort was done in Los Angeles, when Miss Kelso was librarian there ; and it has been begun in San Francisco since Mr. Clark has taken charge of the library. It requires a librarian and corps of teachers in sympathy with the plan, and able to carry it out intelligently. To be thus able, they should have first and foremost a much livelier interest in the child's reading, and a much deeper sense of its importance, and a better literary training themselves, than is now common.

Theoretically, there can be small difference of opinion about the desirability of introducing literature as a regular part of primary and grammar school courses : one cannot doubt that inspiring books of travel, exploration, and history, in connection with map study, leave a much larger residuum of geographical knowledge than the old-fashioned set text-books ; nor that to be able to read and care for good books is a more fundamental thing in education than analytic grammar. There is no reluctance on the part of school boards to see this, at present, in California : and actual revisions of school courses have been made in a number of our cities and counties, making place — in some cases, large place — for literature in the curriculum. But I cannot find that the results are as great

as one would reasonably expect. Perhaps there has not been time yet to test them; but it is easy to see dangers in the practical working of the literature courses, as long as we cannot hope to have all our schools taught by people of wide and inspiring literary culture. The teaching of myth and poetry, essay and biography, as laid out in the courses I have examined, is expected to be somewhat analytic, directed by the teacher in accordance with definite theories. Here is an excellent opportunity to petrify a living book into a mechanical schoolroom task, and paralyze a child's nascent love of letters. I confess to having a considerable fear that the opportunity will be utilized. There is no element of service in books that may not be misused in feeble hands. Tell the teacher that the great thing to accomplish is the ethical inspiration of the child, the sense of great things and great motives in life,—and if the teacher herself is of thin and imitative emotion, all you will get will be the sentimentalizing of instruction. One does not like to think of having a teacher of this sort sit down to interpret the spirit and lessons of Homer, say, with a class of children. The influence of the great mind, strained through the medium of a mediocre one before it can reach the children, may be utterly transformed. And in the nature of things, most teachers must be of mediocre mind, because most human beings are.

But in the books themselves, there is safety,—the books uninterpreted and undiluted, save where zeal and sympathy brings the teacher into quite spontaneous conference with the children about them. To have the best books accessible, and to set the children to reading them, is always possible. I should even require the reading of them if it proved necessary, under some pretext of compositions to be written, or questions to be asked,—

not enough of a set exercise to turn the reading of the book itself into a task, but merely to start the child into the path of reading; the aim should be the habit of untasked and hearty seeking of good literature, the knowledge of books and friends. One often hears it advised that the habit of reading should be coaxed into being by letting young people begin with weak books if they will read those spontaneously, hoping that the taste for better ones will grow. My own observation has been that the poor books lessened, rather than developed, the power of coming to like good ones; for most good books involve a good deal of mental activity,—joyous and willing activity, like that of hard play, if the mind is healthy, but repugnant if one has become used to reading that which requires no effort. One would really rather try to cultivate a taste for good books by requiring the reading of them till the charm lays hold on the child, than by starting in with weak ones.

There can be no doubt that children are capable of enjoying much mature literature than they usually get. The modern tenderness for children is always in danger of falling into the mistake of babying them too much. They understand more than we think. We judge them by their ignorance of life and the emotional immaturity, but they are in no means so young in all respects as these.

Miss Burt, in "Literary Landmarks," says:—

A sixth grade teacher [sixth grade children will average twelve years old] in Chicago told me that she put a copy of the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius on her desk, and the children carried it to and from school, reading it by the way, gathering its pithy sentences as they would gather wayside flowers. I have seen many children delighted with the book.

Miss Burt also quotes from a letter of Charles Dudley Warner:—

s a general thing I do not believe in books ten for children. Most of the books of this seem to be a fatal mistake, enfeebling to g minds. . . . I am not sure but it ld be a gain if all the so-called children's rs were destroyed, and the children depended egher on what we call adult literature. I w of a family of young children who read, or read to them, a translation of the Iliad. y were perfectly captivated by it, and they more out of it, even though not able to read selves, than they would have got from a e library of the stuff children now commonly . . . In my district school days we did ave much juvenile literature, and I rememow the fine selections of good literature in eading-books ennobled the mind and kindled nagination.

tonia C. Maury, a Vassar graduate, pupil of Miss Mitchell, wrote:—

n I was very young, I used to be greatly ested in a volume on The Starry Heavens. . I should think [it] could be understood y intelligent child of six or seven. . . . a little older, I read Lockyer's Elements tronomy with absorbing interest. Herbert ter's Essay on the Nebular Hypothesis is lost full and satisfactory discussion of this wonderful of astronomical topics that I have read. It is not exactly easy reading, as is much close reasoning in it. But as I stood it when about thirteen years old, you nagine that it is written with that author's cteristic power of making deep subjects

I found it very striking and impressive.

rs. Sidney Lanier wrote:

little Robin, barely seven, has been repeat- boring over John Burroughs's essays, without suggestions from any one. I should not thought of offering Mr. Burroughs's essays hild of seven for his unaided reading. This e more confirmation of your well-founded that children can share the best that is n.

nd John Burroughs himself says:

t winter I read to my boy (aged eight) The of Carthage, in Putnam's series of the s of the Nations, and could never tire him it. Dana's Two Years Before the Mast ed in admirably with it.

w all this talk of the importance of books does not mean that one needs

to confine children's reading to heavy books. Probably a list of acknowledged masterpieces would contain more that was really interesting and exciting than a list of mediocre books, which, though easy reading, are really dull in substance. Myths and fairy tales, especially the old world-famous fairy tales, chivalric romance, adventure, really good child stories, are literature that no one should think of keeping from a child. For all his remarks above about "juvenile literature," Charles Dudley Warner recommends Jean Ingelow's and Mrs. Ewing's child stories; Mr. Cable praises "Little Women"; and "Little Lord Fauntleroy;" Miss Larcom rejoices that her childhood was nursed not only on

God moves in a mysterious way,
and

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
but also on Cinderella and Aladdin, the
Sleeping Beauty, and the rest of the folk-
tales of East and West; and I have never
seen a list of books for children, by the
most sternly critical compiler, which
thinks of omitting Grimm and Andersen,
Arabian Nights, and Robinson Crusoe,
Hawthorne's Wonder Book, The Seven
Little Sisters, and sundry more, that no
one can call hard reading.

There are extant several good lists of books, suitable for children in primary and grammar grades. The most complete one is Miss Burt's, in the book above quoted (*Literary Landmarks*). The California State Board of Education publishes a list, but it is so poor that it can scarcely be mended except with a new one. It omits many of the best books, and includes a great deal of the merest mediocrity, and some things grossly unsuitable for children's reading, such as Howe's "Story of a Country Town."

This State list is only advisory: the authority to select books rests with the

county boards; and accordingly each county has a list, from which the schools in that county must select their libraries. Sometimes the county boards simply adopt the State board's list; sometimes they have much better ones of their own; sometimes even worse ones. If the board chances to have one member who has made a special study of children's reading,—if the county superintendent, or some influential teacher, takes pains about it, and has good judgment,—there is a chance of an excellent list. If the matter is left to be settled mainly by stray suggestions as to the books the children like, or by the urgencies of agents, the little incomes of the district libraries stand a good chance of being wasted. The agent is no doubt the worst danger in the whole matter. Once get his book or piece of apparatus on the county list, he may seek the district trustees, and dazzle their eyes with all manner of useless things. It would seem to be the best policy to have a new and really good list compiled by the State Board of Education, and then either to have the authority transferred from the county lists to this, or else to encourage a practice of voluntary adoption of this by the counties.

Of course any such list contains many more books than will be purchased by any one school library. The law of California sets apart annually for library purposes from five to ten per cent of the county school tax apportioned to each school, provided the amount never exceeds fifty dollars a year; and out of this, teaching apparatus must be bought. Twenty dollars a year is the lowest sum I can hear of as falling to any one school. After globes, maps, and charts have been bought, no district will be able in a decade to spend more than \$150 to \$400 on library books. Miss Burt's list contains more volumes than any district could buy

in thirty years, and does not admit single unquestionably inferior book. City libraries sometimes have a little money,—in Oakland, the largest amount is \$50 to a school, without deduction for apparatus,—and there is provision for increasing the income of school libraries by the admission of odd people to their privileges for a fee. Cities sometimes supplement the funds received under State law; and county districts now and then have the zeal to raise money by subscriptions and entertainments for the benefit of the library. But there is no danger that any careful list, such as might be adopted by the State Board of Education, would need to include inferior books, in order to have enough for libraries to choose from.

This is equivalent to saying that one might make out a good many different lists of books as examples of what would constitute a well chosen district library. But certain general principles must control the making of any list. First, the books must be in themselves good. Second, I think we must all come to the doctrine (whether "Herbartian," or otherwise known) that for the child and the race, literature begins with myth and folk-tale, and passes on, through poetry and romance, to history, and essay, to modern fiction, and all the rest of the phases. Much of the vexed question as to the proportions of fiction and truth in a library becomes irrelevant from this point of view: for the myth, folk-tale, ballad, heroic romance, is to a great extent the source of both fiction and truth. The child who has begun with the Arabian Nights, the Greek and Norse myths, the German and Irish folk-tales, the Indian legends, finds himself landed imperceptibly in such poetry as Hiawatha, and such scientific studies of comparative mythology as Fiske's Myths and Myths of the American Indians.

kers, (with the fascinating insights they give into the early history of human thought,) and in such histories as Rago's Chaldea. The teacher need not fail to make out a strict course of reading this principle of literary development: the books be there, and the child will probably feel out a course for himself, following the lead of his interest from one book to another.

In the third place, any library must be selected with reference to the varying needs to be met. There must be a certain number of reference books; there should be some books for the sake of the teacher; there must be books for tiny children and books for young people almost ready for high school. Although the question of the proportion of fiction in fact is simplified by ranking mythical in a fundamental class by itself, it is no means entirely answered. One must consider how far the school should choose books for use as collateral reading in their studies,—as a means of historic, geographic, and scientific information, and how far for the mere pleasure and quickening of the child. A child has as much right to read a thing simply and why because it is a thoroughly good story, artily entertaining, as we have,—and set a great value on that right ourselves.

To a certain extent, the conditions of individual schools affect the choice of books. Out of many possible good lines of reading, the teacher will choose those that she herself is best able to interest children in, or that she finds them best prepared to get good from,—or, on the other hand, most grossly deficient in. buying in small installments, from year to year, a teacher can measure her library to the needs of the school, as the year's work has shown them.

Two or three special restrictions lie on the selection of books. One is the

utter seclusion of all sectarian matter. I should not allow this rule to keep Pilgrim's Progress off the shelves, but would take my chance of trouble from the passage about Giants Pope and Pagan. Kingsley's Water Babies is perhaps scarcely worth the risk: one would have to be influenced by the status of sectarian feeling in the neighborhood: if it was very suspicious and inflammable, there would have to be a closer censorship for the occasional passage that might give offense. Another special difficulty in California is that most of the nature books, written in the East, have not direct enough relation to the outdoor world the child sees about it to inspire observation very much.

The list of books below may be offered as a sample of what the smallest district might do in the way of a library: with the reductions in price that can be obtained for school libraries, it should be possible to get the whole for \$150, which, as I have said, represents the minimum library income for ten years. Some books on the list are indispensable in any good collection for children; some no doubt might be replaced by others as good.

1. *Books for the Teacher.*

It is customary to advise as essential reading for the teacher a few famous books of educational discussion, such as Spencer's Education. I should, on the contrary, avoid theoretic and controversial reading for teachers who are not likely to go pretty thoroughly into study of the questions involved, and select such writings as will kindle enthusiasm for the work and give sensible suggestions, without raising complex questions. Out of so small a fund as I am considering, the teacher is amply considered if an educational journal is provided: but in view of their trifling cost, I may add here the titles of two little books recommended by Prof. E. E. Brown, of the University of California.

McMurry's General Method. Public School Publishing Co. Bloomington, Ill. 75 cents.

Unconscious Tuition. Bishop Huntington. C. W. Bardeen: Syracuse, N. Y. 15 cents.

2. *Reference Books.*

It is certainly a mistake to tie up a very large proportion of a library fund in reference books, no matter how valuable intrinsically. No one but a scholar really uses such books very much. It would be far cheaper for a school library to spend a trifle now and then in having a point looked up by some student in the University library (arrangements exist for having this done, through the Aid Society) than to buy twenty and thirty dollar encyclopedias. The following books will suffice for so small a library very well:—

International Dictionary (Webster). G. & C. Merriam Co.: Springfield, Mass. \$10.00.

The Young Folks' Cyclopedic of Common Things. John D. Champlin. N. Y.; Henry Holt & Co. \$5.00.

The Young Folks' Cyclopedic of Persons and Places. John D. Champlin. N. Y.; Henry Holt & Co. \$5.00.

World Atlas of Modern Geography. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

Historical Atlas. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.

3. *Myth, Folk-lore Legends, and Modern Fairy Tales.*

Grimm's Fairy Tales (for youngest readers). Educational Publishing Co: N. Y. & S. F. 40 cents.

Grimm's Fairy Tales, completer text. Crowell: N. Y. 75 cents.

Aesop's Fables (For youngest readers). Educational Publishing Co. 30 cents.

Aesop's Fables, completer text. Estes & Lauriat: Boston. 75 cents.

Legends of Norseland, (For youngest readers). Educational Publishing Co. 40 cents.

Andersen's Fairy Tales and Wonder Stories. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. \$2.00.

Arabian Nights. Ginn & Co.: Boston. \$.60.

Hawthorne's Wonder Book & Tanglewood Tales. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 80 cents.

The Heroes. Kingsley, Macmillan & Co.: N. Y. \$1.00.

Heroes of Asgard, Keary, Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.

Bulfinch's Age of Fable (Hale's Edition). Lee & Shepard: Boston. \$2.50.

Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, Bryant, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$5.00

Longfellow's Hiawatha, Houghton, Mi-
Co. 40 cents.

Stories of the Nations: Chaldea. Ra-
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Myths and Myth-Makers. Fiske. Ho-
ton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.

Feats on the Fiord. Martineau. Routle-
Sons. 50 cents.

Undine, and Sintram, Fouque. Hou-
Mifflin & Co. 40 cents.

Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. Leach, Sh-
and Sanborn. 25 cents.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, and
ing Glass House. Crowell. \$1.50.

The Bee-Man of Orn. Stockton. Chas.
Scribner's Sons, \$1.25.

Irving's Rip Van Winkle, and other Sto-
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 40 cents.

4. *Chivalric Romance, Ballads, Etc.*

Bulfinch's Age of Chivalry (Hale). Le-
Shepard. \$2.50.

The Boy's Froissart. Lanier. Chas.
Scribner's Sons. \$2.00

The Boy's King Arthur. Lanier.
Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

The Lay of Roland. Henry Holt & Co.
Chaucer's Knight's Tale and Squiere's
Effingham, Maynard & Co. 55 cents.

The Cid. Ormsby. Geo. Routledge &
40 cents.

Tennyson's Idylls of the King. Hough-
Mifflin & Co. 40 cents.

Lays of Ancient Rome. Macaulay, and Lay
the Scottish Cavaliers. Aytoun. Hough-
Mifflin & Co. 40 cents.

Scott's Lady of the Lake. Ginn & Co.
cents.

Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. Ginn &
40 cents.

Scott's Marmion. Ginn & Co. 40 cent.
Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn. Ho-
ton, Mifflin & Co. 50 cents.

Ballad Book. K. L. Bates. Leach, Sh-
& Sanborn. 50 cents.

Don Quixote. Cervantes. Frederick W.
& Co. 75 cents.

5. *Stories.*

Robinson Crusoe. Defoe. Ginn & Co.
cents.

Swiss Family Robinson. Wyss. Ginn &
40 cents.

Gulliver's Travels. Ginn & Co. 30 cer.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. American
Society. 50 cents.

Scott's *The Talisman*.
 Quentin Durward.
Ivanhoe.
Guy Mannering.
 Rob Roy.
 Ginn & Co. 60 cents each.
Waverly. Crowell. 75 cents.
 Tom Brown at Rugby. Hughes. Crowell.
 50 cents.
Dickens's Tale of Two Cities. Macmillan &
 Co. \$1.00
Dickens's Pickwick Papers. Macmillan & Co.
 1.00.
Alcott's Little Women. Robert's. \$1.50.
Alcott's Old-Fashioned Girl. Robert's. \$1.50.
Burnett's Little Lord Fauntleroy. Chas.
 Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.
Scottish Chiefs. Jane Porter. Crowell. 75
 cents.
Cooper's Leatherstocking and Sea Stories, 10
 vols. Geo. P. Putnam's Sons. \$10.00.
A Noble Life. Mrs. Mulock-Craik. \$1.50
Jackanapes, Daddy Darwin, and A short Life.
 wing. Crowell. \$1.50.
*Hawthorne's Mosses from an Old Manse, or
 twice Told Tales*. Crowell. \$1.00.
Black Beauty. 75 cents.
Abbott's Rollo, Jonas, and Lucy books, 26
 vols. Crowell. \$16.25.
Paul and Virginia. St. Pierre (Bound with
 Indine, above).
Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin. Crowell. 50
 cents.
Little Classics: Childhood. Houghton, Mifflin
 & Co. \$1.00.
Longfellow's Evangeline. 40 cents.
*Hawthorne's The House of Seven Gables and
 now Image, etc.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 2.00.
Saintine's Picciola. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 1.00.
Hale's In His Name, and Ten Times One.
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Curtis's Prue and I. Harper Bros. \$1.25.
Rab and his Friends. Houghton, Mifflin &
 Co. 25 cents.
Sanford & Merton. Day. Houghton, Mifflin
 & Co. \$1.00.
Silas Marner. Geo. Eliot. Lovell, Coryell
 & Co. 50 cents.

6. Geography, Exploration, Travel, and Adventure.

Seven Little Sisters. Jane Andrews. Lee &
 Shepard. 50 cents.

Each and All. Jane Andrews. Lee & Shepard.
 50 cents.
Towle's Marco Polo. Lee & Shepard. 60 cents.
Travels of Sir John Mandeville. Cassell &
 Co. 75 cents.
Livingstone's Voyage up the Zambesi. Harper
 Bros. \$5.00.
Dana's Two Years before the Mast. Houghton,
 Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
The Oregon Trail. Parkman. Little, Brown,
 & Co. \$2.50.
Agassiz's Journey in Brazil. Houghton,
 Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.
Hornaday's Two Years in a Jungle. Chas.
 Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.
What Mr. Darwin Saw, etc. Harper Bros.
 \$3.00.
*A Naturalist on the River Amazon (with Mem-
 oir)*. Bates. Roberts Bros. \$5.00.
Young Folks' Book of American Explorers.
 Higginson, Longmans. \$1.20.
The Columbian Novels. John R. Munich.
 Funk and Wagnalls Co.

7 History and Biography.

*Ten Boys who Lived on the Road from Long
 Ago to Now*. Jane Andrews. Lee & Shepard.
 80 cents.
Stories from Herodotus. Church. Dodd, Mead
 & Co. \$1.50.
The Book of Golden Deeds. Mulock-Craik.
 \$1.00.
*Plutarch's Lives of the Ancients for Boys and
 Girls*. White. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.
Lives of the Philosophers. Fenelon. Harper
 Bros. 75 cents, \$1.50.
The Children's Crusade. Gray. Houghton,
 Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
Hawthorne's Grandfather's Chair. Houghton,
 Mifflin & Co. 45 cents.
Scudder's George Washington. Houghton,
 Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.
Fiske's Discovery of America. Houghton,
 Mifflin & Co. \$4.00.
Fiske's History of the U. S. Houghton,
 Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
Fiske's American Revolution. Houghton,
 Mifflin & Co. \$4.00.
Fiske's Critical Period. \$2.00.
Freeman's Old English History for Children.
 Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.
Hughes's Alfred the Great. Macmillan & Co.
 \$1.75.
Being A Boy. Warner. Houghton, Mifflin &
 Co. \$1.25.

A New England Girlhood. Larcom. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

When I was a Boy in China. Yan Phou Lee. \$1.00.

Andersen's Story of My Life. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

8. Poetry.

Longfellow, complete. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.

Whittier, complete. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Holmes, complete. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Tennyson, complete. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Miss Ingelow. Crowell. 75 cents.

Moore. Routledge. \$1.50.

9. Science and Nature.

Bamford's Up and Down the Brooks (Californian). Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.

Muir's Mountains of California, Century Co. \$1.50.

Burrough's Birds and Bees and Sharp Eyes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 40 cents.

Herrick's Chapters on Plants. Harper Bros. 60 cents.

Fairyland of Science. Arabella Buckley. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Birds Through an Opera Glass. Merriam. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.

In the Wilderness. Warner. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

Little Classics. Nature. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

Queer Little People. Stowe. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

How Plants Behave. Gray. Ivison, Blakeman & Co. 54 cents.

Tyndall's Hours of Exercise in the Alps. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

The Story of the Plants. Grant Allen. Appleton & Co. 60 cents.

It is evident that the headings under which I have classified the above list and the one that follows are but roughly accurate. I have considered the histories of Chaldea, Assyria, and Egypt, *e.g.*, in regard to their mythological contents for instance. Modern fairy tales are essentially outgrowths of folk lore, using the same material or at least taking the main

suggestion from it, even where in so and intent they cut as far loose from it in Stockton's stories, in Alice's Adventures, and in the Jungle Stories. The romances, on the other hand, though they use stock material from folk tales, something much more distinctive than modern fairy stories, making a chapter on the history of literature by themselves, yet if the question were pressed why Niebelungen-Lied, for instance, should be classed as romance, and Homer as myth, I should have to make fine-drawn distinctions. The Tales of a Wayside Inn, of course, are here for the sake of the Saga of King Olaf. On the other hand, such a romance as Marmion is essentially the same thing as a historical novel, except in preserving the older and more romantic method of verse. I have been more concerned in classifying according to the lines of probable interest in the child's mind, than in being strictly consistent, and the very way in which the groups melt into each other indicates the possibilities in leading his interest on.

Of the books classified as stories, again a large proportion, nearly half, are much history as story ; or in such books as "A Jolly Fellowship," or "Hans Brinker," the description of places and customs is as important a part of the purpose as the narrative. The proportion of fiction in the list is therefore really very small ; but I think that a majority of children in a school would, with a little stimulus from the teacher, pass on to narratives of adventure, and the descriptions of animals and strange human beings, without much reluctance.

With the following titles, the list is enlarged to a cost of about \$400 (allowing for discounts), the largest sum any school library can spend in a decade, if \$100 be set aside for apparatus.

Mythology, Folklore, Legends, and Modern Fairy Tales.

Scudder's book of Folk Stories. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 60 cents.
 Eastern Fairy Legends. Frère. Montgomery, Ward & Co. 30 cents.
 Brinton's American Hero Myths. D. McKay. 50.
 Blackfoot Lodge Tales. Grinnell. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.
 Algonquin Legends. Leland. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.
 Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales. Grinnell. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.
 My Dark Companions and Their Strange Stories. Stanley. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.
 Uncle Remus. Harris. D. Appleton & Co. 50.
 Fairy Tales of all Nations. Labonlaye. Harper & Bros. \$2.00.
 Songs of Fairyland. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25.
 Science of Fairy Tales. Hartland. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
 Folklore of Plants. Dyer. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
 Stories from Homer. Church. Ginn & Co. cents.
 Stories from the Greek Tragedians. Church. dd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
 Stories from the Greek Comedians. Church. Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.
 Stories from Virgil. Church. Macmillan & Co. 50 cents.
 Morris's Atalanta's Race (Rolle's Ed.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.
 Lowland's Aeneid. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.
 Ancient Egypt and Assyria, in Stories of the Nations. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.
 Medieval Legends. Mrs. Leighton. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
 Stories of the Saints. Mrs. Chenoweth. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
 Longfellow's Golden Legend. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 40 cents.
 Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 40 cents.
 Rabelais's Three Good Giants. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
 Moore's Lalla Rookh. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
 Thackeray's The Rose and the Ring. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
 At the Back of the Northwind. Macdonald. Spincott & Co. \$1.25.
 Mopsa the Fairy. Jean Ingelow. Roberts Bros. \$1.25.
 Adventures of a Brownie. Mulock-Craik. Harper & Bros. 90 cents.

Little Lame Prince. Mulock-Craik. Harper & Bros. \$1.00.
 Water Babies. Kingsley. Ginn & Co. 35 cents.
 Fanciful Tales. Stockton. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 50 cents.
 Jungle Books. Kipling. MacMillan. \$3.00.

This list might be varied considerably for there are many more collections of interesting folk-tales, Irish, Scottish, Norse, German, Russian, Spanish, Italian, Turkish, Persian, Indian, Japanese; stories from classic writers; legends and studies of quaint superstitions. They should always be looked through pretty carefully, however, before being taken for a school library, for there is now and then a primitive frankness of reference in them innocent enough but not suited to the school library. I cannot claim to have read all in the foregoing list myself, but those that I have not, I have taken from lists that seemed to guarantee them.

Old Romances, Etc.

The Boys' Percy, and The Boys' Knightly Legends of Wales. Lanier. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

Bulfinch's Legends of Charlemagne. Lee & Shepard. \$2.50.

Stories of Charlemagne. Hanson. Thos. Nelson & Sons. \$1.00.

The Story of Roland. Baldwin. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

The Story of Siegfried. Baldwin. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

The Niebelungen-Lied. Birch. Ackerman. \$2.10.

Echoes from Mistland. Forestier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Gudrun. Nichols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.

The Lovers of Gudrun. Morris. Roberts Bros. \$1.00.

Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. Scribner & Welford. \$2.00.

Stories from Old English Poetry. Richardson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

The Faery Queene. Spenser. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

Spenser for Children. Towry. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

- Firdusi. Atkinson. Frederick Warne & Co. \$1.00.
- Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum. American Book Co. 20 cents.
- Stories of the Nations: Persia. Benjamin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
- The Loyal Ronins. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Stories.
- Otto of the Silver Hand. Pyle. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.
- 2000 Years Ago, or Adventures of a Roman Boy. Church. \$1.50.
- Ben-Hur. Wallace. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.
- An Egyptian Princess. Ebers. Estes & Laurat. 75 cents.
- Narda. Ebers. Estes & Laurat. 75 cents.
- Zenobia. Ware. Fred'k K. Warne. \$1.25.
- Aurelian. Ware. Fred'k K. Warne. \$1.25.
- Westward Ho. Macmillan. \$1.00.
- The Chaplet of Pearls. Yonge. Macmillan. \$1.00.
- The Prince and the Page. Yonge. Macmillan. \$1.00.
- The Dove in the Eagle's Nest. Yonge. Macmillan. \$1.00.
- The Prince and the Pauper. Mark Twain. Subscription. \$3.00.
- Trowbridge's Cudjo's Cave. Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.
- Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia. Cottier. Gottsberger. 50 cents.
- Boyesen's Norse Stories (5 vols.) Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$6.25.
- A Jolly Fellowship. Stockton. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- Rudder Grange Books (4 vols.) Stockton. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$4.50.
- Hans Brinker. Dodge. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- Page's Two Little Confederates. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- Page's Among the Camps. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- Stevenson's The Black Arrow. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- Stevenson's Kidnapped. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- Stevenson's Treasure Island. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- The Boy Emigrants. Brooks. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- The Bodley Series. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$6.00
- The Wreck of the Grosvenor. Russell. Crowell & Co. 75 cents.
- A Sea-Queen. Russell. Crowell & Co. 75 cents.
- The Birds' Christmas Carol. W. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50 cents.
- The Story of Patsy. Wiggin. Houg Mifflin & Co. 60 cents.
- Child Life in Prose. Whittier. Houg Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.
- Edgeworth Library, 7 vols., (including Edgeworth's Stories, Evenings at Home Sanford & Merton). Fred'k Warne. \$3.5
- Old Curiosity Shop. Dickens. Macm \$1.00.
- Little Dorrit. Dickens. Macmillan.
- Faith Gartney's Girlhood. Whitney. He ton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- Homespun Yarns. Whitney. Houg Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Whitney. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- Little Classics; Exile; Laughter; For Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.00.
- Little Pussy Willow, and The Mini Watermelons. Stowe. Houghton, Miff Co. \$1.25.
- Mrs. Ewing's Stories. Roberts Bros. Where Love is, There God is also, and Men Live by. Tolstoi. Crowell & Coents.
- The Man Without a Country, and stories. Hale. Roberts Bros. \$1.50.
- The Peterkin Papers. S. Hale. Houg Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- Play Days. Jewett. Houghton, Miff Co. \$1.50.
- Betty Leicester. Jewett. Houghton, Miff Co. \$1.25.
- The Story of a Bad Boy. Aldrich. He ton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- Stories Told to a Child. Ingelow. R Bros. \$2.50.
- Tales from Shakespeare. Lamb. Houg Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
- If the teacher is disposed to lengthen this group and shorten others, So May's Prudy stories, Mowbridge's books, more of Mark Twain, Stock Stevenson, Miss Yonge, and Clark sell, are good selections. I would put in more of Dickens, or other no proper. I am not at all afraid of intellectual precocity in a child, but emotional precocity is a more real danger; a have much sympathy with the old-fashioned rule of prohibiting novels entitled to children. Not that love stories do

occur abundantly, even in the simplestairy tales; but they are in these, and even in the romances, only motives for action, not the subjects of lingering and analytic attention. So of other experiences of mature life,—the complexities of friendship, of aspiration, of ambition,—these are no subjects for children. I know a wise teacher who does not wish even high school pupils to read George Eliot's novels, (of which she is very fond, herself): she says that they make young people introspective, and dispose them to strain after goodness in an age when they could achieve all the goodness they are old enough for intuitively.

Geography, Exploration, Travel, Adventure.

Life and Voyages of Von Humboldt. Bohn. \$1.00.
 Explorers and Travelers. Greely. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.
 The Earth and Man. Guayot. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.
 Bayard Taylor's Travel Books, 6 vols. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$6.00.
 Family Flights. Hale. Lothrop & Co. \$8.75.
 Zig-zag Journeys. Butterworth. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$17.50.
 Stanley. How I Found Livingston. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.
 My Kalulu. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
 Wild Men and Wild Beasts. Gordon-Cumming. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
 In the Lena Delta. Melville. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.
 Eskimo Life. Nansen. Longmans. \$2.50.
 Java, the Pearl of the East. Mrs. Higginson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.
 Little People of Asia. Miller. E. P. Dutton Co. \$2.50.
 The Children's Japan. Smith. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
 Beyond the Himalayas. Geddie. Thos. Nelson & Sons. \$1.00.
 Around the World on a Bicycle. Stevens. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$5.00.
 Irving. Capt. Bonneville's Adventures. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 75 cents, Astoria \$1.00.
 Boots and Saddles. Mrs. Custer. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

Mountaineering in California. Clarence King. The Naturalist in La Plata. Hudson. D. Appleton & Co. \$4.00.

Personally Conducted. Frank Stockton. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

Fresh Fields. Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

A number of the books classified under stories, also, are essentially books of travel and adventure.

History and Biography.

The Story of Primitive Man. Clodd. D. Appleton & Co. 40 cents.

Origins of Invention. Mason. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Stories from Livy. Church. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

Fifteen Decisive Battles. Creasy. Harper & Bros. \$1.00.

Private Life of the Romans. Preston and Dodge. Leach. \$1.25.

Stories of the Nations:

Jews. Hosmer.
 Carthage. Church.
 Media, Babylon, and Persia. Ragozin.
 Barbary Corsairs. Lane-Poole.
 Vedic India. Ragozin.
 Germany. Baring-Could.
 Norway. Boyeson.
 Mexico. Hale.
 Alexander's Empire. Mahaffy.

G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$15.00

Goldwin Smith's United States. Macmillan. \$2.00.

Parkman's Jesuits in North America. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.

Parkman's La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.

Montcalm and Wolfe. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.

Prescott's Conquest of Mexico. Lippincott. \$1.50.

Prescott's Conquest of Peru. Lippincott. \$1.50.

Historic Boys. Brooks. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

Historic Girls. Brooks. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

Schurz's Henry Clay. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.

Yesterdays with Authors. Fields. \$2.00.

A number of books classed under stories belong here also; while the whole group

of Myth and Folklore and that of Romance have a clear relation to history.

Nature and Science.

The Story of the Stars. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co. 40 cents.

The Story of the Earth. Seeley. D. Appleton & Co. 40 cents.

The Story of the Solar System. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co. 40 cents.

Life and her Children. Buckley. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Winners in Life's Race. Buckley. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Ants, Bees, and Wasps. Lubbock. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

Animal Intelligence. Romanes. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75.

Anthropoid Apes. Hartmann. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75.

Illustrations of Universal Progress. Spencer. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

Wonders of Science. 8 vols. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$8.00.

Byways and Bird Notes. Thompson. John B. Alden. 75 cents.

Insectivorous Plants. Darwin. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

A number of the books of travel and exploration come under the head of science also.

Poetry.

Favorite Poems: Lowell (with Sir Launfal, above); Coleridge and Wordsworth (with The Ancient Mariner, above); Burns and Scott; Moore and Pope; Byron and Hood; Herbert, Collins, Dryden, Marvel, Herrick; Kingsley, Meredith, Stedman. 5 additional vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00

Bret Harte's Poems. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Poems for Children. Thaxter. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. \$1.50.

Child-Life in Poetry (Whittier). Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.

Ballads for Little Folks. Phoebe and Carey. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

A Child's Garden of Verse. Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

Mother Goose Melodies. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.

The Golden Treasury. Macmillan & Co. \$1.00.

Little Classics: Narrative, Lyrical and Dramatic Poems. 3 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.00.

Latin Hymns and Translations. Coles. Appleton & Co. \$3.00.

A number of books of verse appear also under other headings. I should refrain for economy's sake from getting certain poems in separate volumes (the Golden Legend), even though the library has them in the volume containing the complete works of the author, the chances of getting them read are sometimes improved more than enough to justify the additional expense.

These lists do not supply the material for connected courses of reading. There are, as I have said, certain lines along which the child's interest will probably develop; but if anyone will look back over his own mental history in the years preceding the high school, he will see that his interest was episodic — here an event, there a character, — with little desire to link them into orderly successions of logical relations. The desire to unite knowledge comes with adolescence, and gives the high school a different sort of problem. If the grammar school reader can give the child abundance of mental material and mental activity, its systematizing can be left to a later period.

Milicent W. Shinn



A PIONEER BIMETALLIST.

JUDGE CHARLES C. GOODWIN.



HE miner of the West, understood well when silver fell in price, that it was not because the metal was more easily lured from its hiding place; he understood the fact that which eastern people not comprehend that the miner is not he one who extracts ore from the bonanza mine; the miner includes that larger body of men called prospectors who explore the mountains, the great majority whom wear out their lives in chasing the shadow of a mine; and when the cry was raised in the East that silver fell because of over-production, it was very natural that he, understanding its cruelty, should be the first to raise his voice in behalf of bimetallism.

The mining States have produced many able bimetallists, but it is universally admitted that no man has performed a larger and more honorable service for the cause than Honorable Charles C. Goodwin. Few will endeavor to rob Goodwin of the honor of being the oldest, most consistent, most fearless, if not the greatest advocate of bimetallism on this continent. Twenty-one years ago this month Goodwin opened his batteries on the single standard. Other silver champions have come and gone; some have grown weary and tired of the unequal fight; some noble advocates have "gone on before"; but Goodwin's convictions and courage and ability to maintain them have remained with him throughout twenty-one years, each year representing 365 days of labor for bimetallism.

No man in all the West is better known or better loved than Goodwin. The miner loves him as he loves his brother. With a pen more gifted and more powerful than Greeley's, with a purpose more stable, with a heart more tender and a nature more lovable, Goodwin is to the West what Greeley was to the East. The daily files of the Salt Lake *Tribune* present a complete history of this long, weary silver fight. Many years before the Eastern man knew there was a silver question, Goodwin was writing about the "crime of demonetization." These daily papers tell an eloquent story; at times his words are full of hope; at times the writer grows vehement; at other times sorrowful; but hope ever springs eternal in his breast, and when the prospect could not well be more dark for the miner, it was Goodwin's morning editorial that brought cheer. Notwithstanding discouragements and defeat, there is no wavering, there is no suggestion of compromise.

To show how this idea has pursued Goodwin, or how he has pursued the idea for twenty years, I give the following extract from one of his editorials which appeared in the Virginia City, Nevada, *Enterprise* on March 16, 1876, for which I am indebted to the librarian of the State Library at Carson, who kindly consented to look up the files of that paper "out of respect for an old and honored Nevadan."

I said to Mr. Goodwin a few days ago, "Judge, I am told by those who read *The Enterprise* in the old days that your silver

editorials then had the same silver ring that they have today."

"Yes," said he, "but I have learned some things since."

Many an old miner will wonder when they read this what in the world the Judge had to learn. Articles appeared several months previous to the date of the following which indicate that early in 1875 he was a true bimetallist. The extract is as follows:

Should communications cease between the United States and all the world, there would still be field enough for all our silver at home for a long time to come. The yearly product of our mines is but equivalent to a dollar to each of our people. The yearly product of gold is greater in the world than that of silver, and gold contains no attribute which makes it a better representative of value than silver, with the single exception that a dollar of the former weighs less and occupies less space than a dollar of the latter. Gold is steadily appreciating in value; that is, everything else is depreciating, and silver will doubtless in the same ratio decline; but our statesmen should not lose sight of the fact that silver mining is one of the great industries of our people; the possession of silver is coveted by our people next to gold. . . . The fact that Europe does not wish to take silver at par is nothing. Europe does not want our greenbacks at any price, and yet they answer the purposes of commerce within our borders. . . . If our government will try the experiment of placing ten million dollars' worth of silver in the Treasury and issue ten millions in notes, redeemable in silver, the authorities will see in a moment how eagerly the people will pay the premium to exchange greenbacks for a paper which is backed by something which the world through all its generations has held as a standard of value.

Consistency has been likened to a jewel. At the beginning of the third decade of his silver fight, the consistency and integrity of the man and editor stand out in bold relief. It has been a labor of love to him, otherwise he would not today be a poor man. His persistent advocacy has brought him no reward other than the satisfaction which comes to the honest heart of an honest labor.

His belief is that the value of gold and silver is established solely by law and by the recognition of the nations; that the world has never yet obtained enough of both to answer the purposes of money; that the reason silver has declined during the last fifteen years is that the support of the law and the recognition of the nations were taken away; that silver is a loyal metal, but when thrown down it always proves to be a Samson and brings down the Temple of all manner of prices down with it; that he does not believe it necessary for this country to lean on another nation, that it has power and majesty enough to maintain silver if it wills to do so, and that such a recognition will result in such an enhancement of prices and in such an advance in prosperity as will make every man in America wonder that his eyes were blinded so long. Further, he estimates that the loss to this country through the depreciation in silver during the last five years since the census was taken has been more than all the aggregate property of either Russia or Austria amounted to at that time. He believes that the number of criminals, the number of lunatics, have increased in about the same ratio that silver compared with gold has fallen in value; that the price of lands from the Atlantic to west of the Mississippi has fallen in the same or greater ratio than silver has fallen; and of course, with that depreciation in landed values there has been a corresponding depreciation in all the products of the soil. He believes that the cry of over-production is false; that the real cry ought to be under-consumption, due to the steadily increasing poverty of the masses of the people. He thinks that this nation is traveling over the same road that Rome traveled after her mines of gold and silver were exhausted, only that our nation is traveling faster under modern agents, and that

tinuation in the present policy will
entuate in a race of tenants ruled in
by a moneyed aristocracy, the meanest
and most cruel and most cowardly
aristocracy in the world; or, that the
asses of the people, chafing under insur-
erable burdens, will set ablaze all the
es of civil war, and that capital will
ake up to find some morning that there
o power in the government which can
ect it.

He has maintained steadily that the
tion of Mr. Garrison in 1888 was not
to the tariff, but to the fact that the
wing depression on the country made
people determine to have a change;
the election of Mr. Cleveland in 1892
not due to the cry of tariff reform,
to the depression and unrest which
e upon the people, and which led
n again to determine upon a change;
that no political party will remain in
er longer than four years until the
nces of this country are adjusted on a
s of common sense and justice.

Mr. Goodwin was born on a farm in
esee valley, New York, April 4, 1832.
received an academic education in the
emy of Riga, Alexandria, and in
hester. He went to California when
nty years of age and engaged in busi-
s. This was burned out, and he went
eaching school, and at the same time
lied law with a brother, who was an
ent lawyer and judge. From Marys-
e, he went to Quincy, California,
re he was admitted to practise. He
ed to Nevada in 1860. With the
ission of the State he was elected
istrict Judge of the Second District; and
ed a full term. He followed the min-
excitement in 1869 to Hamilton.
e he engaged in his first newspaper
k as associate editor for a few months
he *Inland Empire*. He then went to
eka to engage in mining. He was one
ie pioneers of this great mining camp.

He was called to the Virginia *Enterprise*
when Mr. Joseph Goodman sold out in
1874; was associate editor with Honorable
Rollin M. Daggett until the latter
gentleman was elected to Congress. Was
editor-in-chief of this then great "organ"
of the miners until 1880, when he gave
up the place and removed to Salt Lake
City, to take editorial charge of the
Tribune. In 1875, during his connection
with the *Enterprise*, he began to write
silver articles, and from the start he
evinced such a mastery of the subject
and wrote with such a force and with such
a consciousness of the righteousness of
the cause, that the question, "Who writes
these editorials?" was on the lips of
every reader of that paper. He is a
natural-born editor, and financial cares
worry him. Like many hundreds of min-
ing men in the West, he has had within
his grasp a fortune fit for a prince, only
to see it slip from him as unexpectedly as
it came, so characteristic of the riches of
the mines. Today he is a comparatively
poor man. He is generous to a fault, and
many a poor stranded miner takes advan-
tage of this trait to get a half dollar to
pay for a frugal meal.

When he entered upon his editorial
work on the *Tribune* in 1880, the contest
between the Gentiles and Mormons was
exceedingly bitter, and the full fury of the
opposition was turned on the *Tribune* for
several years. During those dark days
he fought the institution of polygamy
with a severity that knew no flagging,
but withal with such a fairness (not always
characteristic of the anti-Mormon)
and a generosity of heart, that the very
men who would have seen him and his
paper in Hades were disarmed and com-
pelled to admit that Goodwin's heart was
as tender as a mother's. When the con-
test for a seat in Congress came between
Honorable George Q. Cannon and Hon-
orable Allan G. Campbell, the work per-

formed by the *Tribune* was so pronounced that it attracted attention everywhere across the continent. No man with a less unselfish heart and with a less steady hand could have accomplished the work that Goodwin did during those trying days.

Happily those days are past, and God grant they may never return. The old bitterness is slowly being forgotten, and the remnants of the old Gentile and Mormon fighters, by a mutual surrender of personal animosities, are uniting their energies in building up a true American State on American political lines. It will doubtless take many a day to fully fraternize the Mormon and Gentile. The slow abrasion of the years only can entirely obliterate every stain and soften every asperity. The work is going on satisfactorily, and barring some unfortunate accident that will rekindle the old fires, the historian of these dark days will record the fact that the world offers no such example of magnanimous surrender of belligerent forces, no such peaceful termination of a conflict, the terror of which brooded over a community for long years.

But, as would be expected, in many minds the final result is uncertain. The majority, however, of those who fought Mormonism in the past are inclined to the belief that there is no possible danger, were there any desire, of the perpetuation of a system of ecclesiasticism in the midst of these United States which, followed to its logical conclusion, would lead to the same inevitable result that finds its fullest exemplification in the Armenian atrocities of our own day, and in the bloody work of the Spanish Inquisition of other days.

In 1890 the Liberal, or Gentile, party nominated Mr. Goodwin by acclamation for Delegate to Congress. It was during this campaign that the famous "Pilgrim Train" went up and down the Territory,

visiting every city and town. The "Pilgrims" were the leading Liberals of Salt Lake City and Ogden, and at every town and hamlet the train drew up as the valley was made to ring with anti-Mormon platform oratory, national politics not having as yet engaged the attention of the people of Utah. It was during the active prosecution of this campaign that the manifesto counseling the "Latter Day Saints" against the further practise of polygamy was issued by the President of the Mormon church.

In the last Constitutional Convention — for Utah has had several Constitutional Conventions — Judge Goodwin was prominent member. During a heated debate on the question of whether the constitution of the new State should contain an article conferring the elective suffrage upon women, remarks were made by Goodwin which mark in some respects the character of the man and the character of the late fight against the Mormons. Each party — Democratic and Republican — was committed to woman's suffrage before the assembling of the Convention, but there was a respectable minority of both parties which was bitterly opposed to granting women the franchise, among them Goodwin. One member of the minority had expressed the fear that woman's suffrage would be apt to restore Mormon rule and precipitate the old fight. A Mormon member warmly resented the implied charge of bad faith, so warmly that Goodwin felt called upon to remonstrate, which he did in the following words :

"From the very vehemence of the gentleman's denunciation a suspicion is awakened that the ashes of that old conflagration are still warm within him. He had better turn the hose upon them lest a spark of hell-fire be still smoldering there, which fanned by a breath of political excitement or a whirlwind of religious fanaticism may set a State ablaze."

I shall be pardoned for quoting another



JUDGE C. C. GOODWIN, EDITOR OF THE SALT LAKE "TRIBUNE."

agraph from this remarkable speech
against the proposition of women's suff-
ge :—

You say women are our equals. Very
well. That she should have all the political
privileges of men. Well, that will involve not
only her voting, but her taking part in primaries
conventions and being candidate for office.
Imagine all that, and that just before a conven-
tion in which she prepared to be a candidate for
Chief Justice or Governor or other office, she
would discover that circumstances over which
she would have no control would necessitate her
OL. xxvii.—48.

postponing her candidacy for another year, what
would be the thoughts that would assail her?"

In spite of his busy practical life, in
recent years Goodwin has found time to
write books. If it were left to the miners,
whose rugged manhood has given to the
Far West its distinctive character, Char-
ley Goodwin would be voted their best
loved friend in letters as in politics ; his
"Comstock Club," the best exposition
of Western character ever published, and
his "Wedge of Gold," the most pleasing

and thrilling story in Western literature.

Goodwin is essentially a man of the people, and it is his ambition so to write that the humblest stable boy may read and understand. He is a man of broad human sympathies, and it is this trait that has given him a place of honor in the hearts of the miners of the Rocky Mountain region.

The Judge's wit is proverbial. When he goes upon the street after he has dictated his daily grist of editorial, which averages about four columns a day, he is waylaid at the first street corner by congenial spirits, and if they are themselves humorously inclined that little coterie will soon be the scene of a little side-splitting exhibition. The only danger in a street corner encounter with Goodwin is that the side-splitting operation may be carried to such a length that somebody may have to be carried off in a hospital ambulance. But his wit does not "bubble over"; not, however, because he has not a surplus, but because it is tempered with kindness and kept in check by the generosity of his nature.

One day not long ago a friend met the Judge on the street. Goodwin wanted to know how his friend stood with Mr. So and So. His friend replied, "I think he is a blankety blank blank, and he thinks I am a blankety blank blank;" whereupon Goodwin retorted, "Both mind readers, eh?"

A capital story is told of the Judge by Arthur McEwen, a San Francisco journalist. The story is somewhat old, but it illustrates eloquently a trait in the character of this Western man. During his editorship of the Virginia City *Enterprise* the dogs became a nuisance. By agreement two or three of the editors of the town, including the Judge, made a raid on the dogs and roused the city

authorities. A few days afterward was told him that a good many dogs were in the pound. The Judge made the suggestion to the other editors that they down and see them. The dogs all jump up on the grating and begged him to let them out. He looked at them a while and said to the poundmaster,—there were eleven of them in there,—"How much does it take to redeem these dogs?"

He said, "Five dollars apiece."

"They are all mine," said the Judge, and paid the money and had them turned out.

Just another instance of his ready wit. A friend who was fond of his wife and children met him the day after they had gone on a visit to San Francisco, and said, "Did you ever see a motherless colt?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Judge.

"Then," said the man, "you know just how I feel."

"Yes," replied the Judge; "I suppose you feel as though you were no worth a dam."

As an editorial writer Goodwin has no peer among the brilliant journalists of the Pacific Slope, and his admirers believe that he has few if any equals in the United States. His books, already mentioned, sparkle with wit and literary gems. To dissipate any Eastern notion that everything in literature is "wiz and woolly," beyond the Rocky Mountains, let me quote the following passage taken at random from the "Comstock Club." He makes one of his characters say over the casket of a deceased miner:—

"How peaceful is his sleep. The mystery of the unseen brings no look of surprise to his face. Around him is the calm of the dreamless bivouac; the brooding wings of eternal rest have spread their hush above him. Tomorrow the merciful earth will open her robes of serge to receive him; in her ample bosom will fold his weary limbs."

and while he sleeps will shade his eyes from the light. In a brief time, save to the few of us who love him, he will be forgotten among men. Days will dawn and set; the seasons will advance and recede; the years will ebb and flow; the tempest and the sunshine will alternately beat upon his lonely couch, until ere long it will be leveled with the surrounding earth; his body will dissolve into its original elements and it will be as though he had never lived. The great ean of life will heave and swell, and there will be no one to remember this drop that fell upon the earth in spray and was lost."

The harp on which editor Goodwin plays has a thousand strings. At one moment he enlists the keenest sympathies of the dullest; at another he awakens the most profound admiration of the readers of culture and refinement. In one column an obituary is classical in its terms used to express admiration for the deceased, sorrow at his death, and consolation for his friends. In another column some blatant goldite is roasted to finish. In these two fields of literature it is doubtful if Goodwin has his equal.

In a recent speech during the present Congress, Senator Vilas made a rabid goldite speech in which he took occasion to arraign the silver men of the West, and the following extract from Goodwin's reply is thoroughly characteristic:—

Now, it is clear that a man with brain so warped and narrow ought not to excite any man's indignation, no matter what he might say to. To assail him is to hunt snipe with a viper. To impale him is to excite the pity of Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. To notice him at all, even with a kick, is to exalt something into prominence that otherwise would rest in that oblivion, which he by his training, and natural capacity, is so happily

adapted to grace. We apologize for giving him so favorable a notice.

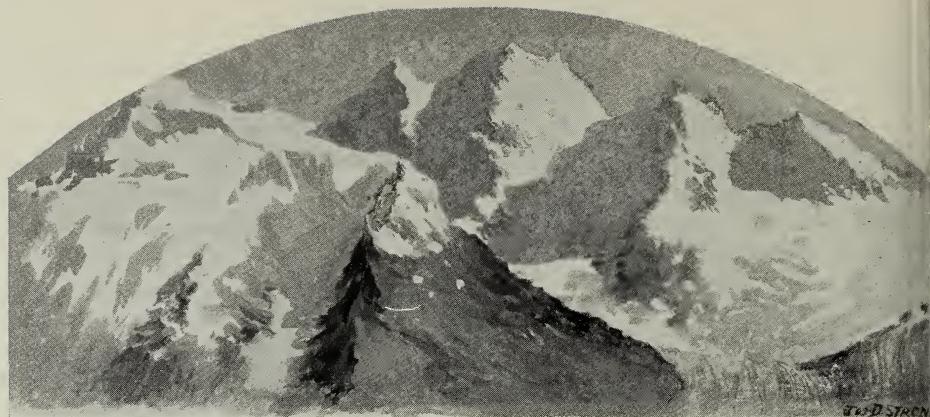
A day or two following, Vilas's insulting language was still sticking in Goodwin's throat, and in speaking of the new photography he takes this snap shot at him:—

It has ceased to be something to be laughed at. It pertains to the wonderful, and, too, it is in the line of new mercies to mankind. For instance, Mr. Vilas, if he were to go to a physician and say: "I have an uncomfortable feeling in my head. I am afraid my brain is affected," all the doctor would have to do would be to take a snap shot at his head and say to him, "Mr. Vilas, your fears are entirely unfounded; you have no brains."

Judge Goodwin was married in San Francisco in 1877 to Miss Alice Maynard of Carson, Nevada. The fruits of this happy union are a boy of seventeen and a sweet little girl of ten. The Judge is a man of strong family tastes, and it is a pleasure to listen to him give expression to the pride he takes in his boy Tod and to the happiness which little Alice brings into his busy life.

It may be inferred from the tenor of this article that Judge Goodwin is somewhat of a radical. Nothing is further from the truth. In politics he has stood by the Republican party through all these years. The files of the *Tribune* show that he has combated the "greenback heresy" as vigorously as he has attacked the single monetary standard. With no less zeal and success he has held back the Populistic avalanche in this intermountain region. As parties are at present constituted, he believes that redemption must come through one of the old parties.

James Dryden.



THE POET OF THE SIERRAS.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD ON JOAQUIN MILLER.



NCE upon a time a letter, written by one whom I had never met, was sent out in search of me. I will not quote the whole of this letter, though I should like to. It is a long letter and it now lies open before me.

It is dated Portland, Oregon, March, 1869, and begins thus:—

DEAR SIR:—Knowing you to be a true poet, though knowing you by your writings only, I venture to lay before you a little plan of mine, and show you how you can do me a signal service and kindness.

The writer of that letter was a poet,—a much truer poet than I ever dared to think myself even in my callow days—and heaven knows I was callow enough then.

He said he was publishing a little book of poems, there in Portland; a second book, and “ten fold better” than the one published the year before; the first was a pamphlet called “Specimens.” I have a copy of it in my hand at this moment. He wanted this new book, a bound volume, to be noticed among the reviews in the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, and wished that I might make it the sub-

ject of a brief article in that magazine. The letter concluded in this highly characteristic vein:—

But, mind you, I do not want anything that solid merit does not justify. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, please sir, sincerely yours,

C. H. Miller

When the letter reached San Francisco I was in Hawaii. It followed me thither. We passed one another at sea. At last it overtook me, but too late for me to do any service to the poet. Bret Harte, the editor of the *OVERLAND*, had already spoken of the volume “Joaquin, et al.” by Cincinnatus H. Miller, in the following strain,—and in this case the voice of prophecy was not afraid to speak up. Bret Harte in the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, January, 1870, said:—

We find in “Joaquin, et al.” the true poet's instinct, with a natural felicity of diction and dramatic vigor that are good in performance and yet better in promise. Of course, Mr. Miller is not entirely easy in harness, but is given to pawing and curvetting; and at such times his neck is generally clothed with thunder and the glory of his nostrils is terrible. But his passing is truthful and his figures flow rather from perception than his sentiment.

The poet assured me in his letter that the California press did not believe t

re was balm in the Oregonian Gilead
that the Oregon press had no opin-
of its own,—what was he to do in
a case, unless apply to some brother
t who might call the attention of a
less public to his songs?

He was original, to say
the least; and being origi-
nal was ingenuous, and be-
ing ingenuous was most
refreshing. Never had a
breezier bit of human na-
ture dawned upon me this
side of the South Seas than
that Poet of the Sierra
when he came to San
Francisco in 1870.

He must have grown up
like a weed, off yonder in
Oregon, and it was as the
voice of one crying in the
wilderness when he sang
in that little book of his this
song:—

To the Bards of San Francisco Bay.

I am as one unlearned, uncouth,
From country come to join the
youth
Of some sweet town in quest of
truth:

A skilless Northern Nazarine
From whence no good can ever
come.
I stand apart as one that's dumb;
I hope, I fear, I hasten home,
I plunge into my wilds again.

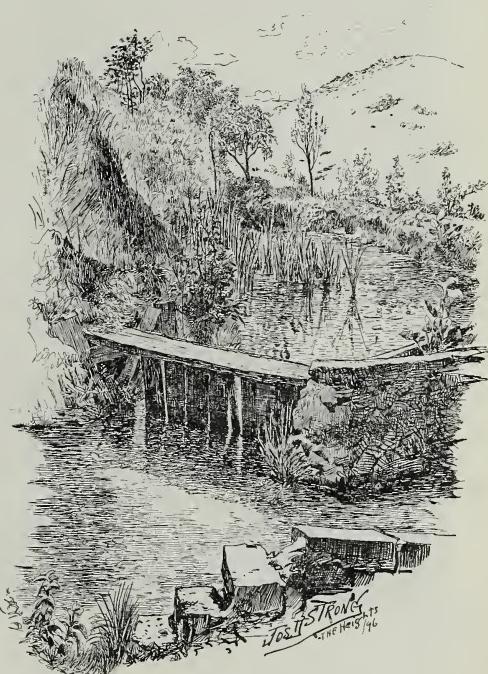
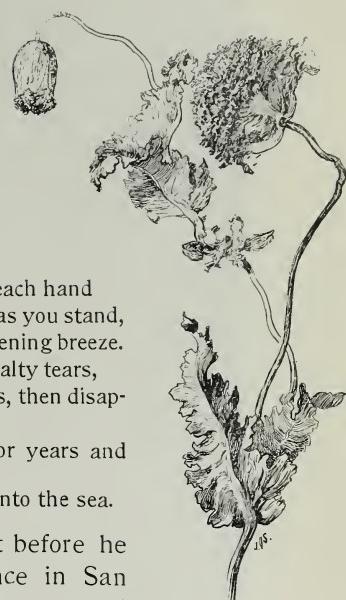
* * * * *

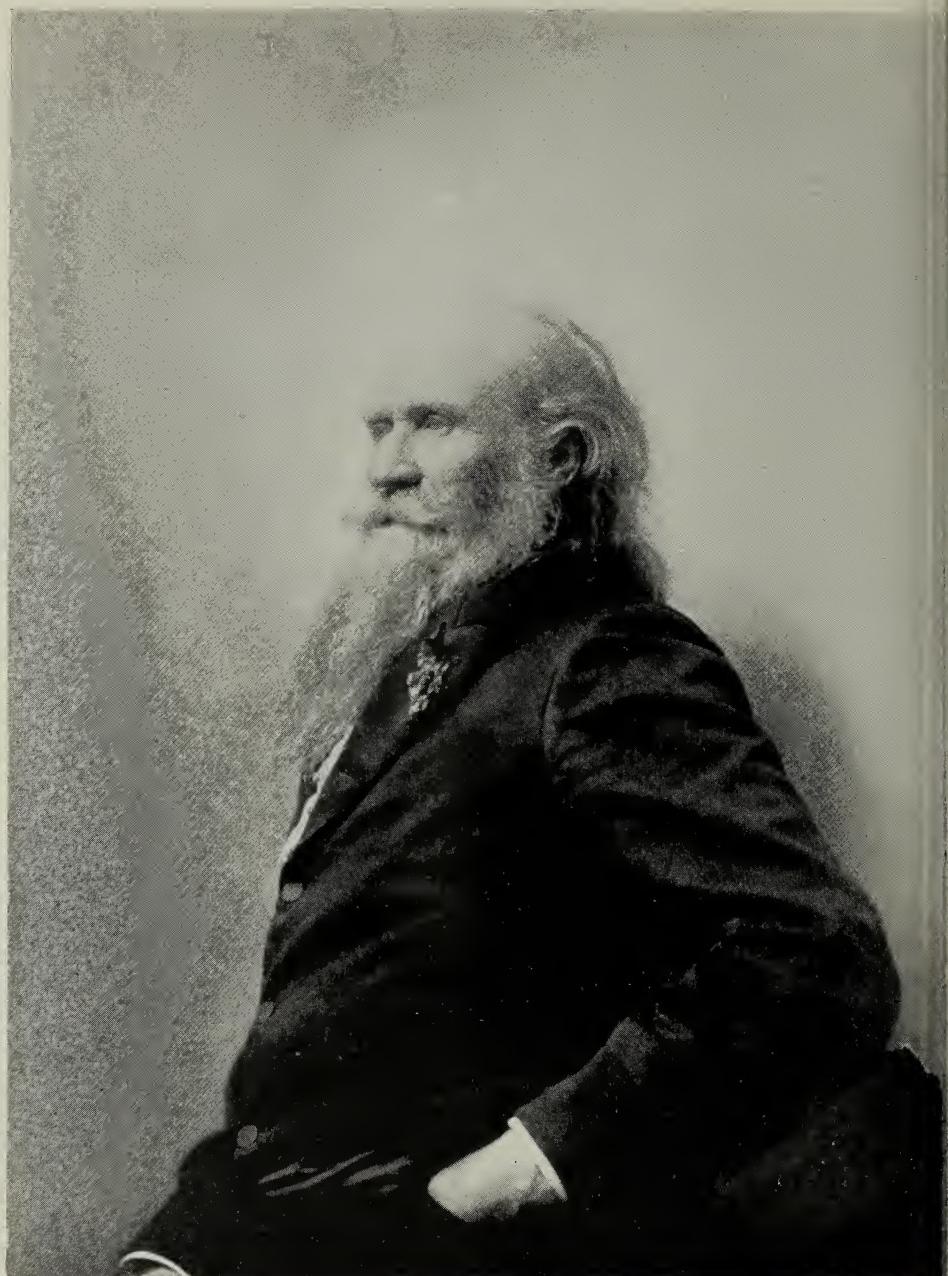
I greet you and your brown bent
hills
Discoursing with the beaded rills
While over all the full moon spills
Her flood in gorgeous plen-
ilune.

While skillful hands
sweep o'er the strings,
I heed as when a ser-
aph sings,
I lean to catch the whis-
perings,
I list into the night's
sweet noon.

I see you by the stream-
ing strand,
A singing sea-shell in each hand
And silk locks tossing as you stand,
And tangled in the evening breeze.
And lo! the sea with salty tears,
While white hands toss, then disap-
pear.
Doth plead that you for years and
years
Will stay and sing unto the sea.

So sang the poet before he
made his appearance in San
Francisco. Having warned





Copyright by F. Green.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

me of his approach,—we had corresponded ever since the receipt of his first letter,—I was on the look-out, and one fine morning the Oregon steamer brought

him safe to shore clad in a pair of beaded moccasins, a linen “duster” that fell nearly to his heels, and a broad brimmed *sombrero*.



THE POET'S MOTHER.

If he had indeed,—

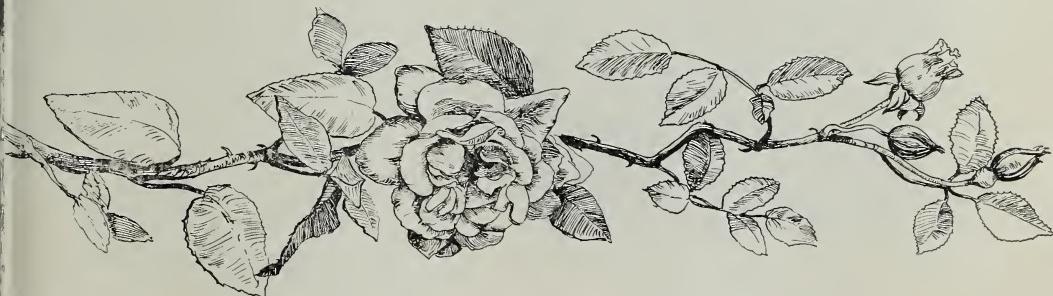
“From country come to join the youth
Of some sweet town in quest of truth.”

fear he found the town’s sweetness
rdly up to the desired grade, and when
e met I was not armed with the cele-
ated “sea-shell” and my “silk locks”
solutely refused to “toss and tangle;”
t almost his first words were, “Well,
us go and talk with the poets!”

In vain I assured this untamed poet
at the “Bards of San Francisco Bay,”
hom he had so naïvely saluted, had

taken the vows of neither brotherhood
nor sisterhood; that they feasted at no
common board; flocked not; discoursed
with no beaded rills; neither did their
skilled hands sweep any strings what-
ever, and he must, therefore, listen in
vain for the seraphic song.

I added that rarely was I able to flush
a brace of these singers; and as far as a
fraternal recognition was concerned, he
could scarcely hope for it, since Bards
let loose in the vulgar crowd became
speedily indistinguishable.





THE FIRST CABIN BUILT ON THE HEIGHTS.

It was sad to see the face of that poet as he listened to my revelations. I think his first impulse was to return at once to his native wilds and try to forget to what straits civilization has reduced us. Had he done so he might have left us many more of those poems which are unique in their strength and freshness. It has always seemed to me that he lost something peculiarly his own by coming in contact with society. His music was pitched in quite another key.

At the time we first met I was preparing for a voyage to Tahiti. It was my intention to return to that state of nature which is bounded on the north, south, east, and west, by earthly felicity. I had sworn never to revisit this work-a-day world; I am always doing that sort of thing and always getting back again while it is yet day.



THE HOME ON THE HEIGHTS.

or a few hours, or a few minutes, the
t seemed to waver. I had brought
face to face with Bret Harte, this did
save him, neither did it satisfy. I
presented him to Ina Coolbrith, and
he instant he had whispered to me,—

“Divinely tall and most divinely fair.”

must have realized that they were
taries doomed to their respective
s, and that a like fate most probably
ited him if he remained in San Fran-
o. He had started for England in
ch of fame and fortune; he had been
somewhat chilled by his recep-
tion in the metropolis: what if
he were to accompany me to
Tahiti and there retune his lyre?

It is well that he did not, but
rather pushed on to London, for
I speedily came to grief and suf-
fered the torments of a per-
fumed Purgatory; hungry, thirs-
ty, naked, and unvisited. To
this hour I cannot read the open-
ing chapter of Stevenson’s “Ebb-



A PICTURESQUE SPOT.

Tide" without reviving an experience that was pitiful though picturesque. While I wandered homeless and forlorn in Papeete, the poet was already feted and famous in Old England.

On a photograph taken in 1870, and on the fly-leaf of his first bound volume of verses, the poet wrote a line for me with the following dates affixed:—"1870! 1875?" In 1875 that question was no longer unanswered. The poet's fame was well established, and it was the English verdict that established it.

Often we met after that. In California, whither he returned while his laurels had still the dew of freshness upon them; in Rome, where I shared his lodgings for a little season; lodgings most romantically situated, but their location was ever a profound mystery. This was one of the idiosyncrasies of the poet and it provoked much curiosity and discussion among his most intimate friends.

How well I remember the night when, with no little solemnity, he broke to me the secret of his earthly habitation. He had rescued me from a crowded and noisome hotel; having crossed the Piazza d' Espagna, we were slowly ascending the Spanish steps, under the shadows of the Casa in which Keats died; the Barcaccina fountain splashed below us, and the full moon hung like a nimbus over the head of the Madonna that tops the column of the Immaculate Conception.

"Swear!" cried the poet as we paused on the Spanish steps,—it was very like a travesty on the ghost of Hamlet's father,—"Swear that under no circumstances will you at any time or place reveal to any one the name of the street and the number of the house in which we lodge. It is a dead secret!"

I swore and I kept my oath. Not a stone's throw from the top of the stairs we turned into a narrow way, and peering cautiously about us to make sure we were

not observed, suddenly, like a couple of conspirators, we disappeared.

It is true that I arrived in Rome in advance of my luggage; that luggage went wandering over the continent at the beck and call of many a fellow unfortunate in search of "lost, strayed, or stolen" articles, and one year and ten days finished the hour it escaped me at Culos it was restored to me in Venice none the worse for wear. In my predicament the poet came nobly to my rescue. He parted his garments with me but, alas! his singing robes did not fall to my lot. He has always been ready and eager to share with me; nor am I the only one who has found him an ever faithful and unselfish friend.

O, the vicissitudes of those Roman days! Having found a lodging for myself, I very often missed him, for he was wont to vanish from one haunt, make for himself a nest in a distant part of the city, and not even I could trace him there. But I could watch for him on the Corso and the Pincio, or in the delightful villas as he drove with the "Pink Countess" of an afternoon. Then we were pretty sure to meet some time during the day or evening at the Café Greco, that world famous haunt of artists and Bohemians. Much of my Roman life and a great deal more of his has been embodied in that, to me, most beguiling of romances, "The One Fair Woman." It may not be his best work, but it is one of the truest tales he ever told.

We spent part of a winter together in New





"DOLCE FAR NIENTE."

ork, in the very heart of the city, behind lace curtains and locked doors,— or he had serious work to do and was opposed to be at the antipodes; you know one must pretend to be there if one could avoid interruptions. Somehow my essence never seemed to bother him and was glad of it, for we led a kind of happy-life in those parlors, and it was eat fun.

I used to steal out in the twilight and come back with the marketing in my pockets; then we reveled in getting supper. He had a knack of slapping a steak to a bed of live coals in the parlor grate and then tossing it over with the tongs that was my delight and my despair; such

flames as enveloped that devoted steak and threatened to consume it; yet there was never a more jolly dish to set before a king, when it was brought to table. There were big mealy potatoes roasting in the ashes; plenty of good bread and butter and cheese; a cupboard in the corner was well stored with dainties, and as for our tea,— who ever tasted a more delicious cup than he brewed and we drank in the Chinese fashion?

He had the whole day for work, and he improved it: together we had the evening for chat— though we did venture out on one or two occasions and witnessed some dramatic sensation in company with





THE POET AT WORK.

the gallery-gods. We felt quite like a couple of Invisible Princes, playing *incog* in the metropolis.

When the poet first returned to us from England he was no longer C. H. Miller;

672

he was Joaquin Miller, with such a wealth of "silk locks" as might easily tangle in the breeze. People who knew him but little wondered at his *pose*, his Spanish mantle and sombrero, his fits of abstrac-

ions or absorption, his old-school courtly air in the presence of women — even the umblest of the sex. He was thought eccentric to the last degree, a bundle of ffectuations, a crank,— even a freak.

Now, I who have known Joaquin Miller as intimately as any man can know him, know that all these mannerisms are natural to him; they have developed naturally; they are his second nature. nothing becomes him better than the spanish cloak and sombrero, and he shows amazing sense — for a poet — and abundant good taste into the bargain, in selecting these articles of apparel for general wear. He has as much right to the sheep-skin mantle as any shepherd of Campagna, and, O, but it is a worthy garment, well suited to the chill air that flows through the Golden Gate! I believe to be the privilege of every man that it is to order his garments to suit himself. I believe it the duty of every one to look as picturesque as possible. When this state of affairs shall come to pass,— look it for the Millennium!

Joaquin Miller has one of the most active brains I know; it is apparently ever at rest. He could not have produced as many volumes as he has, to say nothing of his voluminous contributions to periodical literature as yet uncollected, were he not one of the most industrious men. If he is not inclined to talk at all times, when he opens his mouth it is worth one's while to lend an attentive ear.

He is one of the most Christian of men and one of the most liberal minded. I never heard him speak an unkind word

of anyone, but have known him to defend those who were being defamed by others, even some who had misinterpreted him, and he knew it.

He seemed in a great measure to have possessed that free spirit which is a native of the woods and wilds; the seclusion he is so jealous of enabled him to do this even in the midst of a busy-body world.

The simplicity of his life, the simplicity of his nature, the simplicity of his language, are most refreshing. There is in his prose a child-like candor that fascinates me; it babbles like a brook — a meadow brook that filters through sorrel and cress and then spreads and sparkles among the pebbles and the shoals; it even lisps a little at times, and then it is quite bewitching.

He has the native eloquence of the Indian, this back-woods laureate; you will find no drawing-room commonplaces in his pages; but the delicate fragrance of wild thyme, and the pungent odor of the pine, breathe from them; and with it all comes the conviction that this great and untrammeled soul is in dead earnest.

If I were asked for my preference among his books I should name "Life Among the Modocs." His heart seems to throb all through it; it glows with color and thrills with action, and contains passages so dulcet in diction they soften the lips like cream.

Now, when we are so widely separated, when we do not see one another from year to year, we seldom exchange letters; we don't need to. He knows my heart, and I know his,— away off yonder in his sweet solitude, on The Heights.

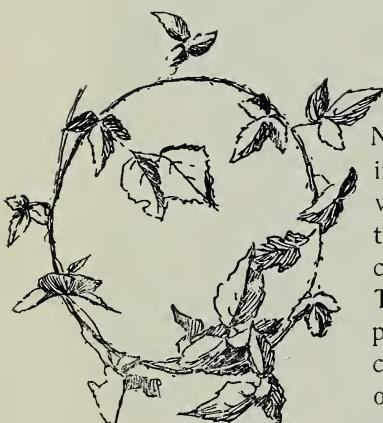
Charles Warren Stoddard.



PUBLIC SQUARE, OAKLAND.

THE CITY OF OAKS.

OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA COUNTY.



NE naturally falls into prophesy in writing of one of these marvelous cities of the west. The spirit of prophesy in such cases is always optimistic—colored with the thoughts of the wonderful progress attained in a score of years past.

It is not difficult to understand how the enthusiastic Westerner achieves his reputation as a "boomer," when one stops to analyze the scenes and conditions in which he lives.

Since the war the population of the United States has doubled, of California trebled and the population of Oakland has grown from 8,000 to 60,000, a seven-fold increase. At the same time the as-

sessable values of the city's wealth have sustained a like seven-fold increase.

In consideration with these facts and figures denoting a condition of civic health that might almost be termed "vulgar," the Oakland eulogist is conscious that his city has more to boast of than mere population and wealth. It contains a school system that is equal to any in the world, free public libraries, seminaries, art schools, colleges and all the luxuries and refinements of her older sisters in the East.

So when one risks the prophesy that within another thirty years, California will support a population of over three millions of whom 300,000 will reside in the beautiful City of Oaks, I do not think that the most conservative New Englander will take him to task.

In less time however than thirty years the twin cities of San Francisco and Oa-



VIEW ON RUBY STREET, AMERICAN INVESTMENT UNION TRACT.

and like the twin cities of New York and Brooklyn will be joined via Goat Island a great suspension bridge. The mere fact that at present over thirteen million passengers yearly cross between the two cities makes this assertion something more than mere prophecy.

In the history of the rapidly growing West, in the history of California there have been instances of cities being laid out whose location was a crime against

nature and a joke to the world. But they have invariably failed and left their unhappy victims at the mercy of their more fortunate neighbors. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Portland, Oakland have all occupied spots on the earth's surface where the nature of the land and the position of the sea designed great cities should be.

Being built on the gentle slope rising from San Francisco bay, Oakland is bounded on the west and south by water. That on the west is San Francisco bay proper; that on the south is an estuary opening upon it. This estuary, reaching far inland, is improperly called San Antonio creek, but more commonly known as the Oakland harbor. Naturally adapted for the commercial use, it has by expensive improvements been made into the excellent port it is. Originally it was a broad estuary opening upon the bay. It was shallow in places and deep in others, now broad and again narrow, with points of land projecting into it. The shallow portions were dredged, the



LAKE MERRITT, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

narrow places widened, the projections cut away, training walls built and the stream made fit for navigation. It is now a nearly straight body of water, long, broad and deep, ready to accommodate

the largest vessels that the demands of commerce may bring to Oakland.

To connect the deep waters of the harbor with those of the bay a pair of parallel rock walls was built extending



LOOKING DOWN FOURTEENTH STREET, SHOWING CITY HALL AND PLAZA.



STREET IN SUBURBS.

t from the farthest point of the main d. They were built 800 feet apart, of ivy stone, and between them the tunnel was dredged out to a depth of enny feet at low tide.

From the extreme limit of these walls he Eastern edge of the harbor is about

five and one-half miles. Excepting the Brooklyn basin, which opens upon the estuary and which is one-half a mile wide, the average width of the harbor is a little over 800 feet. From the rock wall to the Alice street bridge, or beyond the city wharves, the basin is dredged to a



HIGH SCHOOL, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.



From a photo by F. B. Rodolph in 1886.

WASHINGTON STREET, OAKLAND. LOOKING NORTH FROM TENTH STREET.

depth of twenty feet at low tide. Beyond Alice street to the eastern extremity, or Park street, it is but seventeen feet deep at low tide. This constitutes the dimensions of the present Oakland harbor. From these outlines it is evident that in size it is adapted for all practical purposes of a great commercial city.

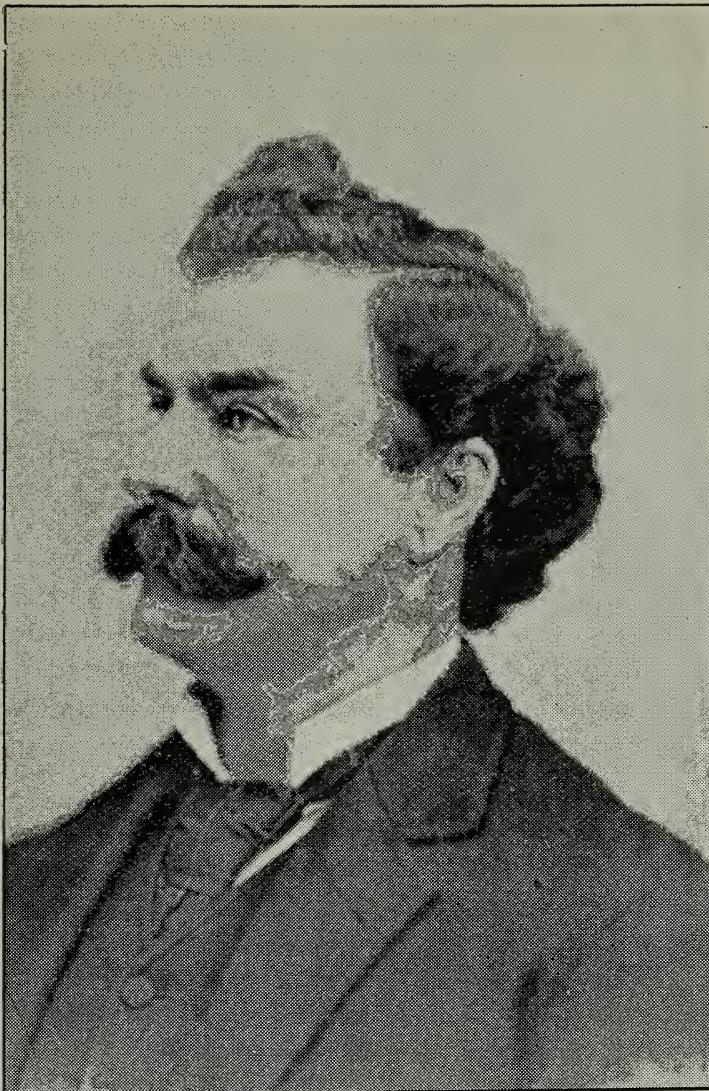
Of the possibilities and future of this magnificent harbor the Hon. W. R. Davis, late Mayor of the City said in an article published in the *Oakland Tribune*.

"There is no deep water arm of the Bay eastern inlet from the northern to the southern end of the Bay of San Francisco, except Oakland Harbor. Where will the temporary San Joaquin Valley terminus of the through railroad be pushed to except to Oakland, and then one inlet, the Estuary of San Antonio? Add this the fact, that at that same point the passenger traffic across the bay between cities now over 1,000,000 passengers a month, then consider again where the temporary intermediate terminus of a through railroad will be imposed and attracted—both. The first three factors signify slow growth ; this one would mean spe-



From a photo by F. B. Rodolph in 1896.

WASHINGTON STREET, OAKLAND. LOOKING NORTH FROM TENTH STREET.



J. L. DAVIE, MAYOR OF OAKLAND.

growth by leaps and bounds. And Oakland with her suburban and neighboring population of over 100,000 increasing, is and will be strong enough numerically and financially to avail herself in ample measure of the obvious and manifold advantages of this speedy onset in her commercial future, and in her other future greater than commercial. This new factor, another transcontinental railroad, competitive in more senses than one, regulating in more senses than one, with its new men, measures and money, is to be added to the three slower forces already noticed,—natural advantages of site, increase of

population and increase or maritime commerce to arise from the isthmian canal."

In contributing or compiling a brief record of a great city's resources and points of interest it is difficult to know just where to begin and what to leave out. There is one question however, no matter how threadbare, that tourists and emigrants are ever eager to hear about—the climate.

It is impossible to dwell too long on the



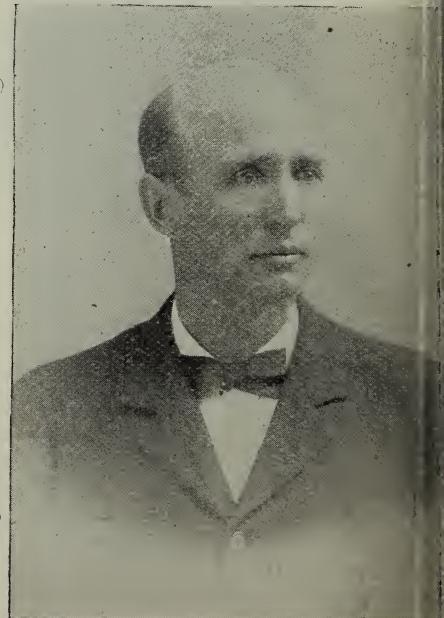
CITY HALL, OAKLAND.

glories of California's climate. The statement that the winters are equivalent to a mild, warm Eastern Spring, that roses, magnolias, oranges, camelias, violets and

lilies bloom unsheltered from December to May is taken in part as a harmless ageration, and yet it is absolutely true. Green grass, soft blue skies and w



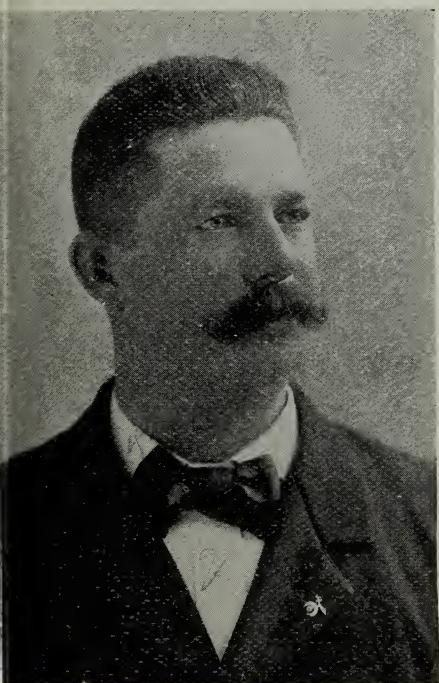
ARTHUR R. WILSON, B. S., CITY ENGINEER.



J. W. MCCLYMONDS, CITY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.



ALAMEDA COUNTY COURT HOUSE, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.



HENRY P. DALTON, ASSESSOR ALAMEDA COUNTY.



AUSTIN C. RICHARDS, CHIEF DEPUTY ASSESSOR.



A. L. FRICK, JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT ALAMEDA COUNTY.



CALVIN B. WHITE, SHERIFF ALAMEDA COUNTY.



MYRON A. WHIDDEN, AUDITOR ALAMEDA COUNTY.



HOTEL METROPOLE, OAKLAND.

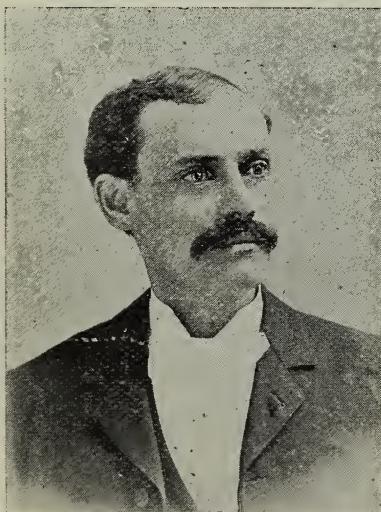


HALL OF RECORDS, ALAMEDA COUNTY.

rains make a California winter. The average mean temperature being 53.36 degrees.

The City's healthiness, apart from the advantage of a good natural location, is enhanced by a pure and plentiful water supply, and scientific sanitary arrange-

ments, placing her high in the list of healthful cities in the United States, almost at the foot as regards the degree. A factor largely conducive to the equable temperature and healthfulness of Oakland, is the rainfall, which has never yet failed in any year, and has never y



O. M. SANFORD, TREASURER ALAMEDA COUNTY.



CHARLES HUSBAND, CHIEF DEPUTY TREASURER.



D. A. SINCLAIR
CLERK DEPT.



J. CAL. EWING
DEPUTY COUNTY CLERK



Miss
eBent
sue



FRANK C. JORDAN



15 ARNOLD



JOHN R. ROBINSON
DEPUTY CLERK



GEO. C. WOODSUN

A. R. OLIVER, COPYIST.

COUNTY CLERK AND ASSISTANTS.



Edward Dargie

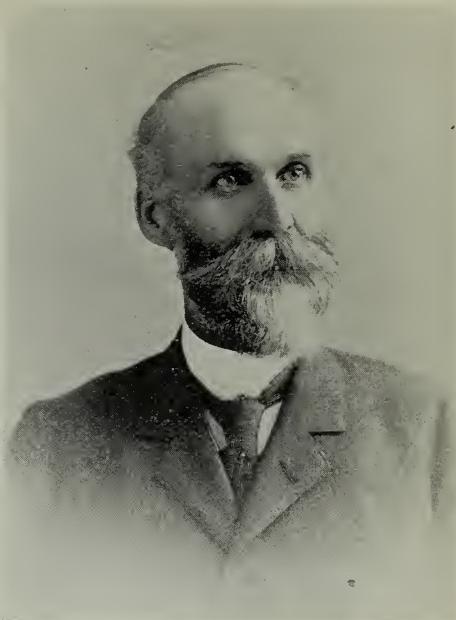
W. E. DARGIE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OAKLAND "TRIBUNE."



VIEW ON THIRTEENTH STREET, OAKLAND.



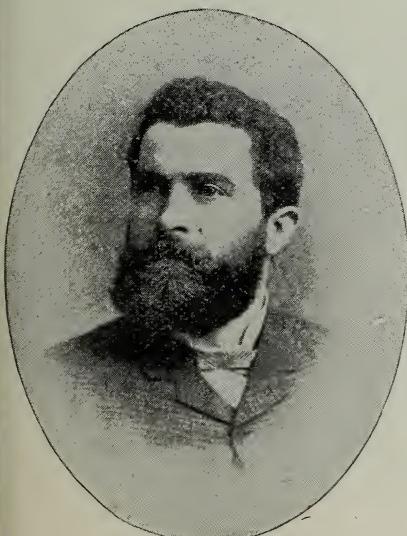
FRANK A. LEACH,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OAKLAND "ENQUIRER."



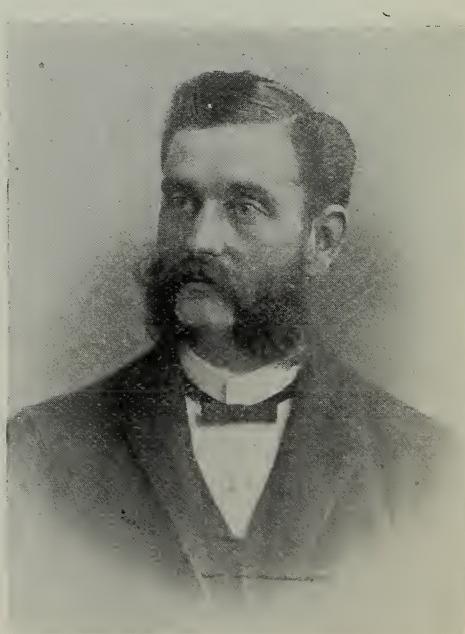
GEO. E. FAIRCHILD.

oved a deluge. From a record kept for twelve seasons, from 1881-2 to 1892-3, the mean annual rainfall was 24.65, which means more than mere healthfulness. Fruits, flowers and garden products are by these copious showers as-

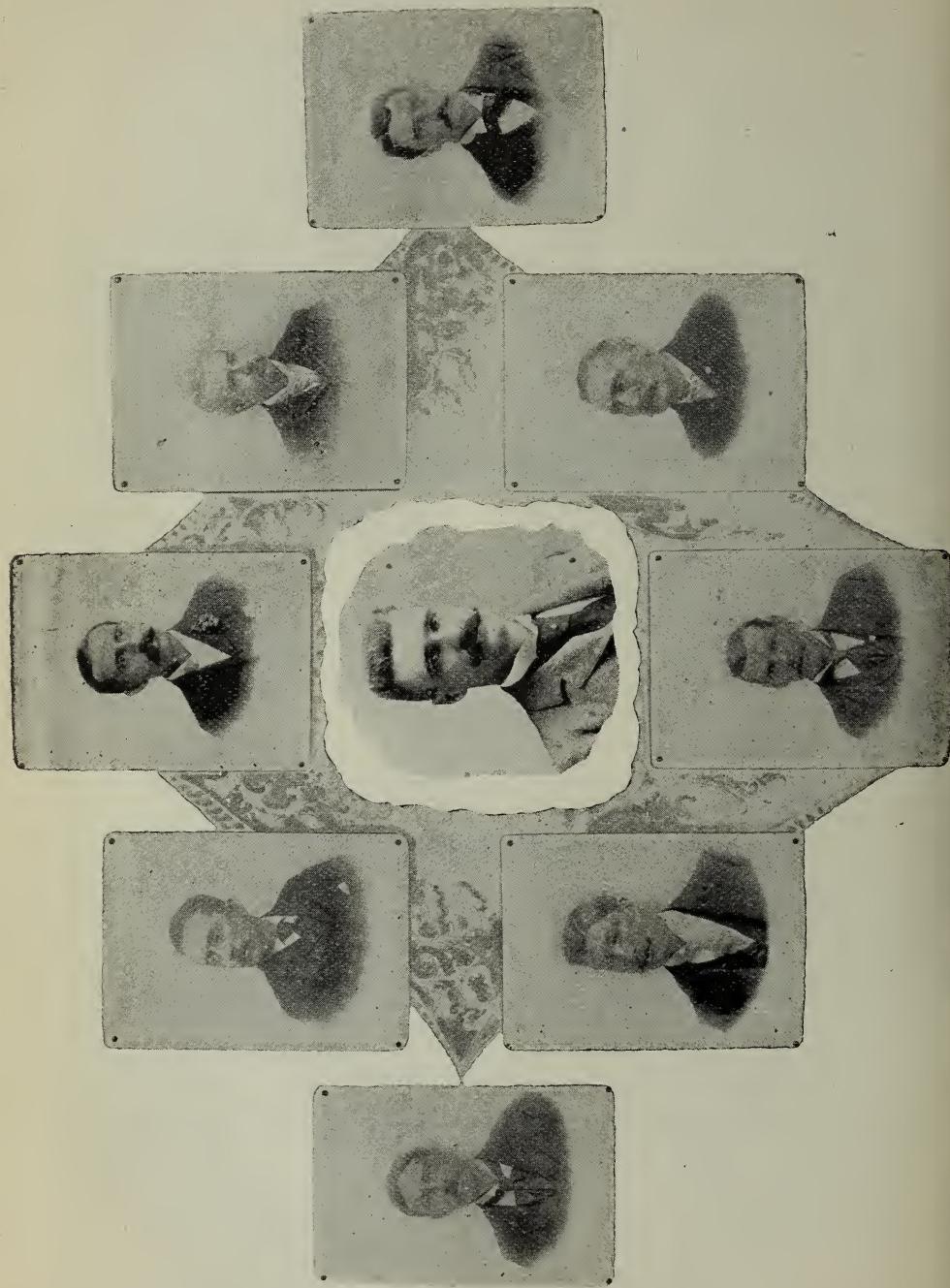
sured in abundance, sewers flushed, streets and gutters cleansed, and the atmosphere refreshed. Light showers usually commence about the month of



ALBERT KAYSER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OAKLAND "JOURNAL."



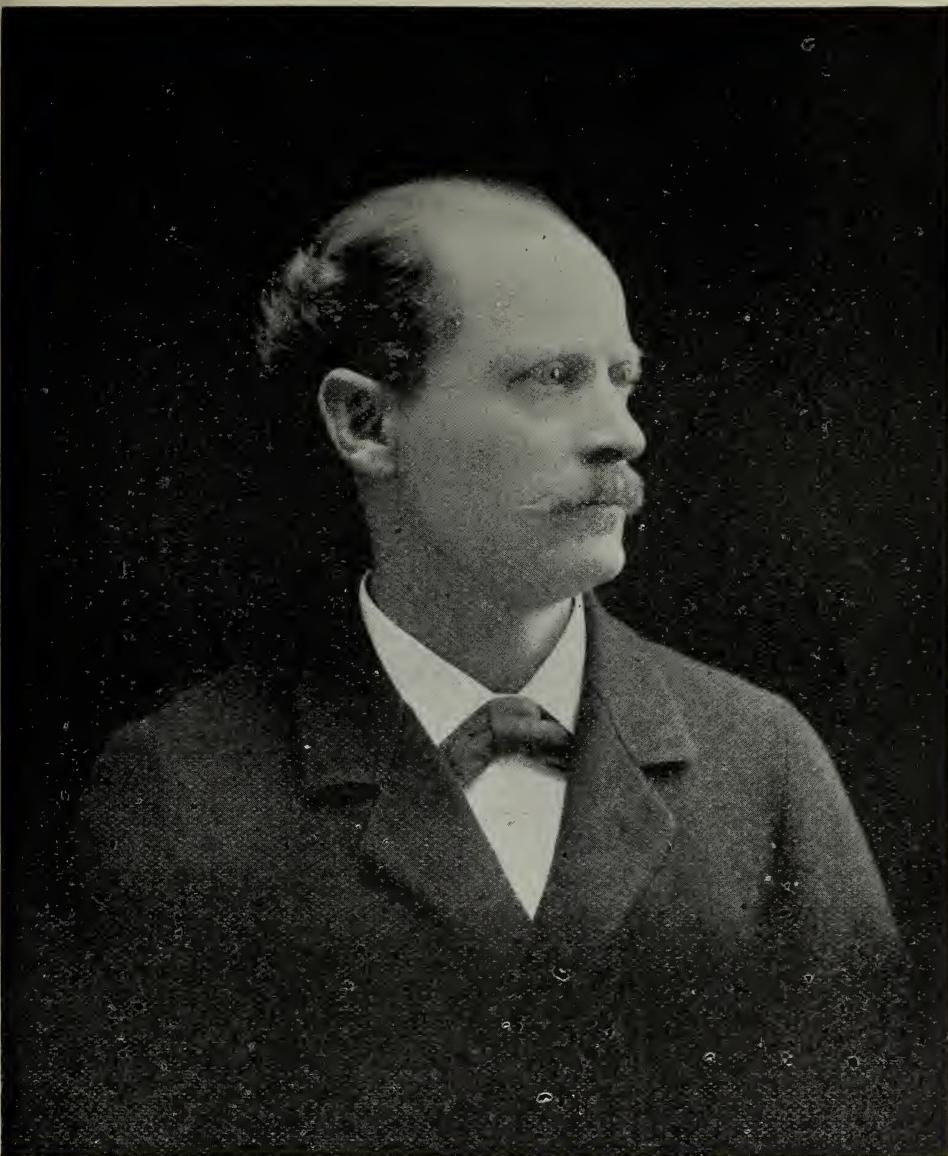
FRED. L. BUTTON.



J. M. Hyde
George H. Mason, Chief Deputy

J. R. Taylor

Joseph Bardellini



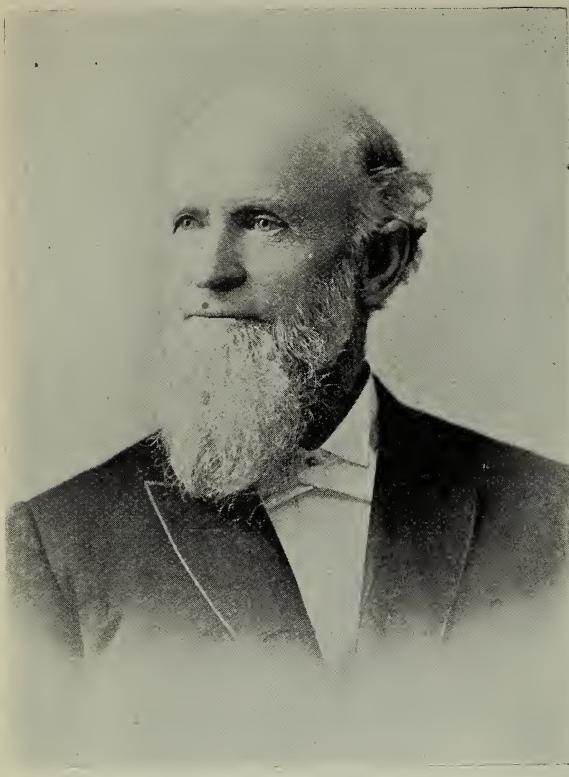
HON. WILLIAM R. DAVIS.

September, but the heavier rains are able to occur at any time during the winter months.

The entire city, sloping towards the bay, in a southerly, south-westerly and westerly direction, the water soon drains off after the heaviest showers, leaving the streets clean, dry and fresh.

Second only to its fame for its climate

and the fertility of its soil Alameda County is famous for its churches and its institutions of learning. Mark Twain's graphic description of Brooklyn applies equally to Oakland—"You cannot throw a brickbat without breaking a church window." The church edifices are almost without exception handsome and costly buildings.



HON. J. WEST MARTIN,
PRESIDENT UNION SAVINGS BANK.

Of the public school system of Oakland, City Superintendent J. W. McClymonds writes —

From a beginning of sixteen pupils in 1853 the school department grew gradually for the first ten years, for in 1863 there was an average daily attendance of only 75 pupils, while in 1873 we find an average daily attendance of 1693 pupils. It was during the decade from 1873 to 1883 that we find the most rapid growth in our schools. During this period there was an increase of nearly 500 pupils yearly, giving in 1883 5400 pupils.

From 1883 to 1893 the growth has been gradual, but marked. We now have an average daily attendance of 8300.

The career of Dr. Henry Durrant who founded the great State University¹ has been related in full elsewhere. Although the foundation of the University of Cali-

fornia was laid in Oakland in 1853 it was not until 1868 that it was located on its present commanding site in Berkeley.

Since that time the University of California has grown and expanded with a rapidity that has proved the wisdom of her founders and has placed her among the greatest institutions of learning in the United States.

President Eliot of Harvard ranks California fifth among American universities.

Over 1200 students attend the University. The value of property belonging to the University is \$3,750,262.70. This is not productive of income. The cash capital, June 30, 1895, amounted to \$4,728,990.58. This places the wealth of the University in round numbers at \$8,475,000. The income for the year ending June 30, 1895, was \$298,758.15.





J. WALTER LAYMANCE,

VICE-PRESIDENT THE LAYMANCE REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.

The expenditures for the same year amounted to \$310,578.01, the excess being paid from money carried forward from the previous year. The estimated income for the year ending June 30, 1896, mounts to \$298,905.40.

In addition to its excellent system of public schools, Oakland has the advantage of many private institutions of learning which rank first in their class in the state. These colleges and seminaries

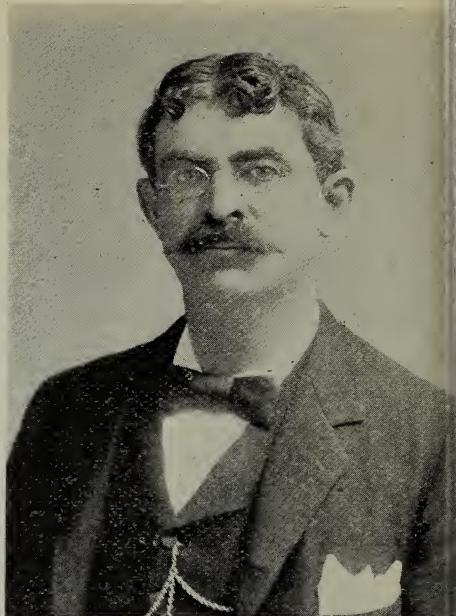
are either located within the heart of the city or in the immediate suburbs, and number among their faculties some of the foremost educators of the Pacific coast.

The pioneer, and, in fact, the largest of these is Mills college.

The California College, the Oakland Seminary for Young Ladies, Miss Horton's School, Miss Bisbee's, Miss Head's, Aydelotte's Business College, the Normal Training School and a dozen strong



MELVIN C. CHAPMAN.

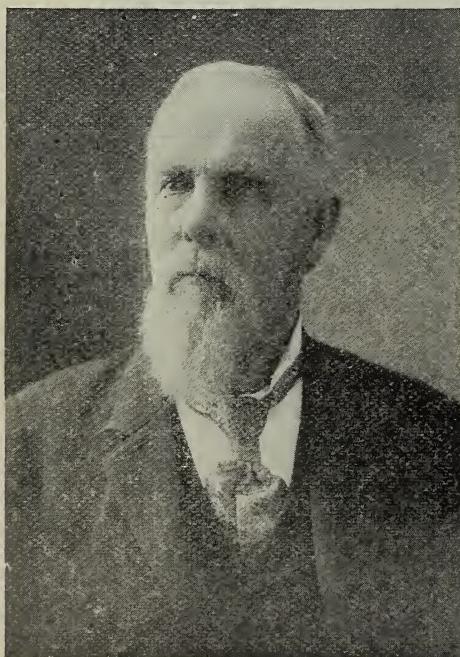


G. E. DE GOLIA.

parochial schools make Oakland's title of the "Athens of the Pacific," no misnomer.

Regarding the real estate market in Oakland. Mr. J. Walter Laymance, Vice President of the Laymance Real Estate and Investment Company says:

Oakland today is enjoying a growth and prosperity that reminds one of nothing so much



HON. ELI S. DENISON.



J. C. GILSON.



HON. W. W. FOOTE.

marvelous spread of Chicago or of Denver. In the vicinity of Twenty-third Avenue during the few years homes and business blocks have sprung with magic speed. The same is true of the country at Fruitvale and behind. There is a difference in the sections, in East Oakland and along the high ground that stretch back to the shores of Lake Merritt (Peralta) to and including Highland Park, are gathered those who would seem to be the wealthier, they have and are making a superbly charming region that portion of the City. As a fact the most remarkable growth of this section is the large factory lying east of Fruitvale to San Leandro which in the past four or five years have been

OL. xxvii.—50.

subdivided and sold off into small holding, whereas today the entire territory is covered with beautiful homes and within easy access to all parts of the City. School districts have been formed, magnificent school houses, places of worship and business blocks have been erected, so that today hundreds of families enjoy the luxuries of a home the same as if they had the metropolis of the State at their front door.

The first American settler on the site of the present City of Oakland was Moses Chase, who pitched his tent at what is now the foot of Broadway, in the

winter of 1849-50. He came across the bay in a small boat for the purpose of hunting, the forest of live oaks which gave the name of "Oakland" to the site of the present city, was full of wild game, not excepting deer and bears. He was followed by the Patten brothers in February, 1850. Next came Colonel Henry S. Fitch and Colonel Whitney, who, foreseeing that a great city must in the future spring up on this magnificent site, made an unsuccessful attempt to purchase the site from Peralta, the Spanish grantee. In the summer of 1850 came Moon, Carpenter and Adams, who squatted on the land, and erected a shanty near the foot of Broadway.

The advent of these last named gentlemen was the inauguration of the squatter war and contests over titles which lasted for years.¹

¹OVERLAND, November, 1894. The Story of the San Pablo Rancho.

In 1852 Oakland was incorporated as a town by an Act of the Legislature, which was signed by Governor Bigler, at Benicia, then the Capital, May 1st.

The same year a small steamer was put upon the creek route to run between the embryo city and San Francisco.

In 1853 Alameda county was organized from territory belonging to the counties of Contra Costa and Santa Clara and the county seat was located at Alvarado.

In 1854 Oakland was incorporated as a city and H. W. Carpenter was elected the first Mayor. The same year Liver Oak Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons was instituted; and that powerful engine of civilization and progress, the public press, was founded, and a paper started called the Alameda Express; also the other great civilizing and refining power of the church, was established by Rev. Sam. B. Bell, in a small building in the

COMPETITIVE FLORAL PARADE FABIOLA FETE.



WINNER CLASS A FOUR-IN-HANDS — MRS. PHILIP BOWLES

Mrs. Philip Bowles
Mrs. S. B. McNear
Miss Bertha Wilcox
Miss Myra Prather
Miss Lizzie Watt

Miss Amy Bowles

Miss Annie McKee
Miss Bessie McNear
Miss Janet Watt
Miss Belle Hutchinson
Miss Mattie Knowles



CLASS C DOUBLES — MRS. GEO. E. FAIRCHILD.

Miss Emily Fairchild
Miss Katie Fairchild
Miss Mila Lally

Mr. Clyde Carman

Miss Mai Beall
Mr. Fred. Winter
Mr. Anthony Kaiser

inity of what is now Third and Franklin streets—the germ of the present first Presbyterian church. Previous to this, however, in August, 1853, Rev. Dr. Peter Mehr, rector of Grace church, San Francisco, came to Oakland to aid in the establishment of a church. He succeeded in getting twelve persons together for

that purpose; but for various reasons the project was abandoned for the time being. In December, 1854, Rt. Rev. Bishop Kip, held services in Oakland, and in 1855 a regular Episcopal Mission was established; and in 1858 Rev. Father Akerly came here to reside permanently.

The city grew slowly up to 1864, when the third great civilizer and aid to progression, the locomotive, came to start the energies of the people. Ground had been broken for the construction of the great transcontinental railway, and the great railway builders, responding to the unanimous voice of the people for a railroad across the mountains and plains, to connect this land of their adoption with their old homes at the East, commenced the gigantic enterprise, which



CLASS D — MR. A. SCHILLING.

Miss Schilling

Miss Johanna Volkmann



CLASS C DOUBLES — MRS. ALEX MCBEAN, OAKLAND — FRONT VIEW.

Mrs. Alex McBean
Mrs. Walker C. Graves, S. F.

Mrs. Wm. F. Marvin, S. F.
Miss Viva Rector, Berkeley

gave a new impulse to every business, and to Oakland especially, as here was the only point in the State where the railroad and tide water could meet and marry, and it was determined to make this city the terminus of the great interstate highway.

The census of 1860 showed a population of 1,553. For the next ten years Oakland forged ahead, the census of 1870 showing a population of 10,500. The next decade showed an increase of 250 per cent, the census recording a population in 1880 of 35,500.

Since 1880 the increase in population has been steady, sure and permanent. Oakland has over 70,000 population, while within its charter lines there may not be over 60,000. In fact the city should include Berkeley, Claremont, Temescal, Bay View, Golden Gate, Peralta, Piedmont, Emeryville, Lorin and Brooklyn, outside the charter lines, which would raise the population to over 80,000.

The increase of wealth has kept pace with the increase of population. In 1854 the assessed

value was \$100,905; in 1860, \$461,000; in 1870, \$4,563,000; 1880, \$28,691,610; in 1890, \$35,000,000; in 1895, \$45,000,000.

In 1854 one little steamer connected Oakland with San Francisco, carrying its few passengers at one dollar a trip. To-day it requires eight steamers, floating palaces, the finest ferry steamers in the world, to carry the passengers and freight to and from this city and San Francisco — transporting during the year some 9,000,000 passengers and hundreds of millions of pounds of freight.

In 1854 Oakland was virtually without streets, though they appeared upon the official maps. Today there are 100 miles of paved and macadamized streets furnishing the finest drives of any city except Washington, on the continent.

The Union Savings Bank of Oakland was established in July, 1869. A. C. Henry was the first president and H. A. Palmer the first cashier.

The original capital was \$150,000, but in a few years it was increased to \$450,000. In 1871 the building in which the bank is now located was erected. The



CLASS C DOUBLES — MRS. ALEX MCBEAN, OAKLAND — REAR VIEW.



CLASS E — MR. VARNEY GASKILL.

Mrs. Varney Gaskill
Miss Margie Gaskill

Mrs. Vernon Waldron
Mr. Varney Gaskill

bank was reorganized under the civil code in 1875, when it separated its commercial from its savings business and transferred the former to the Union National Bank. Two years ago the interior of the bank was remodeled, redecorated and supplied with the most improved vaults and bank furnishing. The floor is of mosaics, the counters and wainscoting of marble, the glass of the finest French beveled plate and the parlors are richly but not extravagantly furnished. The present paid up capital is \$300,000.

The present officers and directors of the bank are: J. West Martin, President; Wm. G. Henshaw, Vice-President; A. E. H. Cramer, Cashier; Board of Directors—J. West Martin, Wm. G. Henshaw, Thos. Prather, S. Huff, R. S. Farrelly, Hiram Tubbs, A. A. Moore, C. E. Palmer, H. W. Meek, Herman A. Tubbs, Thomas Creelin.

Hon. J. West Martin, President, is a descendant of one of the old colonial families of Maryland, in which State he was born on February 6th, 1822.

On graduation from Prospect Hill Ac-

ademy he decided to enter the ministry, but he never realized his early ambition.

In 1853 he arrived in California behind his own herd of cattle and sheep. In company with his brother he purchased the Santa Rita ranch in Alameda County and for years they literally owned cattle and sheep upon a thousand hills.

Mr. Martin is one of the best known bankers on the Pacific Coast, besides being President of the Union Savings Bank, he is Vice-President of the Union National Bank and President of the Oakland Gas Light Co. He has served with distinction as Mayor of Oakland, Regent of the State University, Secretary *ad interim* of the University, President of Public Works, and is a member of the Historical Society, Geographical Society, Hopkin's Institute of Art, etc.

Mr. Martin was married in 1856 to Jane Foote, daughter of the late U. S. Senator Henry S. Foote.

P. E. Bowles, President of the First National Bank of Oakland, is a native of Humboldt county, California. Mr. Bowles has long been associated with the finan-

cial and commercial interests of Oakland and San Francisco. The First National Bank is capitalized at \$300,000 and has a surplus of \$53,000, as per its statement of May 1, 1896. Associated with Mr. Bowles in its management are the following well-known gentlemen:—G. W. McNear, Vice-president; L. G. Burfee, Cashier; E. N. Walter, Assistant Cashier.

Mr. Bowles is also a member of the firm of G. W. McNear & Co., grain and flour merchants of San Francisco and Port Costa.

J. L. Davie, Mayor of Oakland, is a native of Saratoga county, N. Y. He went to Chicago to take course in the Douglas University, but got the California fever before completing. On arriving at Winnemucca went into the stock business for a number of years; about 1884 came to Oakland and engaged in the wholesale and retail coal business. Soon after engaging in the coal business, he discovered the necessity of having his wharf as near deep water as possible. The railroad tried to eject him, but he resisted successfully. This forced the Railroad Company to commence proceedings in the Superior Courts of Alameda county to acquire title to the water front which he occupied. After a long and tedious litigation he was granted a nonsuit, the courts held in banc that the Railroad Company had no title to the property. In 1895 he ran for Mayor against the greatest combined opposition of the Republicans, Democrats and Nonpartisans.

Arthur Roberts Wilson, B. S., City Engineer of Oakland and member of the Board of Public Works is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Since Mr. Wilson has been in office the East Side sewer has been constructed, and, were the times financially propitious, plans and estimates could soon be had for the completion of

the boulevard around Lake Merritt and to improve the water front. The plan just completed by him for the improvement of Cemetery Creek, will result in the abatement of an increasing nuisance provide a stone sewer for a territory of 1600 acres, and, at the same time make a fine carriage-road that in course of time will be continued as a boulevard north to Berkeley, along the picturesquely foothills and become one of the features of the city. Mr. Wilson has been most active in the capacity of Commissioner of Public Works, in the reorganization of the Police and Fire Departments and in assisting the chief officers in bringing their forces to the present degree of efficiency.

Mr. Wilson two years ago instituted the California Yacht Club of which he is the present commodore.

J. W. McClymonds, City Superintendent of Schools, was born in Pennsylvania December, 1848. Educated in the public schools of his native State and in Westminster College, at New Wilmington Pennsylvania, from which he graduated in 1871. Engaged in teaching in Garnett, Kansas, for two years. Came to California in 1873 and settled in Sonoma county. Was engaged in teaching in the Petaluma High School until 1877. In 1880 he removed to Alameda county and engaged again in teaching, taking charge of the San Leandro school where he was employed for six years. From this position he was elected in 1886 to the principalship of the Lincoln School of Oakland, serving in this capacity for three years. He was elected Superintendent of Schools of Oakland in April 1889, which position he still holds.

Henry P. Dalton, the present Assessor of Alameda county, has probably attracted more attention from the State at large than any other county official. This has been caused by the determined way in which he enforced the laws, and

by the equally determined way in which the corporations and wealthy property owners fought him.

Henry P. Dalton was born in Tuolumne county in 1860.

Mr. Dalton's first appearance in political life was in the spring of 1893 when his friends and neighbors in the First Ward of Oakland selected him to represent them in the City Council. He served his constituents so faithfully that before his term of two years had expired he was nominated by the Non-Partisan County Convention for County Assessor. Though Alameda County is noted for its Republicanism, Mr. Dalton's record in the City Council and his personal popularity gave him a victory by nearly 2,000 votes over his nearest competitor.

Austin C. Richards, Chief Deputy Assessor, has been for many years connected with the Assessor's office under successive administrations, and resigned the Chief Clerkship in that office to accept his present position. Mr. Richards was born in Grant county, Wisconsin in 1853, and has been a resident of California for twenty years, nearly all of which, has been spent in Oakland. The late Captain A. V. Richards of Galena was a brother, and W. A. Richards, present Governor of Wyoming, is also a brother.

Judge A. L. Frick was born in Sonoma county in 1866, and was educated in the High school of Santa Barbara county and in San Jose, coming to Oakland in 1885. He took up a regular course of Law in the Hastings Law College, San Francisco, graduating in 1888.

Mr. Frick entered actively upon the practice of his profession after his graduation, and two years later was appointed deputy district attorney under George W. Reed. He served two years. He then became chief deputy district attorney under Charles Snook.

After serving about a year in the latter capacity, it was evident that Judge Henshaw was to be one of the new justices of the State Supreme Court. Mr. Frick made up his mind to secure the place on the Superior bench of Alameda county, which he knew Judge Henshaw was about to vacate. Judges, citizens professional men supported Mr. Frick, and Governor Markham, deferring to the wishes of the people, appointed him.

Judge Frick's record is remarkable in many ways, but in no way more than in realizing just exactly what the people want members of the judiciary for.

While it is conceded that he could succeed himself, yet it is more than probable that his friends and the Republican party will urge upon him the nomination for Congress in the Third Congressional District. Judge Frick is, as can be readily seen by consulting the date of his birth, the youngest judge in the Superior Court of the State.

Pre-eminently a self-made man is Calvin B. White, the Sheriff of Alameda county. He was born at Arrowsic, Me., in 1841, and received his education in the public school of that place.

At an early age he removed to the Southern States, where in 1862 he joined the Nineteenth Army Corps, Department of the Gulf, under general Banks. He was appointed assistant superintendent of negro labor under Colonel George H. Hanks and held his position until the close of the war. Thirteen years ago Mr. White came to Oakland. He is a great student, and having been a working man himself is thoroughly in touch with that deserving class of people, and to this fact largely is due his election to his present position.

Myron A. Whidden, born in Alameda County, February 23, 1860. About seven years ago he was appointed Deputy County Assessor, and after two years

creditable service, he was elected County Auditor. This is his third term in office. Mr. Whidden has the honor of being Past President of Oakland Parlor No. 50, N. S. G. W., Past Exalted Ruler of the Oakland Lodge No. 171, B. P. O. Elks, University Lodge No. 144, I. O. O. F., and the Golden Rule Encampment No. 34.

O. M. Sanford, Treasurer of Alameda County, was born at Rootstown, Portage Co., Ohio, Dec. 17, 1848. He was reared on a farm and received a public school education. At the age of eighteen he went to Ravenna where he embarked in a mercantile business. In 1874 he came to Oakland and has been identified with the city ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford were instrumental in reviving the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which under their management has made itself a power.

Mr. Sanford was a Republican until 1890 when he associated himself with the American party and very soon after became identified with the People's Party. In 1894 he was asked by his party to take the nomination for County Treasurer and was elected by a small plurality.

Charles Husband, Deputy County Treasurer, was born at Liverpool, England.

Came to this country at an early age, was raised and educated in Philadelphia finishing his studies in the Central High School of that City.

Moved to San Francisco in 1883 where he resided until 1890, when he moved to the city of Alameda, where he has since resided.

Frank C. Jordan, the present County Clerk of Alameda county has earned a high reputation for his systematic management of the details of the office. This is the first time in the history of the county when the clerk has been required

to register voters and compile the great register at his own expense. Previous incumbents were allowed from \$12,000 to \$15,000 for employees in that work alone; but recent decisions have disbarred the Supervisors from rendering any assistance at the county's expense and Mr. Jordan is systematically carrying on the work at great loss to himself. Mr. Jordan was born in Shasta county in 1860 and came to Oakland with his parents when only eight years of age. He is a member of the Native Sons. He is also connected with several fraternal organizations.

J. Cal Ewing who is the Chief Deputy County Clerk is one of the favorites in Alameda county. He too is a Native Son and like his chief is a man of family. He resides in Alameda.

Frank H. Mason the efficient office Deputy is one of the chief factors in the careful and courteous management of the County Clerks department.

Frank D. Adams the Judgment clerk was formerly County Clerk of Placer county and he is familiar with all the details of County government. His years of experience have had much to do with enabling Mr. Jordan to conduct his office with its high degree of efficiency. There are others deserving of much credit for the part they share in the work of the most difficult department of the County government.

T. F. Mock of Department 1, George C. Woodsun of Department 2, Dan Sinclair of Department 4, and J. R. Robinson of Department 3, are particularly worthy of commemoration by the legal fraternity and C. S. Arnold document clerk.

Edwards Davis, of the Central Christian Church of this city, whose popular preaching has won and retains the attention of one of the largest congregations in a city of churches, is yet but a youth. This "Talmage of the West," as the

New York *Journal* has entitled him, is a native Californian, and typically a western man. He was born in Santa Clara, on the 17th of June, 1873. Most of his life, however, has been passed in Oakland, where he attended the primary, grammar, and high schools, continuing his theological preparation in Washington College and Kentucky University.

In his eighteenth year, while yet an undergraduate, his ministry was begun. His first charge was of a provincial church in Kentucky, from whence he was called to Lexington, Indiana, thence to Sullivan, Illinois, and Mattoon. His promotions have been so continuous that at an early age he stands in the conspicuous position of a metropolitan pulpit. In less than two years the membership of his congregation has trebled, and his audiences have become the largest of any church of his denomination on the coast.

The Rev. Mr. Davis has won national reputation as a sensational speaker, the New York *Tribune* calling him in review, "an actor-preacher, a word-painter, a patron of the waltz, a sponsor of 'bean' poker, and the most popular preacher in the city." Despite misrepresentations he has retained the implicit confidence of his splendid congregation, which is, however, as unconventional as its preacher. Recently the *Oakland Tribune* reported, "Last Sunday night the eloquent word-picturer stirred the audience to great enthusiasm. A remarkable storm of applause greeted the divine, when in forceful sentences he urged his hearers to a realization of their responsibilities." It is not unusual for similar expressions of approval to attend his exhortations. The youthful preacher has received invitations to some of the most prominent pulpits of the coast.

Notably he has been a man of immense audiences, and the thronging thousands have been invariably conquered. He

has addressed the State Conventions of his church in California, Oregon and Washington, and Chautauqua Assemblies. At the State Fair of Oregon, referring to his oration there, the *Salem Statesman* said, "Mr. Davis faced an audience worthy of the ablest oracle that ever spoke, 5,000 auditors being within the range of that marvelous voice." Though successful as a preacher, should his entire attention ever turn to secular, yet no less sacred things — as a lecturer Mr. Davis would be pre-eminent. Eventually no congregation, however influential, can withstand the demands of a public, when by a realization of his incomparable powers, he shall not be Oakland's, but America's orator.

With all the literati, artists, scientists, that the West has given to the world — Harte, Twain, Stoddard, Miller, Rosenthal, Royce, Le Conte — some day must be given this western boy, whose sceptre of speech shall sway the audience of the unnumbered multitude.

W. E. Dargie, proprietor of the *Oakland Tribune*, is one of the best known men in the State. He is a native of San Francisco, but for the past twenty years has resided in Oakland and has conducted the *Tribune*, the oldest paper in Alameda County. Apart from his newspaper interests Mr. Dargie has won reputation in many other fields. He served a term as Postmaster of Oakland, was a State Senator from Alameda County and has always been prominent in all movements for the development and progress of Oakland.

Among the other public positions that Mr. Dargie has filled may be mentioned the presidency of the Oakland Electric Light and Motor Co. and the presidency of the Humane Society, and it may be well said that the signal ability he has displayed on all occasions has been the great element of his success.

Frank A. Leach was born in Cayuga county, N. Y., and came to California with his parents in 1852. In Sacramento, his home for several years, he attended the first school established there, and afterwards the family moved to Napa.

In 1867 he sold his Napa paper and went to Vallejo, where he established the *Chronicle*. From 1867 to 1871 the city of Vallejo grew fast, but the *Chronicle* grew faster, and became the leading daily of that portion of the State. It was so prosperous that in three years after its establishment it was being published in a brick block erected by its energetic proprietor. In the meantime he had started and for several years conducted the Benicia *New Era*, a weekly.

Mr. Leach was elected a member of the first Legislature after the adoption of the new Constitution and also of the succeeding Legislature. In the Assembly he bore a leading part in the framing of the present revenue laws, and made a record for untrammeled independence which was highly commendable. He also served a term as Postmaster of Vallejo.

He bought out the little semi-weekly paper, the *Enquirer*, in Oakland at the beginning of the year 1886, and six months later turned it into a daily. It was a tiny sheet at first, but no paper published on the Pacific Coast has had a more satisfactory growth.

Mr. Leach is a Director of the State Home for the Adult Blind, an unsalaried office. President Harrison appointed him a member of the Assay Commission to visit the Philadelphia Mint in 1891. He was offered the Postmastership of Oakland three years ago, but declined it.

Albert Kayser was born in 1854 in Germany. There he attended the public schools to his fourteenth year when he became an apprentice in a grocery and hardware business. After one year's

trial he wrote to his brother in San Francisco to send him money enough to emigrate to America. As a boy of fifteen years he traveled the 7000 miles alone, and arrived in San Francisco in 1870. The first work he could find was to serve as an errand boy in a German newspaper office, the *California Journal*.

After being there a few weeks he took a fancy to learn the printer's trade and became an apprentice.

After being at his trade for five years he became the foreman in a new established German paper, the *Humorist*. Another five years elapsed and he entered into partnership with the late William H. Hopper, who was at that time Marshall of the California Pioneers, bought the *California Journal*, which paper they made a financial success.

Among the attorneys in middle life Fred L. Button has placed himself among the first. A resident of the city since early childhood, a graduate of the State University in 1876, and afterwards instructor in that institution, his experience in land matters and in the legal affairs of the city, its charter, ordinances, streets etc., has brought him a large practice particularly in those lines. He has also done important work in the law books, having revised the city ordinance twice and twice compiled the official edition of the same, with notes, besides having recently edited a new edition of "Handbook on Sheriffs," a standard new book.

The present County Recorder, Charles H. Spear, is a resident of Berkeley, and has in the past served in several offices in the local government of Berkeley, filling the office of Town Clerk for several terms. He was born in Sonora, Tuolumne county, June, 1862, and is a native son, and a member of Oakland Parlor, No. 50, and is also a member of Oakland Lodge of Elks, No. 171.

Mr. Geo. H. Mason, of East Oakland,

Chief Deputy Recorder, is now serving his eighth year in this office and is well versed in the duties of the position. He was born in San Francisco June, 1866, and is also a member of Oakland Parlor, No. 50, and of Brooklyn Lodge, No. 225, Free and Accepted Masons.

C. D. Maloney has served as Deputy Recorder since January, 1895.

The other gentlemen connected with the office represent different sections of the county and are well and favorably known in their districts. Mr. J. Bardelli and J. R. Taylor are from the Livermore District; Mr. Al. Harms from Pleasanton; Mr. E. Schmidt from Lorin and Mr. J. M. Hyde and Mr. J. D. Bailey from Oakland.

Fees derived from this office are as follows: 1893, \$25,209.25; 1894, \$22,48.50; 1895, under a 20 per cent reduction in fees, \$21,787.00.

Hon. Wm. R. Davis, ex-mayor of Oakland, and one of the most prominent attorneys-at-law in the State, was born in Washington county, Iowa, in 1854. The same year he left with his parents for California and settled in El Dorado County. The family finally settled permanently in Santa Rosa, so that Mr. Davis is a native son in all save name. In 1874 he graduated from the University of California with the degree of A. B., and four years later received the degree of A. M. from the same source. After teaching school in Washington College, Alameda county, Mr. Davis began the study of law, and in 1877 entered the firm of Moore, Vrooman & Davis in Oakland. From that time until the present day Mr. Davis has been identified with many of the greatest cases on this coast.

In 1887, Mr. Davis was nominated by acclamation and elected on the Republican ticket Mayor of Oakland. His administration was characterized by good

will and progressiveness. He favored beautifying every part of the city, and the construction of a boulevard around Lake Merritt, as well as extended street improvements in all directions.

In 1890, Mr. Davis was chosen delegate-at-large for Alameda county to the Republican State Convention, and was chairman of the delegation. In the ensuing campaign, he spoke frequently in behalf of his party.

Mr. Davis himself considers the most important labor ever accomplished by himself is that in connection with the great Oakland water front litigation, still pending, Mr. Davis being counsel for the city of Oakland.

Mr. Davis is a member of the Oakland Lodge, No. 188, F. & A. M.; of Alameda Chapter, No. 36, R. A. M.; and of Oakland Commandery, No. 11, K. T. He is still in active practice of the law in Oakland, the firm name being now Davis & Hill.

Melvin C. Chapman was born at Westfield, Ill., in 1850.

He was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court in 1884, since which time he has practiced in Oakland. He was elected to the legislature of California in 1888, and served one term. Was offered a re-nomination, but refused it.

Elected to the office of Mayor of Oakland in 1891 by the largest majority ever given a Republican candidate.

Geo. E. De Golia, graduated from University of California, 1877, studied law with Henry Vrooman and admitted to practice before Supreme Court in 1879. Deputy District Attorney several years; been in active practice since 1880; large corporation and generally successful practice. He is prominent in Masons, Native Sons and Elks. Member Athenian and Acme Clubs.

J. C. Gilson, born Vermont, May 23, 1844. Began teaching at seventeen, and

taught in Vermont, New Hampshire, and New York. From latter State came to California 1869, and engaged in teaching in Alameda county, and continued till elected County Superintendent Schools and afterwards City Superintendent Schools, holding each position four years. In Institute work he has achieved great success and in that line he has a State reputation.

To mention in a brief way the Fabiola Hospital, for the benefit of which the charming Fabiola Fete on the first of each May, is given, is all that is possible in this article, though far less than the subject deserves. However glimpses of the carnival of flowers are given by illustration of the decorated carriages of the leading charitably inclined society people of Oakland..

For Oakland and its suburbs the hospital cares for three classes of patients : First—Those who are destitute or unable to pay. Second—Those whose means are too limited to enable them to pay for medical attendance and proper nursing at home. Third—Private patients, or those having means to pay who come to the hospital for the skilled service and bet-

ter facilities and possibilities for restoration to health. The hospital receives patients from outside of Alameda county in wards for simply cost, and in private rooms at moderate rates.

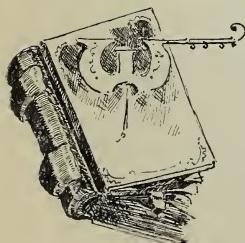
There is also connected with the hospital a training school for nurses and health mutual fund to relieve sick subscribers. Its present officers are: Mrs. R. W. Kirkham, Honorary President; Mrs. John Yule, President; Mrs. Re Chabot, Mrs. Peder Sather, Mrs. J. Folger, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. W. T. Barton, Recording Secretary ; Mrs. W. Standeford, Financial Secretary ; Mrs. May Burnham, Assistant Financial Secretary; Mrs. Allan D. Wilson, Corresponding Secretary ; Mrs. Q. A. Chase, Treasurer ; Miss Sarah Craig, Superintendent of Nurses ; Mrs. M. A. Dow, Matron.

The Thomas School of Oratory in Hamilton Hall, of which Fanny Thomas A. M., is principal, has won an enviable reputation for itself. Its design is not only to teach oratory to those desirous of becoming teachers, public speakers, or those who have a professional purpose in view, but to prepare men and women for their life work.

Cecil Hammerton.

THE LAW ON THE SILVER QUESTION.

BY THE GOVERNOR OF IDAHO.¹



HEN this government was instituted, its founders, whether wisely or unwisely, designated both gold and silver as the money of final redemption. In 1871 silver was practically dropped from our coinage by being refused admission to the mints. Whether this was brought about by con-

spiracy on the part of those whose interests were favorably affected by the legislation, it is not in my province to discuss. The fact remains that the price of the white metal, thrown on the market as a commodity, has been so materially reduced that in but few instances can it be mined with a profit.

Naturally, there is a great divergence of opinion as to whether it would be to the interests of this government to restore

¹ See Etc.

In former position the metal which was clandestinely demonetized. Although I believe in the free and unlimited coinage of silver, in this article I do not propose to enter into a discussion of that subject, but merely to confine my remarks to the question as to whether we are to maintain this republic under the law, or whether we are to transfer its management to the Chief Executive and those individuals whom he may appoint as his cabinet officers. I believe that before indulging in any further debate regarding free coinage, we should first determine, by an attempt at congressional enactment, whether the people desire to continue this as a government under the law, or whether it is to be run by the heads of departments according to their respective theories.

Had the law been followed out as it now appears on our statutes, no sale of bonds would have been necessary during the present administration, for at no time during the years when bonds have been issued under President Cleveland's orders has the silver reserve in the treasury alone been less than \$450,000,000 in coin and bullion; and no mono-metallist in Congress or disciple of Blackstone who is familiar with the law will pretend to claim that any obligation of this government is absolutely payable in gold except gold certificates. If greenbacks and silver certificates are equally redeemable in gold with gold certificates, why should there be a difference in their form? Such a proposition is not worthy of consideration. Everybody who is informed on this subject knows that the action of the present Secretary of the Treasury has been taken solely in the interest of bondholders and those who deal in government securities.

The Senate of the United States on the 25th day of January, 1878, and the House of Representatives on the 28th day of the

same month and year passed the following concurrent resolution:—

That all the bonds of the United States, issued or authorized to be issued under the said acts of Congress hereinbefore recited, are payable principal and interest, at the option of the government of the United States, in silver dollars, of the coinage of the United States, containing 412½ grains each of standard silver; and that to restore to its coinage such silver coin as a legal tender in payment of said bonds, principal and interest, is not in violation of the public faith, nor in derogation of the rights of the public creditor.

This resolution was passed in the Senate by over a two thirds vote, and it passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 189 yeas and 79 nays. In regard to the treasury note, the law simply provides that it is payable in coin.

Section 2 of the act of July 14, 1890, provides that,—

Upon the demand of the holder of any of the treasury notes herein provided for, the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States shall, under such regulations as he may prescribe, redeem such notes in gold or silver coin, at his discretion, it being the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other, upon the present legal ratio or such ratio as may be prescribed by the law.

Section 3 of the same act provides that the Secretary of the Treasury shall

coin as much of the silver bullion purchased under the provisions of this act as may be necessary to provide for the redemption of the treasury notes provided for.

The act repealing the law authorizing the purchase of silver bullion and the issue of treasury notes in its payment did not repeal any other part of the act of July 14, 1890, but expressly stipulated as follows:—

And it is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to continue the use of both gold and silver as standard money, and to coin both gold and silver into money of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value.

In the finance report issued by the Treasury Department in 1878, at which

time Senator Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury, we find the following:—

The Secretary deems it proper to state that in the mean time, in execution of the law as it now stands, he will feel it to be his duty to redeem all United States notes presented on or after January 1st next at the office of the assistant treasurer of the United States in the City of New York, in sums of not less than \$50, with either gold or silver coin, as desired by the holder, but reserving the legal option of the government; and to pay out United States notes for all other demands on the Treasury, except when coin is demanded on coin liabilities.

Mark you, by this declaration he distinctly states that "he reserved the legal option of the government to redeem them in silver." As will be seen by the extracts I have quoted, there can be no question as to the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to exercise his option in the payment of obligations in either gold or silver, and in making such payments it is his duty to maintain the avowed policy of the United States, "to continue the use of both gold and silver as standard money," and it is absurd to claim that that policy can be maintained by using only the one metal as a money of final redemption, and degrading the other.

It may be claimed that if the Secretary should adopt the policy of paying out silver at his option gold would go to a premium, but in refutation of such a claim, we have the history of the administration of the Treasury Department under Mr. Sherman, when he publicly announced his intention to exercise that option, and every member of Congress knows that no such result followed.

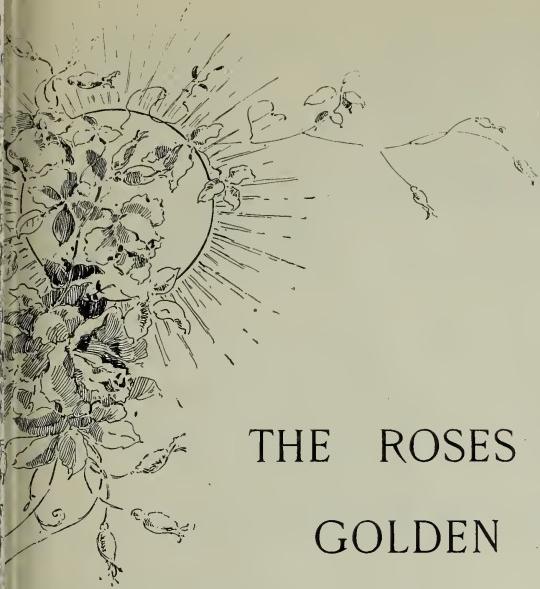
If Congress will pass a law compelling the Secretary of the Treasury to pay the obligations of the government in such money as he holds in the vaults, either gold or silver, without discrimination, we

shall soon see the bankers of Lombard and Wall streets acting in unison with the West in a combined effort to maintain as the law directs, a parity of the two metals, those who hold our government securities being more interested than another class of individuals in that effort.

We, as Americans, should insist that every dollar bearing the stamp of the government shall be as good as any other dollar, and that the law must be carried out as its framers intended it,—not in the interest of brokers and money lenders but in the building up of our common country, and promoting alike the interest of every citizen. When we show to the world our determination to uphold the doctrine of sound money, by ceasing to discriminate ourselves between the coins which are of our own creation, the monarchs who hold our bonds, not only in this country but in Europe, will soon realize that we have the key of the situation under our control. That by destroying the value of silver, they have depreciated their securities to the same extent they have lowered the value of everything.

When we take the stand I suggest which, under the law and in the name of justice, we have the right to take, a shout for the restoration of silver to its former position will be made and echoed in every money center in Europe. The appeals of the toiling sons of Western America will be insignificant in comparison to the clamor of the lordly gentlemen who at present laugh at our discomfiture and enrich themselves through our folly. It was at their beck silver was demonetized. Let us, as is our right, show them that they must undo the wrong which was of their doing or suffer the consequences.

W. J. McConnell.



THE ROSES OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

WITHIN the smoky loom of
London town,

Under the lions of Trafalgar
Square,

Where, were it drawn in line
of battle there,

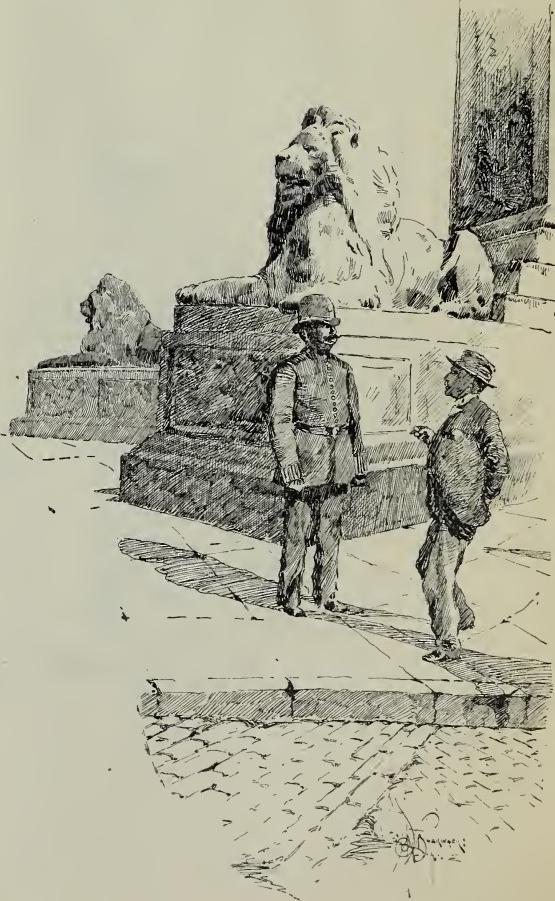
The foreign fleet might still feel
Nelson's frown :

Where by his barrow stood a
huckster brown ;

Yellow as gold, within the
passer's reach,

I saw the luscious California
peach,

With ripe flush tempting to its
cheek of down.

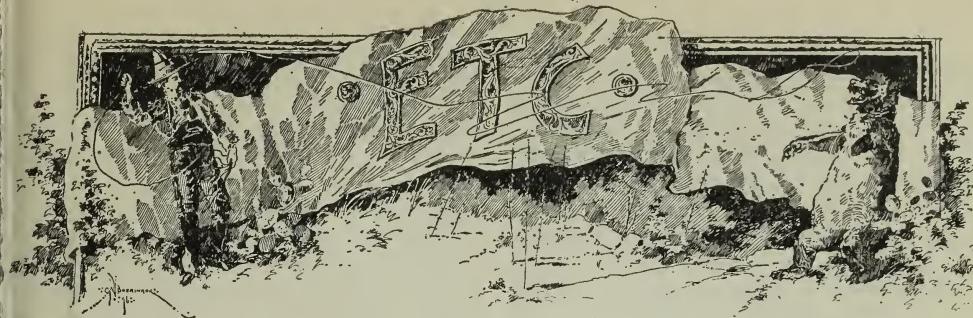


And lo! the sordid city grim and gray,
Passed like a vision from my sense away;

I saw the blue Sierra, calm and cool,
The vine clad slope, the flower wreathed mountain pool
The blossoming orchards and the orange groves,
The shimmering sunlit sands, the sheltered coves,
And then the wealth of roses—ah, thrice blest,
My homesick soul had seen the Golden West!

¹ Winthrop Packard.





**Santa Monica's
Napoleonic
Proof-Reader.** THE Government Printing Office at Washington has a proof-reader whose common-sense is phenomenal. When measured by the standard of the manifestation of this quality at Los Angeles, it becomes colossal. A petition for the improvement of the San Pedro Harbor was sent to Senator White. The Honorable gentleman caused it to be printed at the Government Printing Office. A proof-reader in the Government type-setting establishment had evidently read the proof of the report of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors of the House and of the Committee on Commerce of the Senate, and had observed a recommendation for appropriations for both Santa Monica and San Pedro. Finding a numerously signed petition in favor of San Pedro alone, this astute proof-reader said to himself "the omission of Santa Monica is certainly inadvertant. No considerable number of people living in a city which has chosen to build itself twenty miles from the ocean and one hundred and fifty miles from any natural harbor would object to having two harbors." He therefore inserted the name "Santa Monica" in addition to the name "San Pedro." Whereupon, it was charged that the friends of Santa Monica had forged, falsified and interpolated the name "Santa Monica" with malice prepense.

Let the despatches published in the daily press of Tuesday morning, May 5th, furnish the document. The despatch to the *Examiner* reads as follows:

"The authorities at the Government Printing Office wrote to Senator White today that the mistake had been made by the proof-reader, who had read a good deal about the debate on the merits of the two harbors, and concluded that the petitioners wanted Santa Monica included with San Pedro in any improvement that was to be made."

The committees of both houses of Congress had recommended appropriations for the improvement and creation of two harbors, one at San

Pedro twenty-two miles from Los Angeles and the other at Santa Monica seventeen miles from Los Angeles. It is a good deal for a people who have chosen to collect themselves together in an urban community seventeen and twenty-two miles from the ocean, and who, when the ocean is reached, find no natural harbor, to ask the United States to create a harbor, and actually manufacture a protected area out of the untamed surf of the sea.

Los Angeles has undertaken this great problem and it had been so far successful as to secure the recommendation of committees of the two houses of Congress in favor of the improvement and construction of the two harbors. It is the distant view of objects whether physical or historical that gives us their true outline, and from the distance of 500 miles, the outline of the situation at Los Angeles wore a most fortunate aspect. A people making an almost absurd request of the nation had been phenomenally successful, and just at the point of their ultimate triumph, they refused to be blessed. They raised the absurd cry of "San Pedro or nothing." The Government was very fortunate in having in its employ a man possessed of large and broad American common-sense. His point of view was still more distant than that occupied by us. He viewed the matter from the breadth of a continent, and having a view as broad as the nation he unhesitatingly concluded that the petition ought to conform to the recommendation of the committee. It was hard for this common-sense, common-place, but preëminently astute proof-reader to conceive of as great a variety of asininity as exists in the character of some people. It was a most difficult thing for him to understand that a large number of people residing in Los Angeles, the city to be benefited by the bounty of the nation, objected to two harbors, when the opportunity of obtaining two was in plain view. With a generosity of purpose which should entitle his memory to a commemorative monument, he inserted the name "Santa Monica" in connection with that of "San Pedro." Bravo, noble proof-reader. May thy

memory be eternally embalmed in our bosoms. May the posterity of the people of Los Angeles prattle thy fame, and shed tears of regret for thy fate in their maturer years. A time will come when thy name will be ennobled, and when Southern California becomes an empire of wealth and population, its people will point to thy tomb and say: "Here lies one who had more sense than the combined judgment of all the men who signed a petition for the improvement of a harbor at San Pedro."

But the most astounding feature of this case remains to be noted. Senator White, it is said in the despatches, is not satisfied with this explanation. Surely not. This act of common-sense was such superb irony, such superlative sarcasm of accident, that Senator White must have felt its rebuke keenly. That proof-reader will lose a situation by the wrath of the Senator from Southern California. He was fool enough to believe the people of Southern California willing to be doubly blessed. He was stupid enough to suppose that the essential desire of the petitioners was for an available deep sea harbor. These were pardonable mistakes. To the common understanding of men, there are no such fools as grow and flourish on the western confines of the national domain. They belong to the species engendered on the soil. They are not the result of evolutionary force, but of refluent, retrogressive action. What they appear to fear most is that a proposed improvement will confer general prosperity. What they appear to still further desire is that any improvement shall confer the minimum of prosperity. How it will come to be believed that a people that refuse to promote the construction and improvement of two harbors deserve one is past finding out.

The mistake of the proof-reader would be irresistibly funny were it not such a crushing rebuke to the infinite and immeasurable littleness of the people who are resisting an appropriation for the improvement and construction of two harbors, and above all to the Senator who is the conservator and instrument of this microscopic stupidity.

The southwest portion of the United States needs a deep sea harbor. A deep sea harbor accessible to Los Angeles would make that city the commercial capital of Utah, Southern Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and the lower half of California. With a deep sea harbor the ocean would become a factor in the commercial and industrial prosperity of the territory named. A deep sea harbor would attract by the force of natural gravity an overland railroad, of which such ocean

harbor would be the ocean terminus. With the splendid prize in view, it is marvelous that the people of Los Angeles should refuse any assistance that is proffered in the way of accomplishing results.

Much of the opposition to the construction of a breakwater at Santa Monica, which would convert that open roadstead into a protected harbor, is said to arise out of the fact that the Southern Pacific Company has constructed a splendid wharf at that point, and has thereby made Port L. Angeles the terminus and natural ocean outlet of the southern portion of its great system.¹ The intellectual and moral feebleness which would not perceive in this single fact a great opportunity for the accomplishment of a public enterprise to be pitied if not despised. Every man ever reared to human enterprise and energy has arisen despite the efforts of ignorance, prejudice and selfishness. We earnestly hope our southern friends will obtain a deep sea harbor. Until they do, theirs will be a case of arrested development. Ignorance, prejudice and selfishness, however, will not win for them this prize. A great breadth of intelligence and its natural concomitant liberality will be necessary to the accomplishment of that result.

The Governor of Idaho.²

Six years ago Idaho was in its swaddling clothes, a territory, little known, little appreciated, considered by the emigrants and tourists of the Union Pacific a vast sage brush desert, the home of the coyote and prairie dog. Only known to the reading public by a newspaper account of a gold discovery or an Indian uprising. But back from the iron course of the two great transcontinental lines were the richest valleys under the sun, traversed by a net work of irrigation ditches, filled with countless herds of cattle, productive of vast crops of alfalfa and covered with the apple, the pear, the prune, the nectarine and the grape. overshadowing the valleys and protecting them from the winds of the north were the tremendous spurs of Bitter Root and the Owyhee, dotted with mines of gold and silver, turning out into the markets of the world nearly eighteen millions of the precious metals, placing Idaho third among mineral productive states of the country. In every town, mining camp, and settlement, were schoolhouses and churches. The inhabitants, all native Americans, one hundred thousand in number, longed for the rights of citizenship they had

¹ See "Well Worn Trails. IV." By Rounseville Williamson. OVERLAND, October, 1895.

² See Frontispiece.

njoyed in the other states of the east. So they met together in convention, took an inventory of their resources, formulated a constitution and petitioned Congress for the privileges of statehood.

During the winter of '89 and '90 a half dozen Idahoans took up their residence in the Capital of the nation to watch after and push their interests before Congress. For seven months they appeared before the Committee on Territories of both Houses. They buttonholed Congressmen. They published interviews on Idaho in the leading journals, and on the 4th of July, 1890 they had the proud satisfaction of seeing their territory become their state.

Of that little company one was the governor of the territory, and became the first governor of the state he helped to found, and within three months from the time of his inauguration he resigned to go to the United States Senate. Another was the territorial delegate in Congress and is now a United States Senator. Another had just left one of the largest businesses in the west to do his share, and has also been rewarded with a seat in the U. S. Senate, is its present governor and the object of this sketch. Two more, one an ex-governor and the other an ex-delegate, were Democrats, and their party, which was in the minority, threw complimentary ballots for them at a joint session of the state's legislature for seats in the U. S. Senate. The sixth and youngest member of the party is for the moment their historian.

The three names, Shoup, Dubois and McConnell are watchwords in Idaho. Each has lived one of those marvelous American careers that could be an impossibility in any other country or age. Even in the West in a few more decades such achievements will be beyond the ambitions of the most sanguine. Not that one of the three have conquered a nation or discovered a continent, but they have shown themselves great in appreciating and acting upon the great idea on which the nation was founded. They have, indeed, grasped the full right of American citizenship and have pushed on and up from the humbler walks of life to the highest places of honor and the gift of a state.

Colonel William John McConnell, LL. D. was born in Oakland County, Michigan in 1839, and was educated there. He taught school in his native state until 1860, when following a mule team he crossed the plains to California and went to gold mining in the Dutch Flat country. In 1863 he cast his lot with Idaho. During the years at the close of the Civil War the north-

western states filled up with deserters from both armies. It was a time of great mining excitement and license ran riot. The territory swarmed with the lowest class of desperadoes and gamblers. It was what California was in '49. Among such scenes and such characters McConnell found himself, and at once set about collecting the order loving spirits into a vigilance committee of which he was elected captain and shortly after appointed Deputy U. S. Marshall. His life as captain of the vigilantes was one of stirring adventures and hair-breadth escapes, but one that in the end rid the country of its disturbing element. In 1866 he returned to California, and from thence went to Oregon where in 1882 he was elected to the state senate and became its presiding officer during the memorable Mitchell-Dolph senatorial fight. In 1879, although a resident of Oregon, he established an extensive mercantile business at Moscow, Latah County, Idaho. He was a leading member of the Constitutional Convention of that state, and is identified with every line of its foundation.

The first state legislature elected Dubois, Shoup and McConnell U. S. Senators, McConnell drawing the short term. On his return to Idaho in 1892 he was chosen Governor to which position he has been since reelected. In the spring of 1893 he was elected president of the Trans-Mississippi Congress and presided at its session in this city in 1894.

The fidelity with which he has filled every position he has occupied is a part of the history of the Northwest.

Governor McConnell is in the prime of life, of medium height, good weight, a handsome genial face, light hair and full beard. Long before Idaho became a state he repeated many times in my hearing that he intended to live to see his territory his state, and to represent it in the Senate of the United States. He has kept his word.

Rounsevelle Wildman.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

A Victory for the Union Iron Works.

LY has a peculiar interest in the wonderful record made by the "Oregon" on its trial trip at Santa Barbara. Irving M. Scott, one of the directors of this company,

and Henry T. Scott, one of this company's firmest friends, are the men who have added another and crowning triumph to California's annals. The Oregon's 16.79 knots beats the world's record for ships of her class, and puts into the pockets of her builders a bonus of \$175,000.

The Union Iron Works has by this one superb feat placed its name at the head of the great ship building firms of the world. No one after this will doubt that it is possible to build up names and fortunes out of iron on this coast as well as out of wines and fruits.

**The Roses
of the
Golden West.** Last winter a letter which it was thought proper to print here, was received that awoke a spirit of inquiry. The letter contained a poem which will be found on another page.

Before deciding to use the poem we took the trouble to inquire of the man whose name the poet found inscribed on the peach boxes relative to their authenticity. In answer, Mr. Buck replied, that the shipment of fruit to London was increasing in favor and that today it was a common sight to see California fruit of all kinds for sale on the street corners and about the public squares. During the past year he had sent to London fifty refrigerator carloads representing the principal fruit growers of Middle and Northern California. The temperature of the cars was 50° and of the steamer 44° and the last lot took only sixteen days in transit.

Peaches, pears, plums, cherries, grapes, oranges and nectarines have found a ready market, although nectarines stand the journey best. The shipments for the last year has proven a financial success and Mr. Buck feels confident that a new and profitable market for California fruits has been opened. So much in explanation of the poem and letter.

CANTON, MASS., December 10, 1895.
Editor OVERLAND MONTHLY,

Dear Sir:—Last summer I saw in Trafalgar Square, London, a huckster with his barrow piled high with boxes of California fruit marked "Frank H. Buck, Vacaville, California."

The contrast between the gray and smoky city and the bright skies under which the fruit grew came to me very vividly.

If you can use the poem which I send with photographs of the square, it will give me great pleasure.

Yours truly,
WINTHROP PACKARD.

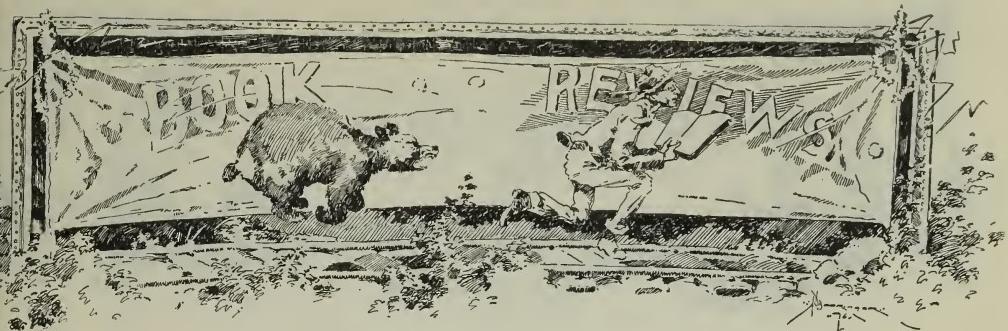
In a special to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, dated London, August 29, 1895, headed "Fruit Sales in London," is the following:

"There was a larger crowd than usual in attendance at the sale of California fruit at Covent Garden today. The steamship New York brought over 2,800 cases of pears, 3,350 boxes peaches and 650 boxes of plums. The fruit was delivered in London at 5 o'clock this morning. The packages bore the stamp of the California Fruit Company. Before the auction a rumour prevailed that the pears were in bad condition and in consequence, when the first lot—36½ cases packed by Granderson of Riverside, Cal., was offered, there were no takers; subsequent 34½ cases of Bartlett pears fetched 5s 6d.

The 3,350 half-cases of peaches sold steadily. The first lot of 20 cases brought 5s. The entire lot averaged 5s 2d. One lot, packed by Frank H. Buck, of Vacaville, elicited applause on account of their fine appearance. This lot brought 6s. 100 cases from the El Dorado Packing Company, brought 5s 3d.

A prominent dealer said that the fruit could not have come into the market at a worse time because the market was glutted with French and English fruits. Nevertheless the American fruits averaged a shilling more a box than the French fruits sold during the week, and about 25 per cent higher than the English fruits in the market, etc., etc."

THE Fifth Annual Bench Show of the Pacific Kennel Club closed on the 9th at the Mechanic's Pavilion. Taken altogether the four days show this year was the most successful ever given, and the management is deserving of the highest praise. Over four hundred dogs were exhibited and the entries included many of great value. The exhibits of the St. Bernard Club of California, the Pastime Cocker Spaniel Kennels and the Kenwood Kennels were well arranged and interesting. The judging in all classes was very impartially done by Mr. James Mortimer of Hempstead, L. I. The officers of the club are: H. Bier, president; H. H. Wakeman, first vice-president; Herbert Spencer, second vice-president; C. A. Haight, financial secretary and treasurer; H. W. Orear, corresponding secretary.



Cooper's Spy.¹

G. P. Putnam's Sons begins their new "Mohawk Edition" of Cooper's Immortal Tales with *The Spy*. Harvey Birch has been a household word for generations and every healthy, patriotic American boy looks upon him as a veritable character second only to Washington in the great drama of the Revolution. Cooper in his introduction explains that Birch was drawn from an actual spy and from information furnished by one high in authority who knew him. It is hardly necessary to say more regarding a book so well and favorably known. The present edition is the best that has so far been presented to the public and the OVERLAND takes pleasure in recommending it to its thousands of readers in the schools of the Coast. It is printed from new type on strong paper, handsomely bound and illustrated.

Balzac's Louis Lambert.²

It might not be advisable for one wishing to make the acquaintance of Balzac to commence with *Louis Lambert*. But after one has become en rapport with the scheme of the "Comédie Humaine" the book becomes one of intense interest. Our own George Frederic Parsons has opened the story with a long, carefully prepared essay on the aims and objects of the book. He undertakes to introduce the reader to Louis Lambert as Balzac saw him and to make clear the motif of this psychological study of a superior being who in his gropings after the infinite goes far beyond human intelligence and in the eyes of humans becomes mad. Miss Wormeley has faithfully rendered into English all the complicated, erudite phrases in a way that leaves no questions as to her ability. The book is hand-

somely bound and printed uniformly with the complete set.

Dumas' Regency Romances.

In Little, Brown & Co's splendid translations of Dumas' complete novels—*Le Chevalier D'Harmental*³ and *The Regent's Daughter*⁴ form a series which has been styled the Regency Romances. The two novels deal with the events during the regency of Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, from 1718 to 1719. The engrossing facts of French history lose nothing by the famous author's liberty with them. One rather becomes familiar and learns to appreciate the characters of Louis XV, the Regent, the Duchesse d'Orleans Abbe Dubois, the Duc du Maine, the Princess Palatine and Alberoni, and is stimulated to study French history from its more sober chronicles. The edition under review has been so often praised in these pages that it would seem needless to say more

Essays by Vernon Lee.

*Renaissance, Fancies and Studies*⁵ is the title of a volume of essays by Vernon Lee, the author of "Euphorion." The captions of the four essays are a true index of what one may expect who has become familiar with the author's previous work. "The Love of the Saints," "The Imaginative Art of the Renaissance," "Tuscan Sculpture," "A Seeker of Pagan Perfection Being the life of Domenico Neroni, Pictor Sacilegus" cover a realm of thought which few thinkers have so sympathetically invaded. They contain the outcome of personal impressions of certain works of art and literature, and of places in which they were produced, gracefully told. The book is well worth the careful attention of every thoughtful reader.

¹ *The Spy*. By James Fenimore Cooper. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1896. \$1.25.

² *Louis Lambert*. By H. De Balzac. Boston: Roberts Brothers: 1896.

³ *Le Chevalier D'Harmental*. By Alexandre Dumas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.: 1895.

⁴ *The Regents Daughter*. Ibid.

⁵ *Renaissance, Fancies and Studies*. By Vernon Lee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1896.



IRVING M. SCOTT, director of the OVERLAND MONTHLY PUBLISHING CO. was elected at Sacramento on May 6th elector-at-large on the Republican national ticket.

THE May Number of "Current Literature" devotes a page to a kindly review of the career and work of Rounsevelle Wildman.

JOEL SHOMAKER, the editor of the Logan, Utah, *Republican*, has published and offers for sale (price \$1.00) a little book of instruction to writers and correspondents. The work will be found a valuable aid to all beginners, as it embodies the result of fifteen years experience of its author as an editor, correspondent, and general writer. Most editors, who have nothing to do with the payment of contributors, will thank Mr. Shomaker for one bit of advice to writers.

"Do not try to hurry payment. Most papers remit the first of every month. The business part of the paper is conducted on different lines from the editorial. Your work is for the editor. . . . Speak favorably of your publication at every opportunity. . . . Do not set price on your work unless requested."

THE wild, weird, romantic tales of Indian life that Verner Z. Reed contributed to the pages of the OVERLAND and which were strikingly illustrated by L. Maynard Dixon are to be brought out in book form by the Transatlantic Publishing Co. of New York under the name of the old Indian chief who is the hero of the stories—"Lo-To-Kah, the Ute"—The author of Lo-To-Kah has lived much with various Indian tribes and has written various descriptive and ethnological articles concerning them, and because of his acquaintance with the Utes and their country he has had exceptional facilities for describing this interesting people and the picturesque land where they dwell.

HENRY HOLT & CO. of New York will publish in book form "The Quicksands of Pactolus."

THE publishers of *McClure's Magazine* have decided to spend twenty thousand dollars for short stories during the coming year. They announce that new writers will be especially welcome. Payment will be made on a very liberal scale, and it is believed that this will be more satisfactory than offering prizes.

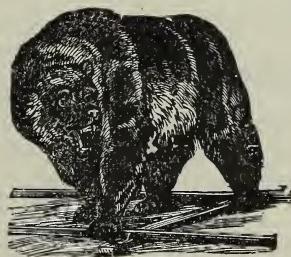
IT IS pleasant to note the recognition that California writers are receiving in the East. In a long article on our literary stars that appeared in the May Munsey, there is particular mention of Rounsevelle Wildman, who has come to the front in the past few years as the author of some very pretty short stories and one novelette, called "The Panglima Muda." This latter work is the result of Mr. Wildman's stay in the Orient, he having been United States Consul at Singapore for some time. There are some very neat bits of description in the "Panglima," and Mr. Wildman has received some very good notices in the Eastern newspapers and magazines touching his clever effort. But perhaps the highest tribute yet paid to his work is the placing of a short story of his, called "Owyhee Joe," in Shoemaker's "Best Selections." These selections are for reading and recitation and certainly in this case an appropriate subject has been chosen. The story tells how Owyhee Joe escaped hanging by a lynching party who had found him guilty of horse-stealing. A letter from Joe's mother to her unlucky son falls into the hands of the leader of the mob, and its pathetic language so appeals to the hearts of him and his fellows that they set their captive free. If Mr. Wildman continues to write up to this standard it will not be long before he will "arrive" that being the latest phrase for the success of a popular writer.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

VOL. XXVII.—SECOND SERIES

EDITED BY
ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN

JANUARY-JUNE, 1896



Established 1868

SAN FRANCISCO
OVERLAND MONTHLY PUBLISHING COMPANY
Pacific Mutual Life Building
1896

COMMERCIAL PUBLISHING CO., PRINT
34 California Street.

INDEX.

Aboriginal Weapons of California	Lorenzo G. Yates, F. L. S.....	337
Sketches by the Author.		
Accessory After the Fact, An.....	Bradford Woodbridge	258
Pictures by Dixon.		
Arts and Crafts, The.....	Austin Lewis	292
Pictures by Cheret, Dixon, Grasset and Boeringer.		
As Talked in the Sanctum.....	By the Editor.....	5, 133, 245, 357, 473, 583
As Told by Teresita.....	Alden Herrick	147
Drawings by Boeringer.		
Atlanta Exposition, California's Exhibit at the.....	J. A. Filcher	387
Illustrated from Photos.		
Baboo's Good Tiger.....	Rounsevelle Wildman.....	628
Illustrated by J. D. Strong, Jr.		
Banks and Banking in California	John Finlay	81
Illustrated from Photos and Drawings by Tebb's.		
Book Reviews:—		
Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan, The, (James Morier,) 239.—American Steam Vessels (Samuel Ward Stanton,) 234.—Architects of Fate, (Orison Swett Marden,) 467.		
Ballads of Blue Water, (James Jeffrey Roche,) 122.—Bayard Taylor, (A. H. Smyth,) 577.—Broken No'ees from a Gray Nunnery, (J. S. Hallock,) 468.—Buonarroti, Michael Angelo, His Sonnets, 121.		
California Gold-Mill Practises, (Ed. B. Preston,) 351—Casa Braccio, (F. Marion Crawford,) 233.—Celibates, (George Moore,) 125.—Cheiro's Language of the Hand, 235.—Columbia, (John R. Musick,) 239.—Cup of Trembling, The, (Mary Hallock Foote,) 237.		
Days of Auld Lang Syne, The, (Ian Maclaren,) 237.—Death Valley in '49, (William Lewis Manly,) 235.		
Estevan, (John R. Musick,) 350.—Eugénie Grandet, (Honoré de Balzac,) 125.		
Fat and the Thin, The, (Emile Zola,) 468.—Fifty Thousand Dollars Ransom, (Daniel Malcolm,) 579.—Flower, The, of England's Face, (Julia C. R. Dorr,) 126.—Forty Five, The, (Alexandre Dumas,) 236.—Foster on the Constitution of the U. S., 239.		
Half Round the World, (Oliver Optic,) 125.—Hoosier School Master, The, (Edward Eggleston,) 238.—Hours at Home, (Lyman H. Sproul,) 123.		
In a Hollow of the Hills, (Bret Harte,) 127.—In this Our World, (Charlotte Perkins Stetson,) 124.		
Jesuit of To-day, A, (Orange McNeill,) 468.		
Kaffir Stories, (W. C. Scully,) 579.—Kokoro, (Lafcadio Hearn,) 578.—Korean Games, (Stewart Culin,) 237.—Kyzie Dunlee, (Sophie May,) 351.		
La Dame de Monsoreau, (Alexandre Dumas,) 236.—Le Chevalier D'Harmental, (Alexandre Dumas,) 713.—Lieutenant at Eighteen, A, (Oliver Optic,) 468.—Life of Nancy, The, (Sara Orme Jewett,) 350.—Life in Shut-in Valley, (Clara Spalding Brown,) 240.—Louis Lamber, (Honoré de Balzac,) 713.—Lourdes, (Emile Zola,) 468.—Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac, The, (Eugene Field,) 578.		
Magic Skin, The, (Honoré de Balzac,) 350.—Malay Sketches, (F. A. Swettenham,) 349.—Marguerite de Valois, (Alexandre Dumas,) 127.—Mariposailla, (Mrs. Chas. Stewart Daggett,) 351.—Men of Moss-Hags, The, (S. R. Crockett,) 467.—Merry Wives of Windsor, The, (Shakspeare,) 351.—Middle Ten, The, (F. F. Murray,) 351.—Military Career of Napoleon the Great, (M. B. Gibbs,) 238.—Missing Pocket Book, The, (Harry Castlemon,) 468.—Modeste Mignon, (Honoré de Balzac,) 578.		
Nicodemus, (Grace Shaw Duff,) 122.		
On the Point, (Nathan Haskell Dole,) 351.—Ormond, (Maria Edgeworth,) 579.		
Paying Guest, The, (George Gissing,) 468.—Peoples and Politics of the Far East, The, (Henry Norman,) 237.—Père Goriot, (Honoré de Balzac,) 240.—Persian Life and Customs, (Rev. S. G. Wilson, M.A.,) 233.—Poems, (Elwyn Irving Hoffman,) 123.—Poetical Works of Holmes, 467.		
Reconstruction During the Civil War, (E. G. Scott,) 126.—Regent's Daughter, The, (Alexandre Dumas,) 713.—Renaissance, Fancies and Studies, (Vernon Lee,) 713.		
Saint Augustine, (John R. Musick,) 579.—Savage of Civilization, A, (J. Selwin Tait,) 351.—Seadrift, (Herbert Bashford,) 124.—Singing Shepherd, The, (Annie Fields,) 123.—Sir Quixote of the Moors, (John Buchan,) 234.—Slain by the Doones, (R. D. Blackmore,) 240.—Spring's Immortality, (Mackenzie Bell,) 121.—Spy, The, (James Fenimore Cooper,) 713.—Stark-Munro Letters, The, (A. Conan Doyle,) 238.		
This Goodly Frame, The Earth, (Francis Tiffany,) 467.—Three Musketeers, The, (Alexandre Dumas,) 350.—Today and Yesterday, (Edward Willard Watson,) 122.—Twenty Years After, (Alexandre Dumas,) 466.		
Vicomte de Bragelonne, The, (Alexandre Dumas,) 578.—Village Watch Tower, The, (Kate Douglas Wiggin,) 239.		
When Valmont Came to Pontiac, (Gilbert Parker,) 126.—White Baby, The, (James Walsh,) 351.—Whirl Asunder, A, (Gertrude Atherton,) 466.—Works of Charles Dickens, The, 466.		
Young Ranchers, The, (Edward S. Ellis,) 240.		
Yolo County and the Northern Citrus Belt	S. G. Wilson	419
Illustrated from Photos.		
Y. Balboa's Sea		353
California Artists	Charles S. Greene.	
I. C. D. Robinson		34
Pictures by C. D. Robinson.		
II. Joseph D. Strong, Jr.....		501
Pictures by Joseph D. Strong, Jr.		
California Republic, The.....	Tipton Lindsey	218
Sketches by Boeringer.		
California's Exhibit at the Atlanta Exposition	J. A. Filcher	387
Illustrated from Photos.		
California's New Year	Charles S. Greene.....	3
Painting by Edward Cucuel.		
Camping on the Sacramento		241
Case of Discipline, A	Charles Van Norden.....	282
Pictures by Boeringer.		
Hit Chat		128, 352, 580, 714

City of Oaks, The	Cecil Hammerton
<i>Illustrated from Photos.</i>	
Concerning School Libraries.....	Milicent W. Shinn
Defenders of the Union.....	Frank Elliott Myers
<i>Illustrated from Photos.</i>	
Deserted Homes of a Lost People, The.....	Lorenzo G. Yates, F. L. S.....
<i>Pen Sketch by Boeringer and Photos by Brewster.</i>	
Doc' Willis.....	J. Cabell Brown
<i>Drawings by Tebbs.</i>	
Egyptian Slave, An.....	
Etc.....	
Editorial : —	
Judge Boalt's Resignation.—Land Titles in California.—The Nicaragua Canal.....	
Overland and the Schools.—The State Journal.—The Journal Abolished.—The Lot of the Inventor —A Modern St. Bartholomew	
Japanese Commercial Supremacy.—Our Educational Department.—No American Representative.—Cloverdale's Citrus Fair.—A Total Eclipse Expedition.—A United Silver Party	
A Public Library Report.—The OVERLAND in Reading Rooms.—A Samoan Tapo.—La Fiesta de Los Angeles.—More Copyright Depositories.—A Y. M. C. A. Appeal.—Doctor Hall on Public Schools.....	
Our Duty Toward Cuba.—Irving Murray Scott.—The Century and OVERLAND Poster Exhibit.—Board of Trade and the Railroads.—Second Class Postal Rates.....	
Santa Monica's Napoleonic Proof-Reader.—A Victory for the Union Iron Works.—The Roses of the Golden West.....	
Contributed : —	
Mount Tamalpais Military Academy	Cecil Hammerton
The Passing of Yat.....	May-Ethelyn Bourne
Church Taxation and the Constitution	Dirigo
Rejoinder by Dr. Bovard	F. D. Bovard
Aphorisms	Edwin Wildman
Governor of Idaho, The.....	Rounseville Wildman
Poetry : —	
The Warrior Bold	J. M. R.....
Extracts from Mrs. Lofty's Diary. VI. Dorothy.....	Batterman Lindsay.....
<i>Illustrated by Boeringer.</i>	
Fight with a Grizzly, A.....	G. A. Hamilton
<i>Illustrated by Boeringer.</i>	
Free Trade and Protection	Irving M. Scott
Frontispiece : —	
Love's Dreams	
Robinson's Panorama of the Yosemite Valley	
California's New Year	Charles S. Greene
The Living and the Dead	
An Egyptian Slave	
The Sprites	P. N. Boeringer
Camping on the Sacramento	
Mount Hood	C. D. Robinson
" Had the Steer by the Horns "	Alex. F. Harmer
" Seek to Overcome the Brute's Reluctance "	Alex. F. Harmer
By Balboa's Sea	
Nevada.....	Alice Gray Cowan
<i>Pen Sketch by Boeringer.</i>	
" Lily "	Henry Raschen
A Samoan Village " Tapo "	J. D. Strong, Jr.....
Son of N. B. Strong	
<i>Portrait in Oils by J. D. Strong, Jr.</i>	
" For He's a Jolly Good Fellow "	
<i>Painting by Dendy Sedler.</i>	
A Spanking Breeze on San Francisco Bay	
<i>Photo by Lowden.</i>	
Irving M. Scott	
<i>Photo by Taber.</i>	
The Lorelei.....	
Hon. W. J. McConnell	
" Gen'r'l, " The	Emma A. Thurston
<i>Pictures by Boeringer.</i>	
Hard Times, Causes and Remedies	Irving M. Scott.
Free Trade and Protection	
The Scarcity of Money	
Causes and Remedies	
Heart of the Sacramento, The	S. G. Wilson
<i>Illustrated from Photos and Sketches.</i>	
International Bimetallism	John J. Valentine
In the Court of Johore	Rounseville Wildman
<i>Illustrated from Photos.</i>	

Jimtown's Bride	E. A. Robinson	374
Sketches by Dixon.		
Johore, In the Court of.....	Rounsevelle Wildman.....	137
Illustrated from Photos.		
Last of the Vaqueros, The	Alan Owen	249
Illustrated by Alex. F. Harmer.		
Lilioukalani	C. F. Nichols, M. D.....	526
Portrait by Tebbs.		
'Lily"		355
Painting by Henry Raschen.		
Living and the Dead, The.....		4
Lost People, The Deserted Homes of a.....	Lorenzo G. Yates, F. L. S.....	538
Pen Sketch by Boeringer and Photos by Brewster.		
Love's Dreams.....		1
Malayan Child Life.....	Rounsevelle Wildman.....	270
Mathewson's Ride.....	E. K. Rountree.....	617
Mechoopdas, The, or Rancho Chico Indians.....	A. K. Bidwell	204
Sketches by Boeringer.		
Mount Hood.....		242
Painting by C. D. Robinson.		
Mavada.....	Alice Gray Cowan.....	354
Picture by Boeringer.		
New Year's Day in Malaya, A	Rounsevelle Wildman.....	76
In the Divide.....	W. Cather	65
Pictures by Boeringer.		
In the Establishment of the Boundaries of the Pueblo Lands of San Francisco.....	Edward R. Taylor.....	22
Original Sketches by San Francisco Painters.....	P. N. Boeringer.....	
I. Miss Eva Withrow.....		161
Paintings by Miss Withrow,		
II. Henry Raschen.....		361
Paintings by Raschen, Sketches by Tebbs & Lewis.		
Our Colonial Dames.....	Frank Elliott Meyers.....	104
Illustrated from Photos.		
Norrama of Yosemite Valley.....	C. D. Robinson	2
Oneene Bimetalist, A—Judge C. C. Goodwin.....	J. Dryden	657
Illustrated from Photos.		
Out of the Sierras, The.....	Charles Warren Stoddard	663
Illustrated by J. D. Strong, Jr., and from Photos.		
Outer, The	K. Porter Garnett	296
Pictures by Wendel, Rhead, Woodbury, Boeringer, Hardy, Beardsey, Kahler, Pages, McManus and Dixon.		
Preparatory Scholarship.....	Arthur Crosby	322
Prospective Influence of Japan upon the Industries of America, The	W. H. Mills	587
Illustrated from Photos and Sketches from Native Prints by Boeringer.		
Pueblo Lands of San Francisco, On the Establishment of the Boundaries of the	Edward R. Taylor	22
Sands of Pactolus.....	Horace Annesley Vachell	42, 171, 304, 411, 488, 619
Mecho Chico Indians, The Mechoopdas, or.....	A. K. Bidwell	204
Sketches by Boeringer.		
Raschen, Henry	Pierre N. Boeringer	361
Paintings by Raschen, Pen Sketches by Tebbs & Lewis.		
Robinson, C. D.	Charles S. Greene	34
Pictures by C. D. Robinson.		
Sacramento Valley, The Heart of the	S. G. Wilson	185
Illustrated from Photos and Sketches.		
Saint Valentine		217
Painting by Edward Cucuel.		
Moan Village "Tapo," A		356
Painting by J. D. Strong, Jr.		
Saved by a Ghost.....	Frank Elliott Myers	535
Tott, Irving M.		472
Photo by Taber.		
Ever Question, The	John P. Irish	558
Simple Story of a Tailor-Made Overcoat, The.....	Rounsevelle Wildman	529
Pictures by Boeringer.		
Trees of the San Joaquin, The	Theodore S. Solomons	477
Illustrated from Photos and Sketch Map by the Author.		
Trees of the King's River, The.....	Theodore S. Solomons	636
Illustrated from Photos by the Author.		
Western California Teachers' Association	May L. Cheney	545
Illustrated from Photos.		
rites, The		130
Drawing by Boeringer.		
Strong, Joseph D., Jr.	Charles S. Greene	501
Pictures by Joseph D. Strong, Jr.		
Study of English Literature, The	William H. Hudson	325
Study of History, The.....	Thomas R. Bacon	427

- Taxing Church Property *F. D. Bovard, D. D.*
 Their First Quarrel *Painting by Edward Cucuel.*
- True Tales of the Old West :—
- IX. A Fight with a Grizzly *G. A. Hamilton*
Pictures by Boeringer.
 - X. The "Gen'ral" *Emma A. Thurston*
Pictures by Boeringer.
 - XI. Uncle Roche's Will *James H. Lawrence*
Pictures by Boeringer.
 - XII. Doc' Willis *J. Cabell Brown*
Drawings by Tebbs.
 - XIII. Mathewson's Ride *E. K. Rountree*
- Uncle Roche's Will *James H. Lawrence*
Pictures by Boeringer.
- Unexplored Regions of the High Sierra *Theodore S. Solomons*
- I. The Sources of the San Joaquin *Photos and Sketch Map by the Author.*
 - II. The Sources of the King's River *Photos by the Author.*
- Van Lennepe's Cowardice *Lieut. John E. McMahon, U. S. A.*
- Wayside Harvest, A *L. B. Bridgman*
Sketches by Boeringer.
- Well Worn Trails *Rounsevelle Wildman*
- VII. The Petrified Forest *Photos by Tyler.*
- What Latitude Should be Allowed High School Pupils in the Election of Studies. *Lewis B. Avery, Eugenie Fuller, N. A. Richardson, W. H. Housh*
- What Shall be the Mode of Admission to the High Schools? ... *F. E. Perham, James D. Graham*
- POETRY.
- Alien Singer, An *W. I. Cottel*
 As Blooms The Lily *Henry W. Allport*
- Between the Lines *Edwin Wildman*
 Birth *Elwyn Irving Hoffman*
- California's New Year *Charles S. Greene*
Painting by Edward Cucuel.
- Cloud City, The *Theron Brown*
Pictures by Boeringer.
- Cowslips in the Grasses *H. Winthrop Waring*
- Cyclone, The *Herbert Bashford*
Illustration by Boeringer.
- Dawn, Yamhill, Oregon *Charles Grissen*
- Epigrams *Charles P. Nettleton*
- Fairy Wedding, The *M. Isadore Knox*
Illustrated by Boeringer.
- Ghost Bell, The *William H. Anderson*
- Half Dome, The *Wilbur Zeigler*
- In a California Orange Orchard *Lillian Plunkett Ferguson*
- Indian Ceremony, An *Arthur Grissom*
- Introspection *Carrie Blake Morgan*
- Italian Fisher *Sylvia Lawson Covey*
- Mighty Thing, A *William Francis Barnard*
- Nature's Thermometer *Edwin Wildman*
Illustrated by Tebbs.
- Nevada *Alice Gray Cowan*
Pen Sketch by Boeringer.
- Of Death Before Maturity *Francis E. Sheldon*
- Paths of Catalina, The *Sylvia Lawson Covey*
- Pebe, The *Clarence Hawkes*
- "Ready, Aye, Ready" *Augusta Moore*
- Roses of the Golden West, The *Winthrop Packard*
Illustrated by Boeringer.
- Sunrise Amid the Pines *Clifford Trembley*
- To California *M. L. Adam*
- Tout Passe *Horace Annesley Vachell*
- Under the Almond Trees *Estelle Thomson*

HAILED WITH DELIGHT!

Crown Lavender Pocket Salts

CHARMING NOVELTY.

THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,

Of London, call attention to one of their most charming novelties,

The Crown Lavender Pocket Salts

Bottles as shown or

Which can be carried in the
made by them for many years in England,
this country. Made

CROWN LAVENDER
RAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS
WHITE LILAC
MOILETTE

THESE POCKET SALTS

Deliciously perfumed with the Crown
alts, the creation of the Crown Per-
nown to their London and Paris clien-

PRICES: Standard Size, 50 cts.
Smaller Size, 40 cts.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THEM

by sending either of the above amounts to Caswell, Massey & Co., New York; Melvin & Badger, or T. Metcalf Co. Boston; Geo. B. Evans, Philadelphia; E. P. Mertz, Washington; Wilmot J. Hall & Co., Cincinnati; Auditorium Pharmacy Co., Auditorium Building, or W. C. Scupham, Chicago, Ill.; The Owl Drug Store, San Francisco and Los Angeles; and the Scholtz Drug Co., Denver; one of these bottles of Pocket Salts will be sent to any address
ame the odor required.

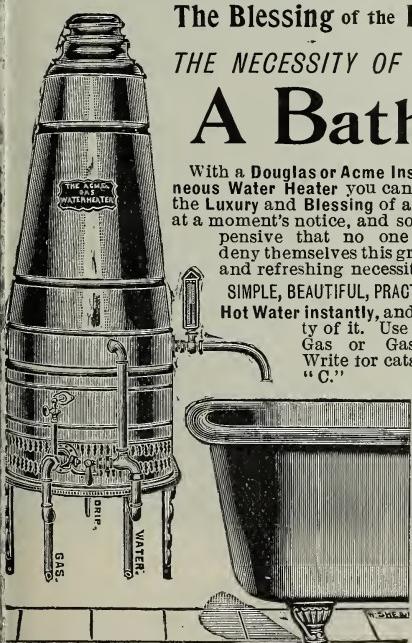
Sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations.

The Luxury of the Rich
The Blessing of the Poor
THE NECESSITY OF ALL.

A Bath.

With a Douglas or Acme Instantaneous Water Heater you can enjoy the Luxury and Blessing of a BATH at a moment's notice, and so inexpensive that no one need deny themselves this grateful and refreshing necessity.

SIMPLE, BEAUTIFUL, PRACTICAL.
Hot Water instantly, and plenty of it. Use either Gas or Gasoline. Write for catalogue "C."

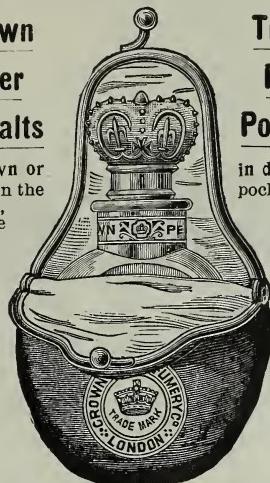


THE INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATING CO.

141 & 143 Ontario St., Chicago.

New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans,
38 Broadway. 716 Walnut St. 451 Camp St.

San Francisco, 719 McAllister St.



The Crown Perfumed Pocket Salts

in dainty kid purses
pocket with perfect safety
but now for the first time introduced into
the following odors:

YLANG-YLANG

VERBENA

MATSUKITA

And all other odors.

ARE PERFECT GEMS.

Perfumes, and identical in quality
ender Salts and various perfumed
fumery Co., so long and favorably
tele.

In Kid Purses, 75 cts.
Smaller Size, 60 cts.



M. J. LAYMANC, PRESIDENT.

J. W. LAYMANC, VICE-PRESIDENT.



REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND GENERAL AUCTIONEERS

RENTS COLLECTED.

Full charge taken of all kinds of Property.

HOUSES RENTED.

Improved and Unimproved Property for sale in all parts of the City, Fruite Vale, Alameda and Berkeley.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Country Property for sale in every County in the State.

INSURANCE EFFECTED.

 Telephone 328

M. J. LAYMANCE & CO.
REAL ESTATE.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE OFFICE OF THE
LAYMANCE REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENT CO.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND LAND AUCTIONEERS

Successor to M. J. Laymance & Co.

466 EIGHTH STREET, OAKLAND, CAL.



Oakland, California,

— THE GARDEN SPOT OF CALIFORNIA

The American Investment Union Tract

THE GARDEN SPOT OF OAKLAND

LARGE LOTS

CHOICE NEIGHBORHOOD

Within fifteen minutes' walk of City Hall, Post Office and the Business Center.

TERMS TO SUIT ALL

For maps and particulars apply to

A. H. BREED & CO., Sole Agents,
460 Ninth St., Oakland Cal.

...THE...

California Investment Company

466 EIGHTH ST.,
Oakland, Cal.

J. WALTER LAYMANCE.....President
F. B. WOODHOUSE.....Secretary
FIRST NATIONAL BANK...Treasurer

Board of Directors

Charles McCleverty, S. P. Tate, Jr.
A. P. Holland, F. J. Edwards,
R. R. Grayson, J. J. Scrivner,
J. L. Champlin, J. W. Laymance,
F. B. Woodhouse.

Capital Stock, - - \$100,000
1,000 shares at \$100 each, payable
at \$1 per month upon each share.
The most simple plan in the world
to make money with practically no
risk.

Purpose of Organization
....The California Investment Company is organized for the benefit of all its stockholders, and not for the purpose of bestowing wealth and power on a favored few, also to enable small investors to combine and gain equal advantages with capitalists in making investments, to buy, to sell, and deal in Real Estate, to borrow and make loans, and to provide for a life income during one's later years

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR SMALL INVESTORS.

THE California Investment Company is organized for giving parties of small capital an opportunity for a safe and profitable investment, those who can spare but a few dollars at a time have long to wait before they can save enough to buy a lot and then they have to pay the retail price, which is much greater than that which land can be purchased for in large tracts. By depositing a few dollars with the California Investment Company you will place it where it will be combined for your benefit, with the money of others like yourselves. The Company purchases property at wholesale prices, then subdivides and sells the same at retail prices. Money invested where property is rapidly increasing in value will some time double and in all cases will bring a larger return than interest.

The California Investment Company desires to call your attention to their most simple co-operative system for making money. The plan of investing in the Company is the most simple in the world. The value of one share is one hundred dollars, payable at one dollar per month, no more, no less. This money is paid into the treasury of the Company and invested by the Board of Directors who are selected by the Stockholders once a year.

"In Union there is strength," any person investing money in the California Investment Company will receive more profits from the amount paid in than any investment they can make. It is only by the combination of your savings with those of others that your money is given power equal to that of all millionaires.

In these exceptionally bad times it is gratifying to know that there is still left an opportunity to make money, and especially at this present time the California Investment Company believes now is the time to invest.

It is useless to say to you that in order for the California Investment Company to secure success, great experience, tact, judgment and discretion are necessary. All of these most important elements are intrusted to representative business men of this city who compose the Board of Directors.

Correspondence solicited.

CAMPING

and all sorts of Summer Outings
made popular by the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY'S

Campers' Excursion Tickets

at REDUCED RATES

to various portions of the State.

OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE in the

Shasta Region

Fascinating, Healthful, Inexpensive.

Sweet Brier Camp

Near Castle Crags, established
three years.

Shasta Retreat

Mountain Home of the Chau-
tauquans, near Dunsmuir.

Mt. Shasta Camp

In Strawberry Valley, Attract-
ive and Homelike.

These Camps are supplied with all the conveniences
for camping, and provisions may be had in abundance
cheaply on the grounds.

In the

Santa Cruz

Mountains

are a number of
delightful camping locations.

Alma, Wrights, Laurel,

Glenwood, Felton,

Ben Lomond and

Boulder Creek.

The Santa Cruz Mountains make up in charming
picturesqueness what they lack in the fearful grandeur
of the Shasta country, and their proximity to the sea
gives the climate the delicious flavoring of the salt
sea breezes. The locations are quickly reached, pro-
visions are abundant, rates are reasonable, and op-
portunities for pleasurable diversions are limitless.

The Mountains of California are a Paradise for Hunters and Anglers.

The Southern Pacific Company has just published attractively illustrated folders, describing
in detail the various resorts of the State, where situated, how reached, rates, etc. These folders
contain much valuable information, and will be distributed freely. Send your name to
G. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agent, or apply to any S. P. Co. Agent.



Bouillon Spoon

adds to the gentle art of entertainment at dinner—it lends charm as well as elegant convenience to the guest. The delicate chaste designs of our silverware are always a pleasure to the lover of the useful combined with the beautiful.—Jewelers will show you them. Interesting booklet about Spoons and Forks sent to any address free.

The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co.,

Bridgeport, Conn.

New York Salesroom, No. 2 Maiden Lane, 2d door from B'way [43]

REMOVED

"DOMESTIC" THE LIGHT RUNNING

Sewing Machines and Paper Patterns

FROM POST STREET

TO

1021 MARKET STREET

Between 6th and 7th Streets.

California Enterprise.

Factory:
Novato, Marin Co.
California.



Main Office:
No. 330 Pine Street
San Francisco.

Manufacturers of the Finest Quality of

Sweetened and Unsweetened

Condensed Milk

don't

forget
to say that you
want the

S.H. & M.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK.
BIAS
VELVETEEN
SKIRT BINDING.

Otherwise the clerk will naturally think that "just any sort" will suit you.

If your dealer will not
supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.

"Home Dressmaking," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, telling how to put on Bias Velveteen Skirt Bindings sent for 25c., postage paid.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

Blindness Prevented and Cured

NO KNIFE! NO RISK!
No Waiting to be Blind.

Immature cataracts can be absorbed. Diseases of the eye and lid, often said to be incurable have been cured. Everybody should read our pamphlet **The EYE**, mailed free. It explains the cause of diseased eyes and impaired vision, how prevented and cured at home and at **The Bemis Eye Sanitarium, Glens Falls, N. Y.**



300,000
Ladies now using
The Rushforth Hair Curling Pins.
Will Curl, Crimp or Frizz the
hair almost instantly without heat
or moisture, whether long or short.
Small compact and easily carried
in the pocket, ready for use at
any time or place. Sample set of
6 pins and agent's terms sent pre-
paid for 15c. Six sets for 75c.
Agent's outfit of 1 doz. sets by mail prepaid for \$1.25.
Address A. F. BEESE, Davenport, Iowa.

STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS.

Mothers and nurses all the world over have given their teething babies and feverish children Steedman's Soothing Powders. Try them.

TOURS

SELECT PARTIES—Europe,
Orient, etc. UNEQUALLED
ADVANTAGES. Steamship and
Circular R. R. Tickets. Est. 1879.
A. De Potter, 146 B'way, N.Y.

Shorthand

for note-taking in a few HOURS;
reporting in a few WEEKS;
no shading, no position. Exclusive
WORLD'S FAIR AWARD. Leading everywhere. FREE lesson
and circulars. Write **H.M. PERNIN**, Author, Detroit, Mich.



Sozodont

FOR THE
TEETH AND BREATH

Delightfully Fragrant and Refreshing—
A Favorite with Connoisseurs
For Half-a-Century

A sample by mail if you send three cents for postage and mention this publication. Address the Proprietors of SOZODONT, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

53RD SEMI-ANNUAL
STATEMENT OF

THE UNION SAVINGS BANK OF OAKLAND, CAL.

(SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL BANK)

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DECEMBER 31, 1895.

Capital Fully Paid -	\$300,000	Surplus - - -	\$90,000
Deposits to December 31, 1895 - - - - -			\$3,002,693.19

J. WEST MARTIN, President

WM. G. HENSHAW, Vice-President

A. E. H. CRAMER, Cashier

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

J. WEST MARTIN	WM. G. HENSHAW	THOS. PRATHER	S. HUFF	R. S. FARRELLY
A. A. MOORE	HIRAM TUBBS	C. E. PALMER	H. W. MEEK	HERMAN A. TUBBS
				THOMAS CREELIN

Rates Paid on all Savings Deposits, $4\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. per Annum.

This Bank has added a Commercial Department to its former business and is now transacting a general Banking business as a Savings and Commercial Bank.

The Anglo-Californian Bank

(LIMITED.)

LONDON OFFICE,	3 ANGEL COURT
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE,	N. E. COR. SANSCOME AND PINE STREETS

Authorized Capital Stock,	- - - - -	\$6,000,000
Subscribed,	- - - - -	3,000,000
Paid in,	- - - - -	1,500,000
Surplus,	- - - - -	700,000

REMAINDER SUBJECT TO CALL.

DIRECTORS IN LONDON

RIGHT HON. H. H. FOWLER, M. P.,	E. H. LUSHINGTON,	ISAAC SELIGMAN,
JOSEPH SEBAG,	J. SIMON,	
J. SIMON, Managing Director, London.		

BILLS OF EXCHANGE, COMMERCIAL and TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT Issued, Collections made, and Stocks, Bonds and Bullion Bought and Sold on most favorable terms.

MANAGERS IN SAN FRANCISCO

IGNATZ STEINHART	P. N. LILIENTHAL
A. L. SELIGMAN, Assistant Cashier	

Expert . . . *
Accountant *

RICHARD H. GREY 207 Battery St., S. F.

ROOM 19

References: Mexican Central Railroad Co., Mexico; I. S. Van Winkle & Co., S. F.; Don Alejandro Nowell, Guatemala; Don Antonio Perusina, S. F.; A. Arnold, Esq., Sec. Hawley Bros. Hardware Co. S. F.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

THE MODERN OXYGEN CURE FOR DISEASE

Electrohoise

Pacific Coast Agents

WATSON & CO.

124 Market St., San Francisco

Send for Book



“Yes,
Dr. HAYES, of Buffalo, Cured my
Hay-Fever.”

This in substance is the reply inquirers get when they write to our references. And Dr. Hayes' cured cases **STAY** cured.

8 Years Cured:

W. L. WEDGER,
Roslindale, Boston, Mass.

7 Years Cured:

J. L. TREVILLYAN,
24 5th St., N. E., Minneapolis,
Minn.

8 Years Cured:

MRS. A. P. FOSTER,
Chelsea, Mass.

5 Years Cured:

J. W. GILLESPIE,
Black River, N. Y.

5 Years Cured:

WM. E. WELLER,
164 Cherry St., Burlington, Vt.

Rose Cold, June Cold, Hay-Fever, Asthma.

OUR NEW BOOK—*Thesis for 1896*—with 2000 other references whom you can consult, now ready. Sent on application, with blank for free examination. **GET IT.** Read it. Think it over. Talk with these people or write them. Get ready to meet the season's attack, and do it now. Address DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

DEAR DR. HAYES:

Your treatment has kept me this year without Hay-Fever. About eight or more weeks of every year for the past seven years have been a period of misery. This year contains two months more of life to me. I carried a handkerchief four days to see how long it would take to get it wet and could not wet it—thin silk, too. No sign of Asthma. I shall use your medicines just before the season comes on next year to keep me as clear as this year. I was like all others, trying the right thing last, and consequently doubted your ability to give more than temporary relief. Now I am convinced that if any fairly healthy person will obey your instructions strictly you will cure them as you have cured me. It will be a pleasure and a duty to correspond with any sufferer who may think fit to write to me about my case that was, and at all times I shall be as full of praises and recommendation of your treatment as I was once full of Hay-Fever. It is my desire that you use any letter of mine or part thereof, as proof that you can successfully cure Hay-Fever in due and ancient form.

Yours very truly,
FREDERICK PRENTON ROPE, 111 Bank Street.

WATERBURY, CONN., Oct. 1st, 1895.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM

TOILET
POWDER

Approved by highest medical authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation for infants and adults. Positively relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blotches, Pimples and Tan, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Delightful after shaving. Decorated Tin Box, Sprinkler Top. Sold by Druggists or mailed for 25 cents. (Name this paper.) Sample by mail.

FREE
Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

HYPNOTISM Sixty methods, \$5. My process, \$2. 100-page book, 10c. Key to power, 30c. Prof. Anderson, O. M. Masonic Temple, Chicago.

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP
Others imitate!—None equal!
25c. All druggists or by mail. C. H. STRONG & CO., Chicago.



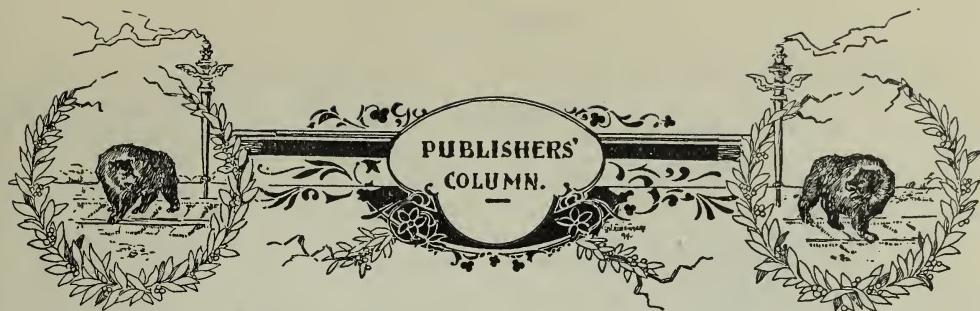
PARKER'S HAIR BALSM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORMS.

The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Druggists.

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."



In calling attention to the advertisement of the FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE COMPANY on page 16, we point with pride to the fact that in California can boast of the largest Fire and Marine Insurance Company west of the Alleghany mountains. The FIREMAN'S FUND has been tried and tested in all conflagrations from Boston and Chicago to Virginia City, Seattle and Spokane.

Its age, one third of a century. Its income in 1896 \$1,791,503.00. Its present assets \$3,449,095.88 and its character for fair dealing makes it one of the strong and leading Fire and Marine Insurance Corporations of the world.

—o—

The April number of the OVERLAND MONTHLY is one of unusual interest, and in that respect is but an earnest of the grand work laid out for the remainder of the year. The illustrations are of striking merit and vastly superior to those of many of the Eastern magazines, especially in press work, some of them being veritable gems, from painting and sketches by San Francisco artists. All in all, the April number of the OVERLAND is one that the publishers and the people of California may regard with pride. *Advocate*, Berkeley, Cal.

—o—

Howson: I want to change this diary, that I bought on New Year's Day. The first ten pages of it are good but the rest cannot be written on.

Stationer: The Diary is made that way purposely. In ten days you won't want to write in it, so we give you your money's worth in shaving paper. *Echoes* (Elmira, N. Y.)

—o—

The UNION GAS ENGINE COMPANY of this city are the inventors and pioneer manufacturers of the most perfect Gas Engine yet invented for general use; if the fact that nearly eighteen hundred of them have been made and sold on this coast, can be taken as evidence. These engines have many points of superiority over others, which are fully explained in the illustrated circular issued by the manufacturers, and which may be had on application at their office 309 Howard St. S. F.

—o—

Bound copies of the 27th volume of the OVERLAND MONTHLY are now ready. A file of these books is the best cyclopedia of Pacific Coast history and resources extant.

In the early days of San Francisco, the house of Charles Meinecke & Co. was established for the sale of imported foreign wines, principally of French and German production.

In the selection of high-class goods suited to the tastes of the epicures of this Coast, great care was exercised; which fact, together with honest and fair dealing, secured for the house a reputation of the highest mercantile character, which it now bears. Mr. Henry Kunz is the active junior partner of the concern. Mr. Kunz has grown up with the house from a boy, and is recognized as one of the most conservative and brightest business men of San Francisco.

—o—

Those magazine readers who do not include the OVERLAND MONTHLY in their subscriptions miss the best available source of information concerning the development and settlement of the west—a line of which that magazine makes a specialty. The OVERLAND has been placed on the school library list of all but three California counties.

Inyo Register, Bishop, Cal.

—o—

The Clergyman: It strikes me that I've seen your face before.

The Prisoner: You have. I was in your Sunday school class five years.

Echoes (Elmira, N. Y.)

—o—

In ordering the LOUIS ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE you should be careful to name the particular brand wanted, the choice being entirely a matter of taste, there being no difference in quality.

GRAND VIN SEC (Brown Seal) is a dry wine; CARTE BLANCHE (White Seal) a rich wine; BRUT (Gold Seal) an extra dry wine. These are the three brands of the finest Champagne known, and are for sale by MACONDRAY BROS. & LOCKARD, sole agents for Pacific Coast.

—o—

The most extensive display of fine millinery goods in the City is at the establishments of MME. ALMA E. KEITH, 24 Kearny St. and 808 Market St. The stock embraces all the latest designs in French and English spring wear.

—o—

Bound copies of OVERLAND MONTHLY, \$2.25; including one copy of "The Panglima Muda," a novel of Malayan life, by Rounseville Wildman, \$3.00.

The SPECIAL EXCURSION to the GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER in Arizona, as planned by the well known Tourists Agents, THOMAS COOK & SON; is the opportunity of a life-time. The Excursion will leave this City in June, under the personal escort of PROF. G. WHARTON JAMES of the Geographical Society of London, and who, from personal observation has made himself familiar with this, THE MOST STUPENDOUS PIECE OF NATURAL SCENERY IN THE WORLD.

Reduced rates will be offered and full information furnished by THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., San Francisco.

OFFICE "DAILY REPORT," 320 Sansome St.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20th, 1896.

MESSRS. WATSON & CO.,

124 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen :

I desire to express my more than complete satisfaction with your Electropoise. I find that it has fulfilled all (and more than) you promised for it. It has completely overcome a devitalized condition with me, caused from overwork and illness and I find the strengthening effects from it to be permanent. It has been meat, medicine and vacation to me, and has given me a capacity for work unknown to me for years.

I shall consider it a privilege to at any time recommend the Electropoise as a vitalizing agent. This endorsement is but a poor expression of what I feel for the instrument, I cannot speak too highly of its merits.

Very truly, GEO. A. FAYLOR.

To those wishing to purchase musical instruments we most earnestly recommend the several firms whose advertisements appear in our pages.

All have long established reputations for fair, honest dealing and have shown their enterprise by liberal use of the advertising pages of the OVERLAND.

The Eastern merchant or manufacturer who wishes to find a market for his wares on the Pacific Coast, will find the OVERLAND MONTHLY the best medium for his use. It has been established more than a quarter of a century—it is the only illustrated literary Magazine published west of the Rocky Mountains,—and its circulation is large and general among the class of people who have means to buy what they want.

The fact that it covers the field of the great western half of the Continent and the Islands of the Pacific, gives it value to advertisers which no other publication can boast, while its advertising rates are less in proportion to merit than those of any other publication. A six months' trial will be a most convincing argument in its favor.

The disciples of Izaak Walton will be glad to know the streams tributary to the Russian River, in the Counties of Sonoma and Mendocino, give promise of great sport for the next few weeks.

We have it on good authority that trout have not been so plentiful in the various streams noted, for many years past. Those interested can obtain from the agents of the S. F. & N. P. R. R. Co. a very complete map of the entire region in which the streams are located, as well as full information as to routes and other matters of interest.

Napa Soda Water is the best known table water on the Pacific Coast, having almost entirely supplanted the imported waters. (To-day thousands of bottles of Napa Soda are consumed at the table with both red and white wines) where a few years ago but hundreds were used.

Young Lawyer : I claim the release of my client on the ground of idiocy. He is a stupid fool, and is not responsible for any act he may have committed.

Judge : He doesn't appear stupid to me.

Prisoner (interrupting): Your honor, look at the lawyer I've hired. *Echoes* (Elmira, N. Y.)

Fifteen miles from Boston is the beautiful village of Canton, which is known around the world as the home of the RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. In this village is the elegant residence of Hon. Elijah A. Morse, the proprietor of this business which has been so successful

Mr. Morse has served eight years as a member of Congress from Massachusetts, and has been prominently mentioned for Governor of the State. In addition to his Congressional duties Mr. Morse continues active in the management of his great business which has now reached enormous proportions. The RISING SUN STOVE POLISH factory covers four acres and turns out 23,000,000 packages in a year.

The material from which the stove polish is made comes from Ceylon, India, and goes through a peculiar manipulation at the factory in Canton, and a large part of the product is exported to England and Australia.

The superior quality of the goods, judiciously advertised in thousands of newspapers and periodicals, coupled with Mr. Morse's sagacious business methods, tells the story.

The OVERLAND for April comes out in good season and has a table of contents that will add to the growing popularity of the West Coast favorite. *Register*, Vancouver, Wash.

WHISKIES

"R. B. Hayden"



"Gibson Rye."

"E. L. Miles" Bourbon.

"John Ramsay's" Islay Scotch.

"White Horse Cellar" Fine Scotch.

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.

314 Sacramento Street,

San Francisco



100
for
\$2.00

Sent Prepaid
anywhere in
U. S. on receipt
of Price.



For a thoroughly enjoyable smoke try

"DOMINOES" The finest Hand-made Long Filler Stogie Cigars. Fine, fragrant, absolutely pure tobacco. No artificial flavors. Guaranteed satisfactory. EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., Wheeling, W. Va. Sample box (12), post-paid, 30 cents.

**BEST SUITS
ON EARTH**
MADE TO ORDER

From Imported Stock for \$20 and upwards; from All-Wool Domestics for \$15 and upwards; Overcoats \$15 and upwards; Pants \$5 and upwards.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO CALL

J. H. HAWES,

26 Montgomery Street
Room 6

Formerly in....
Crocker Building

"Don't Wear Dirty Shoes."
HAUTHAWAY'S
Russet and Patent-Leather Polish
FOR LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SHOES.

It is the Best.

Absolutely harmless, permanent, easily applied, and saves shoes from cracking. Recommended by users and sold by dealers everywhere, or by mail for

15 Cents per box.

C. L. HAUTHAWAY
& SONS,
346 Congress St.,
Boston, Mass.



Manufacturers of all kinds of Shoe Polish. Established 1852.

Bear in Mind

That we can always furnish the best CUT FLOWERS in the market. Special orders for Weddings and other occasions promptly and carefully filled.

MISSES LEVEY & COHN

Telephone, East 702.

1125 Sutter Street, S. F.

The Stylish Stearns is
A Good Wheel and True

What more can anyone desire than a wheel to be trusted at all times and in all places? The Stearns has time and again been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. Why experiment with untried mounts when the STEARNS is universally known as the soul of satisfaction?

E. C. Stearns & Co. 304-306 Post St.
SAN FRANCISCO

The Spalding
Bicycle

BEST
BICYCLE
BUILT

ITS NAME ITS
GUARANTEE.

See that the Christy Anatomical Saddle—the Perfection of Saddle Construction—is fitted to your Bicycle.

Sent Free—Handsome Illustrated Catalogue.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.,
New York. Chicago. Philadelphia.
FACTORY AT CHICOOEE FALLS, MASS.

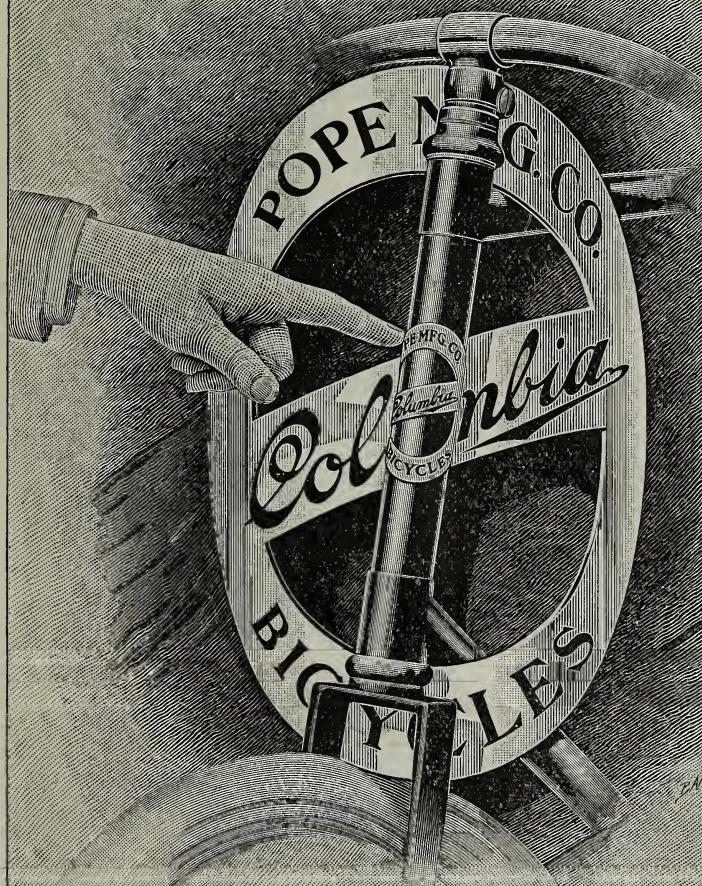
Largest Manufacturers in the World of Bicycles,
Athletic Supplies, Bicycle Sundries and Clothing.

ERIE
BICYCLES \$75

....Worth \$100....

Scientific Model
Perfect Material
Perfect Construction
Finest Finish
Absolutely Guaranteed
Send for Catalogue.
Queen City Cycle Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Columbia Bicycles Standard of the World

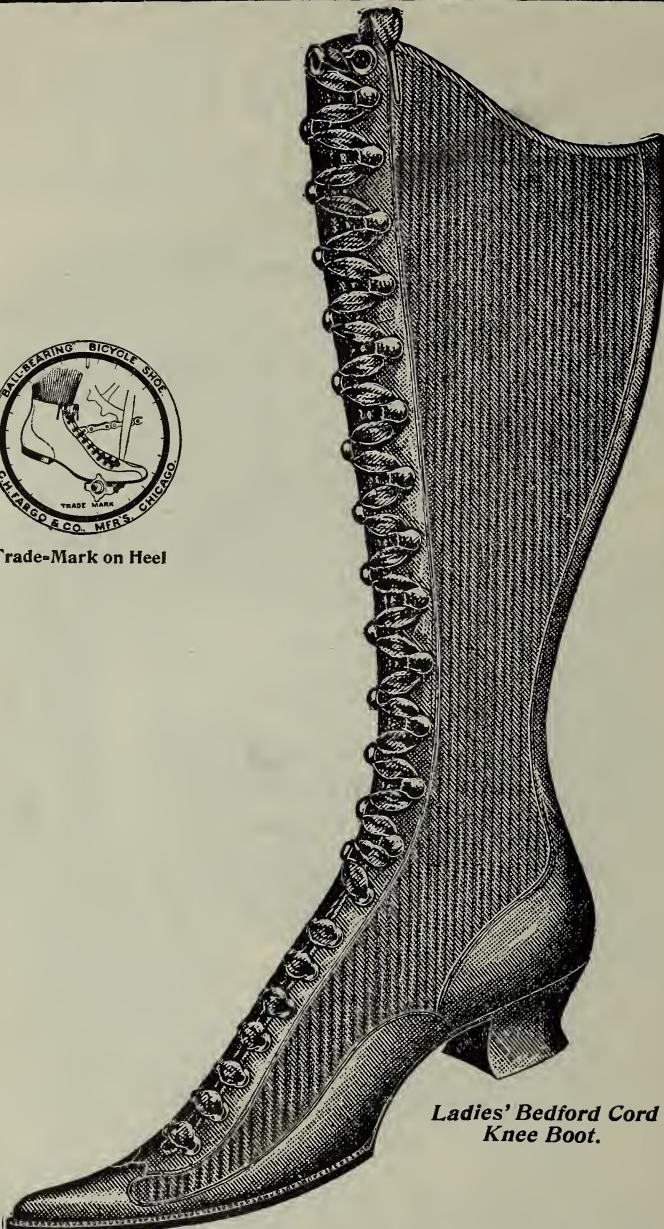


Pope Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.

The Columbia Nameplate is a guarantee of quality
such as is furnished with no other bicycle. ☺ ☺ ☺



[Trade-Mark on Heel]



*Ladies' Bedford Cord
Knee Boot.*

"Ball-Bearing" Bicycle Shoe

Many Styles—Men's—Ladies'—High or Low-Cut. Corrugated Soles. Pratt Fasteners. No tying—no untying. Price, Black, \$3.00; Tan, \$3.50. Ladies' Bedford Cord Knee Boot, \$6.00.

Be sure to get "Ball-Bearing" Shoes. We send them everywhere, express paid, when not found at dealers. Booklet Free.

C. H. FARGO & CO. (Makers), CHICAGO.



THE FOWLER is the most highly finished Bicycle in the world." :: :: :: ::
Our Art Catalogue will convince you. Sent free on application.

FOWLER CYCLE MNFG. CO.
CHICAGO NEW YORK

BOSTON



Palmer Fabric

Makes a Tire **ELASTIC**
EASY RIDING and
FAST
(taking less strength to propel)

(taking less strength to propel)

Palmer Tires

Are Durable, GUARANTEED
and Easy to Mend.

They are expensive, and
only found on High-Grade Wheels.

PALMER PNEUMATIC TIRE CO.
CHICAGO.

*Facts About Pneumatic Tires
mailed on request.*

Smalley Bicycles

FOR ELITE RIDERS

THE SWELLEST WHEEL OF THE YEAR

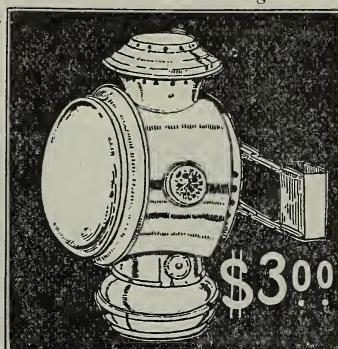
Nine Models—Aluminum Silver, Maroon and Black Enamel Finish. Extremely Handsome. Large Tubing—Narrow Tread—Detachable Sprocket. Weight, 17-25 lbs

"MOTHER OF PEARL QUEEN" IS A BEAUTY

Write for our handsome Catalogue

Plymouth Cycle Mfg. Co., Plymouth, Ind.

But the wonderful "Aladdin" that lights the way.



This is not the wonderful one-hoss shay.

returning at night by its sun-like ray.

Of the happy wheelman, after a well-spent day

ALADDIN LAMP CO. 520 BROAD ST.,
NEWARK. N. J.

Impossible to Build Better

With every facility that ample capital can provide, a modern factory in which all work is handled at a minimum of cost, the employment of the highest mechanical skill, the use of finest materials and a disposition to excel, we produce

The Waverley \$85 \$85 Bicycle

We use the highest grade of cold drawn steel tubing, jointed with the best steel forgings, made, carefully machined and rigidly inspected in our own factory. Our frames do not break. Our bearings are of the finest tool steel, ground accurately. Our entire construction is of the most approved and thoroughly up-to-date character in every detail and particular & & & & &

NO BICYCLE BUILT IS WORTH MORE

INDIANA BICYCLE COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS IND.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
EASTERN WHOLESALE BRANCH 339 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Catalogue mailed free

We want Agents everywhere.

Out of the Sea of Tires

the name of one stands forth
conspicuous. It is the original
standard make of single-tubes,
the tires whose speed and dura-
ability have won the whole
world to single-tubes.

You can have Hartfords on
any high-grade bicycle if
you insist.

COST MOST.
WORTH MOST.

HARTFORD SINGLE TUBE TIRES

GALLISON & HOBSON CO., N.Y.

The Hartford Rubber Works Co., Hartford, Conn. Branches
New York & Chicago

CHINO RANCH COMPANY

(A Corporation)

CAPITAL, \$3,000,000.00

C. H. PHILLIPS, President
C. H. PHILLIPS, Jr., Vice-President
C. W. GATES, Sec'y and Treas.

CHINO RANCH, NEAR LOS ANGELES, 41,073 ACRES.

The Ranch consists of 20,000 acres of moist alluvium for Beet Culture; 10,000 acres of loam land for Citrus Culture; and 11,000 acres of delightfully located Dairy Land, well watered.

As showing the relative position of Chino to all the other beet sugar factories in the United States as to value of the lands that produce the beets, the following table is published as taken from the Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the year 1893:

	Acres Farmed	Tons Harvested	Sugar Produced, lbs.
Chino.....	4171	49 353	15 063 367
Alvarado.....	1803	20 324	4 486 572
Watsonville.....	6388	65 291	15 539 040
Lehi, Utah.....	2755	26 801	4 708 500
Grand Island, Neb.....	1617	11 149	1 835 900
Norfolk, Neb.....	2807	22 625	4 107 300
Staunton, Va.....	50	350	50 027

YIELD OF SUGAR.

	Per Acre of Beets.	Per ton of Beets.
Chino.....	3611.4	305.2
Alvarado.....	2488.4	220.7
Watsonville.....	2432.5	238.0
Lehi, Utah.....	1492.3	153.3
Grand Island, Neb.....	1093.8	164.7
Norfolk, Neb.....	1463.2	181.5
Staunton, Va.....	1012.5	144.6

Annual consumption of sugar in the United States, 4,162,204,200 pounds.

Annual production of sugar in the United States, 664,863,826 pounds.

The great disproportion in the sugar consumed and the sugar produced in the United States, is convincing evidence that lands producing the HIGHEST GRADE SUGAR BEET EVER GROWN will always be sought for.

The Chino Ranch has the greatest Beet Sugar Industry in the United States, the largest yield in tons per acre and the highest percentage of sugar per ton in the world.

LANDS FOR RENT or SALE to intelligent and thrifty farmers.

For pamphlets, copies of letters from Chino beet growers, etc., apply

CHINO RANCH COMPANY

CHINO, CAL.

Santa Clara Valley.

MORGAN HILL AND SAN MARTIN RANCHES.

PRUNE, PEACH, APRICOT, OLIVE AND VINE.

Out of the 19,000 acres in these two ranches, we now offer 8,000 unsold on easy terms and at low rates of interest. These lands lie on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad, between the cities of San Jose and Gilroy, in one of the most favored spots in Santa Clara Valley. The coast line now in course of construction will place these lands on the main through overland route to the east, the completion of which road will insure a great influx of additional settlers on these ranches. The rapidly growing towns of Morgan Hill and San Martin, situated on the ranches bearing their respective names, already enjoy the fastest train service on the Pacific Coast.

One can paint an ideal picture of a ten or twenty acre tract, and we can fit the picture, for the reason that we have every variety of soil that can be found in Santa Clara Valley. We have sandy sediment soil; black loamy soil; adobe soil; gravelly soil; land heavily timbered with live oak, white oak, sycamore, laurel and buckeye trees; hill land cleared or timbered; hill and valley land, combined or separate, land near town or remote; land on either of three creeks; land with ever-living springs thereon. As a matter of fact, there is not a body of land of its size in California that has such a variety of soil so well located. Churches and good schools are already established, and the hundreds of purchasers, now resident, who have planted thousands of acres of orchards, can testify to the excellent climate and favorable location.

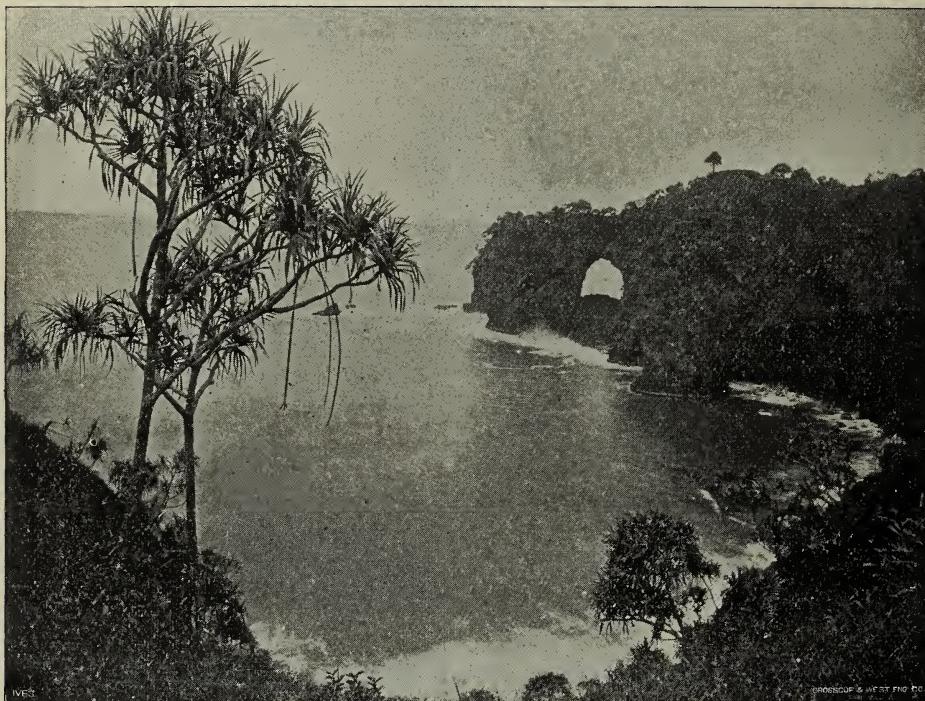
APPLY TO

C. H. PHILLIPS, - 32 East Santa Clara St., San Jose, Cal.

T. S. MONTGOMERY, MANAGER.

A LIVING VOLCANO

The Wilder's Steamship Company have perfected arrangements by which the Volcano can be reached with trifling inconvenience.



THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD

Fine iron steamboats fitted with electric lights and bells, convey the passengers from Honolulu to Hilo. A greater part of the voyage is made in smooth water. The steamers pass close to the coast so that the shore can be readily seen. Natives engaged in their simple occupations, planters raising sugar-cane, and cattle men in the midst of their herds give life to an ever varying scene. The scenery is the finest in the world. Leaving Honolulu the rugged coast of Oahu and Molokai is passed, thence the beautiful and fertile island of Maui. After crossing the Hawaia Channel a continuous view of sixty miles of the coast can be had. First high cliffs, against which the ever restless waves dash. Just above, the black rocks and further up, the cliffs are decorated with a most magnificent tropical growth. Every few hundred feet cataracts and waterfalls lend an ever changing beauty to the scene. From the brow of these cliffs fields of sugar-cane stretch back for miles; beyond, the heavy dark green of the coffee plantations and the tropical forest form a sharp contrast to the lighter shade of the fields of cane.

The sea voyage terminates at Hilo Bay, pronounced by all who have seen it, by far more beautiful than any of the far famed ports of the Mediterranean.

The sailing time of the steamers has been changed and the speed increased so that only one night is spent on the water. Tourists are conveyed from Hilo to the Volcano over a fine macadamised road wending its way through a dense tropical forest of great trees and huge ferns, beautiful climbing and flowering vines.

The Volcano House is modern in all its appointments. The table is supplied, not only with all that the market affords, but also with game, fruit and berries from the surrounding country.

Steam sulphur baths have been entirely renewed and refitted. Wonderful cures from consumption, rheumatism, gout, paralysis, scrofula and other blood ailments have been effected. Those suffering from nervous prostration regain complete health in a few weeks, the pure air of the mountains and the steam sulphur baths being the necessary remedies. Beautiful walks in all directions give ample employment for those to whom brain work is prohibited.

For further particulars inquire of **Wilder's Steamship Company (Limited) Honolulu.**

When you write, please mention "The Overland Monthly."

JAPAN AND CHINA

Occidental and Oriental Steamship Co.

SAN FRANCISCO, HONOLULU, YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG

Connections at Yokohama for all ports in Japan, North China and Corea; at Hongkong for East Indian, Australian and European ports.

Four First-Class Steamers—Superior Table.

In winter the O. & O. Line steamers take the southern track, thereby avoiding the cold winds and rough weather of the northern route.

Steamers Leave San Francisco at 3 P. M.

Coptic (via Honolulu)	Monday, June 15, 1896	Coptic (via Honolulu)	Wednesday, Aug. 26, 1896
Gaelic (via Honolulu)	Thursday, July 2, 1896	Gaelic	Saturday, September 12, 1896
Doric	Tuesday, July 21, 1896	Doric (via Honolulu)	Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1896
Belgie (via Honolulu)	Saturday, August 8, 1896		

Principal Agencies in the United States: Baltimore, 207 East German Street; Boston, 292 Washington and 9 State Streets; Chicago, 191 and 230 So. Clark Street; Cincinnati, Carew (Union Pacific Co.) and Chamber of Commerce Buildings (So. Pacific Co.); New York City, 287 and 349 Broadway; Philadelphia, 40 So. Third and 20 So. Broad Streets; St. Louis, 213 and 220 No. Fourth Street. Also at offices of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Henry Gaze & Sons, and Raymond & Whitcomb, Tourist Agents.

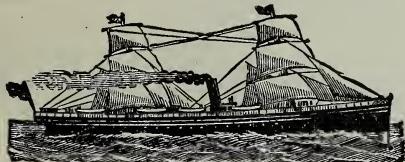
Head Office: 425 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

ST. JAMES HOTEL,
SAN JOSE, CAL.
225 Rooms, Single or En Suite
ELEVATOR

American Plan. Rates, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day. Parlors and rooms with bath extra.

Coach and Carriage at depot on arrival of all trains

Stage Office to LICK OBSERVATORY



Oregon Railway and Navigation Co.



MAGNIFICENT
SHORT SEA TRIP

BETWEEN

SAN FRANCISCO and ASTORIA and PORTLAND,

For All Points North and East.

No Traveler Should miss a ride on the beautiful Columbia River. * *

Tickets at Lowest Rates at

630 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

W. H. HURLBURT,
General Passenger Agent,
PORTLAND, OR.

F. F. CONNOR, General Agent.

Royal
Exchange
Assurance

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1720

Cash Assets, - - - - -	\$ 20,000,000
Losses Paid, - - - - -	180,000,000

ROBT. DICKSON, Manager

NATHAN & KINGSTON, AGENTS
401 Montgomery Street.

:: BANK SAFES ::
Diebold Safe and Lock Co.

LATEST IMPROVED

AUTOMATIC BOLT WORK,

C. B. PARCELLS, SOLE AGENTNo. 6 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO

Second-hand Safes taken in exchange, and Safes repaired.

Standard Scales. Bicycles and Repairs.



FISHING TACKLE

An immense stock from which to select your outfit

ALL THE NOVELTIES

Guns and Hunters' Equipments

GEO. W. SHREVE,

739 Market Street, - - - San Francisco
Opposite Examiner Office.

Sketches
OF
Wonderland

OUR

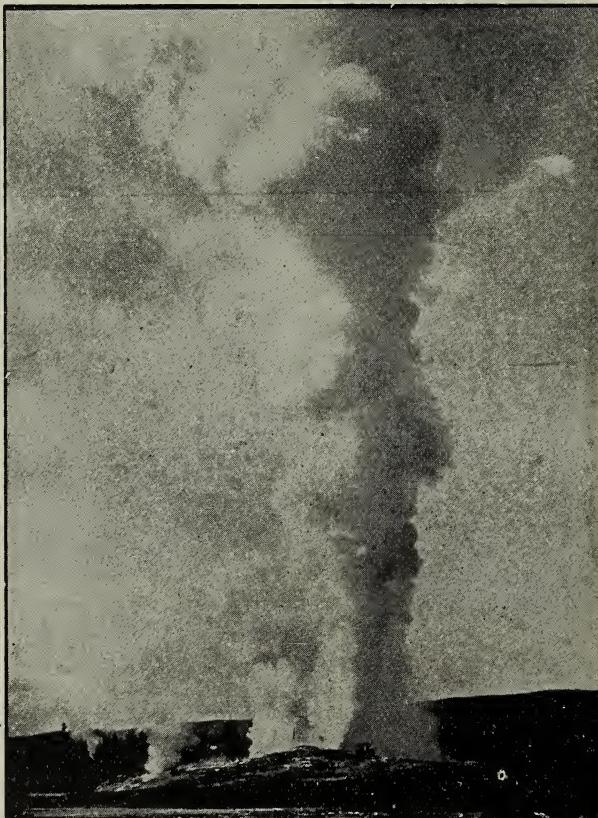
TOURIST . . .
. BOOK

FOR

1896

TELLS ALL ABOUT THIS REGION

"To see GIANT GEYSER in eruption is one of the grandest sights in YELLOWSTONE PARK. A vast accumulation of hot water and steam sailing into the air to the height of 250 feet, with a retching and growling ominous to those near by, it is a



sight that a pen picture cannot describe, and must be seen to be appreciated. The displays of this wonderful geyser are undoubtedly the finest, the most stupendous and awful, of anything of similar character in the world."

IN
YELLOWSTONE

. PARK

REACHED BY

SEND SIX CENTS IN STAMPS FOR OUR TOURIST BOOK, TO
CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.,
or T. K. STATELER, General Agent
638 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

THE
Northern *
Pacific * *
Rail * *
Road *

Golden Eagle Hotel

SACRAMENTO, CAL.



STRICTLY FIRST CLASS



Commercial and Political
Headquarters

GRAY & TITUS

PROPRIETORS

ESTABLISHED 1850

TELEPHONE NO. 43

N. GRAY & CO.
UNDERTAKERS

641-643-645 SACRAMENTO STREET, corner Webb

EMBALMING A SPECIALTY

SAN FRANCISCO

MILLARD HOTEL,

OMAHA, NEB.

J. E. MARKEL & SON, Proprietors.

First-Class in all its Appointments. Centrally located

RATES, \$3.00 TO \$5.00 PER DAY.

Take the

SANTA FE ROUTE

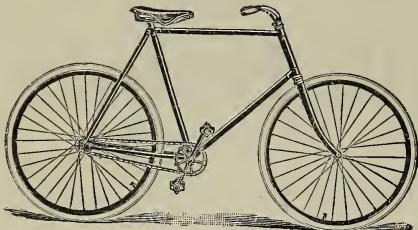
when you go **EAST**. This popular line now in the lead. Operating **ten thousand miles of track** in ten different States and Territories, with equipment of the latest design. **Running daily and leaving San Francisco at 5 P. M.**—both Pullman Palace and Pullman Tourist Sleepers, newly upholstered

and up to date in every respect.

Weekly excursions leave every Wednesday for Boston, personally accompanied by polite attendant through to destination.

Ticket Office, 644 Market Street,

Chronicle Building, San Francisco.



Hunter Cycles

ARE MADE LIKE

L. C. SMITH GUNS

First class in every respect—comparisons invited.

HUNTERS have gun barrel tubing, double truss fork crown, visible bearings, easy and positive adjustment, extra large bearings and barrel hubs, adjustable cranks and handle bar. A practical wheel made by practical mechanics.

HUNTER ARMS CO., Fulton, N. Y.

PACIFIC COAST AGENCY

PHIL. B. BEKEART

159 New Montgomery Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



Vichy Springs, MENDOCINO COUNTY,

THREE MILES FROM UKIAH, TERMINUS OF
S. F. & N. P. RY.

Situation, location and scenery not surpassed. Only known natural electric water. Warm "champagne" baths.

The only place in the world, of this class of waters, where the bath tubs are supplied by a continuous flow of warm water direct from the springs.

TERMS: \$12 to \$14 per Week.

Postoffice and telephone at the Springs.

WM. DOOLAN, Proprietor.

NOW IT ONLY TAKES ONE MAN

Well dressed and up to date to convince you that H. S. Bridge & Co. are the best Tailors in San Francisco.

IN OLDEN TIMES

You will remember that it was said and currently believed to be true that

IT TOOK NINE TAILORS TO MAKE A MAN

In matters of dress H. S. Bridge & Co. do not need this amount of assistance, but will make a man of you on short notice without outside help.

SHIRTS TO ORDER

a specialty

622 Market Street,
UP STAIRS.

Brushes

For Barbers, Bakers, Boot-blacks, Bath-houses, Billiard Tables, Brewers, Bookbinders, Canners, Candy-makers, Dyers, Flour Mills, Foundries, Laundries, Paper-Hangers, Printers, Painters, Shoe Factories, Stablemen, Tar-Roofers, Tanners, Tailors, etc. BUCHANAN BROTHERS Brush Manufacturers, 609 Sacramento Street.

Blair's Pills
Great English Remedy for
GOUT and RHEUMATISM.
SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.
Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.



HOTEL FAIRMOUNT

BEN F. TRUE, Proprietor

Junction Market, Fell, and Polk Sts. San Francisco, Cal.



First-Class Family
and Commercial
Hotel



Newly Furnished with
all Modern Im-
provements



Elevator, Electric Bells,
Fire Alarms, Etc.

Terms \$1.50 per day and upwards. Special rates by the month or week. Telephone, South 677.



SIX EMINENT PHYSICIANS who have made the skin the study of their lives, agreed to a man, that nothing could be better for the skin than a mildly antiseptic Soap, made of pure vegetable oils, if it could only be super-fatted, without becoming rancid. In VELVET SKIN SOAP this difficult result has been successfully accomplished. The most beneficial, as well as the most delightful soap ever offered to the public.

Send 10 cts. in stamps
for samples of Soap and Powder. THE PALISADE M'F'G CO.,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Is this what ails you?



Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach—
Bloating after eating—Belching of Wind—
Vomiting of Food—Water-brash—
Heartburn—Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning—Palpitation of the Heart, due to Distension of Stomach—Canker'd Mouth—Gas in the Bowels—Loss of Flesh—Fickle Appetite—Depressed, Irritable Condition of the Mind—Dizziness—Headache—Constipation or Diarrhea? Then you have

DYSPEPSIA

in one of its many forms. The one positive cure for this distressing complaint is

Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets

by mail, prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents.

CHARLES RAMSEY, Hotel Imperial, New York, says: "I suffered horribly from dyspepsia, but Acker's Tablets, taken after meals, have cured me."

Acker Medicine Co., 16-18 Chambers St., N. Y.

GRAND HOTEL

THE BEST HOTEL IN UKIAH CITY, CAL.

→ All Stages Arrive at and Depart from this House ←

FREE BUS

BAGGAGE OF GUESTS CONVEYED FREE OF CHARGE TO AND FROM TRAINS

B. S. HIRSCH, PROPRIETOR



Queen Lily Soap

THE FINEST LAUNDRY SOAP IN THE MARKET. Washes without rubbing, and does not injure the clothes. The Largest Family Washing in the city can be done in three to four hours. A girl of twelve years of age can do a washing with this soap.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

NEW ENGLAND SOAP CO.

Office, 307 Sacramento Street

Factory, 17th and Rhode Island Streets

SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

SAMUEL BROS. & CO.

132-134 FIRST STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

Fine Old Bourbon Whiskies

CONTROLLERS

Home Comfort Diamond Bee
Golden Pheasant Club

OWNERS OF

CARMELITA AND

MT. DIABLO VINEYARDS

Tapestry Paintings

2,000 tapestry paintings to choose from. 38 artists employed, including gold medalists of the Paris Salon. Send \$12.50 for a \$75.00 painting, 32 inch. x 6 foot, just for an introduction.

Decorators

Write for color schemes; designs; estimates. Artists sent to all parts of the world, to do every sort of decorating and painting. We are educating the country in color-harmony. Relief; stained glass; wall paper; carpets; furniture; draperies; etc. Send \$5.00 for a \$25.00 color scheme to decorate your house.



Wall Papers

Spring styles designed by gold-medal artists, from 10 cts. roll up. Samples 10 cts. Send 25 cts. for compendium of 140 studies.



Tapestry Materials

We manufacture tapestry materials. Superior to foreign goods, and half the price. Book of samples, 10 cts. Send \$1.50 for 2 yds. of No. 6—50 inch goods for a trial order—worth \$3.00.

School

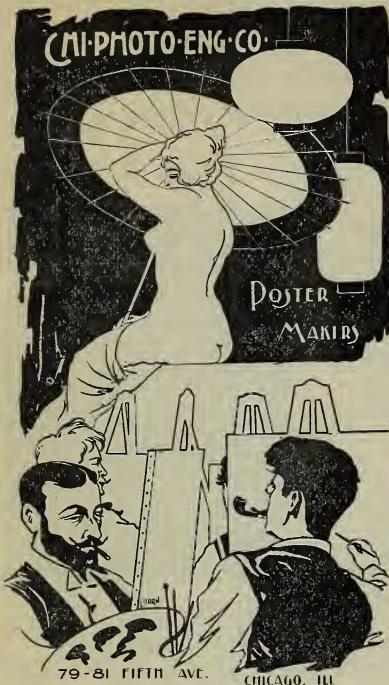
Six 3-hour tapestry-painting lessons, in studio, \$5. Complete instruction by mail, \$1. Tapestry paintings rented; full-size drawings, paints, brushes, etc., supplied. Nowhere, Paris not excepted, are such advantages offered pupils. Send \$1.00 for complete instructions in tapestry paintings and compendium of 140 studies.

J. F. DOUTHITT,

American Tapestry and Decorative Company,

286 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK,

"MANUAL OF ART DECORATIONS"—200 royal quarto pages; 50 full-page illustrations (11 colored) of original interiors and tapestry studies. Price, \$2. If you want to be up-to-date on decoration don't fail to get this book. Price, \$2., worth \$50.



To Lovers of Art

Our High Art Publication

BEAUTIFUL FORMS AND FACES

Sent upon receipt of 50 cents for Plain, or \$1.00 for Art Edition.

Send 10 cents for our Monthly Poster in Colors; \$1.00 per year.

Chicago Photo Eng. Co.

POSTER MAKERS

— CHICAGO

KOLB & DENHARD

CALIFORNIA

Wines & Brandies

FINE OLD NONPAREIL

Rye & Bourbon Whiskies



Sole Agents for Pacific Coast for BIRCH'S GINGER ALE.

Office and Vaults, 420-426 Montgomery St., San Francisco

DURKEE'S

Spices, Mustard

Flavoring

Extracts

E. R. DURKEE & CO.

Condiments of Every Description.

Guaranteed



Pure.

Spices, Mustard, Extracts, Salad Dressing, Sauces, Herbs, Celery Salt, Oils and Essences. Each and every article of the choicest kind, full weight and of full strength and flavor. **Gold Medals and Diplomas** awarded at Columbian Exposition to each article exhibited for **Superiority to all others.** These articles cannot be excelled, and we challenge comparison with any goods sold.

E. R. DURKEE & CO., NEW YORK.

Date Due

OCT 28 1894

Na

Trade

AFR

VICTORS!

High

Bicycle!

Mr. W. C.

Se

The Na
hereby san
series and
and 28th.

This s
standing t
permitted

25th, 1896.

Manufacturers
cycles, acces-
March 27th

ess under-
CYCLES will be

Demco 293-5

MAN, President.

(Sanction granted for cycle show at Jersey City.)

Acknowledged at last by our competitors:

- That Victors cost more to build.
- That Victors are made of better material.
- That Victors show better workmanship.
- That Victors run easier.
- That Victors wear longer.
- That Victors are worth more than other bicycles.

Why not ride the best?

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

New York.

Boston.

Detroit.

Denver.

San Francisco. Los Angeles. Portland, Ore.

Send for Catalog to OVERMAN WHEEL CO., Larkin and McAllister Sts., San Francisco, Cal.



To Lovers of Art —

Our High Art Publication

BEAUTIFUL FORMS AND FACES

Sent upon receipt of 50 cents for Plain, or \$1.00 for Art Edition.

Send 10 cents for our Monthly Poster in Colors; \$1.00 per year.

Chicago Photo Eng. Co.

POSTER MAKERS

— CHICAGO

KOLB & DENHARD

CALIFORNIA

Wines & Brandies

FINE OLD NONPAREIL

Rye & Bourbon Whiskies



Sole Agents for Pacific Coast for BIRCH'S GINGER ALE.

Office and Vaults, 420-426 Montgomery St., San Francisco

DURKEE'S

Spices, Mustard

Flavoring

Extracts

E. R. DURKEE & CO.

Condiments of Every Description.

Guaranteed



Pure.

Spices, Mustard, Extracts, Salad Dressing, Sauces, Herbs, Celery Salt, Oils and Essences. Each and every article of the choicest kind, full weight and of full strength and flavor. Gold Medals and Diplomas awarded at Columbian Exposition to each article exhibited for Superiority to all others. These articles cannot be excelled, and we challenge comparison with any goods sold.

E. R. DURKEE & CO., NEW YORK.

National Bicycle Board of Trade

AFRAID OF VICTORS!

Highest Tribute ever paid to a Bicycle!

New York, March 25th, 1896.

Mr. W. C. Pawley,

Sec. Jersey City Y. M. C. A.

The National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers hereby sanctions a public exhibition of cycles, accessories and sundries, at the Y. M. C. A., March 27th and 28th.

This sanction is granted on the express understanding that no exhibition of VICTOR BICYCLES will be permitted.

Yours truly,

R. L. COLEMAN, President.

(Sanction granted for cycle show at Jersey City.)

Acknowledged at last by our competitors:

That Victors cost more to build.

That Victors are made of better material.

That Victors show better workmanship.

That Victors run easier.

That Victors wear longer.

That Victors are worth more than other bicycles.

Why not ride the best?

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

New York.

Boston.

Detroit.

Denver.

San Francisco. Los Angeles. Portland, Ore.

Send for Catalog to OVERMAN WHEEL CO., Larkin and McAllister Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

COOK'S TOURS

TO EUROPE AND ROUND THE WORLD
Steamship and Railroad Tickets by all
Lines. Programmes & Information free.

Thos. Cook & Son
621 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Leading Commercial
west of Chicago, thorough

HEALD'S

BUSINESS COLLEGE

24 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

keeping, Drawing, Telegraphing, Penmanship, ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
and the English Branches. 20 Teachers. 35 Writing Machines. Write for

Information

IVORY



SOAP

Some persons insist on having the costliest of everything. They do not buy Ivory Soap. Those who want the best do.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

WONDER!

We are daily receiving New Goods comprising all the Novelties of the Season.

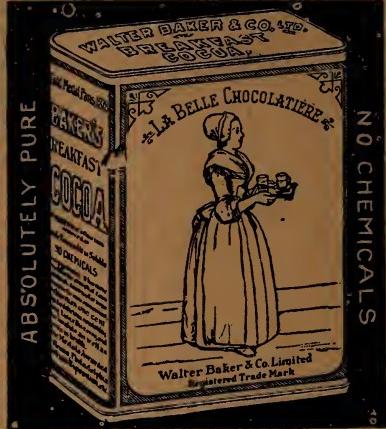
NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY
THE WONDER Hat Flower & Feathers
1026 MARKET STREET.

Branch Stores in Oakland and San Jose

We are daily receiving New Goods comprising all the Novelties of the Season.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED.
Established Dorchester, Mass., 1780.

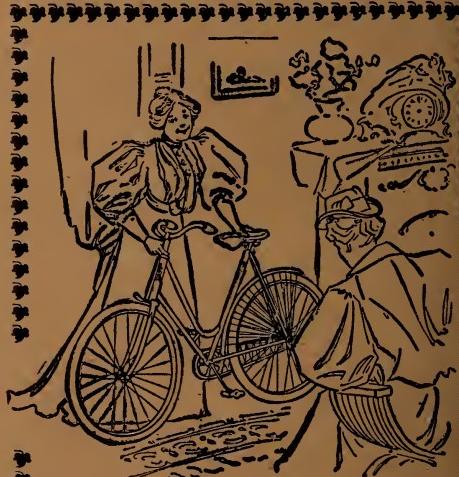
Breakfast Cocoa



Always ask for Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast Cocoa

Made at
DORCHESTER, MASS.

It bears their Trade Mark
"La Belle Chocolatiere" on every can.
Beware of Imitations.



"WHO WOULDN'T WANT TO RIDE
and own so beautiful a wheel as the

? — Rambler — ?
Bicycle

"Just so, and when you ride a RAMBLER you feel that NO AMOUNT OF MONEY could have bought a better wheel. People of good taste know that." Beautiful Illustrated Rambler book, telling all about wheels, free at any Rambler agency in the U.S.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York. Brooklyn. Detroit. Coventry, England.

